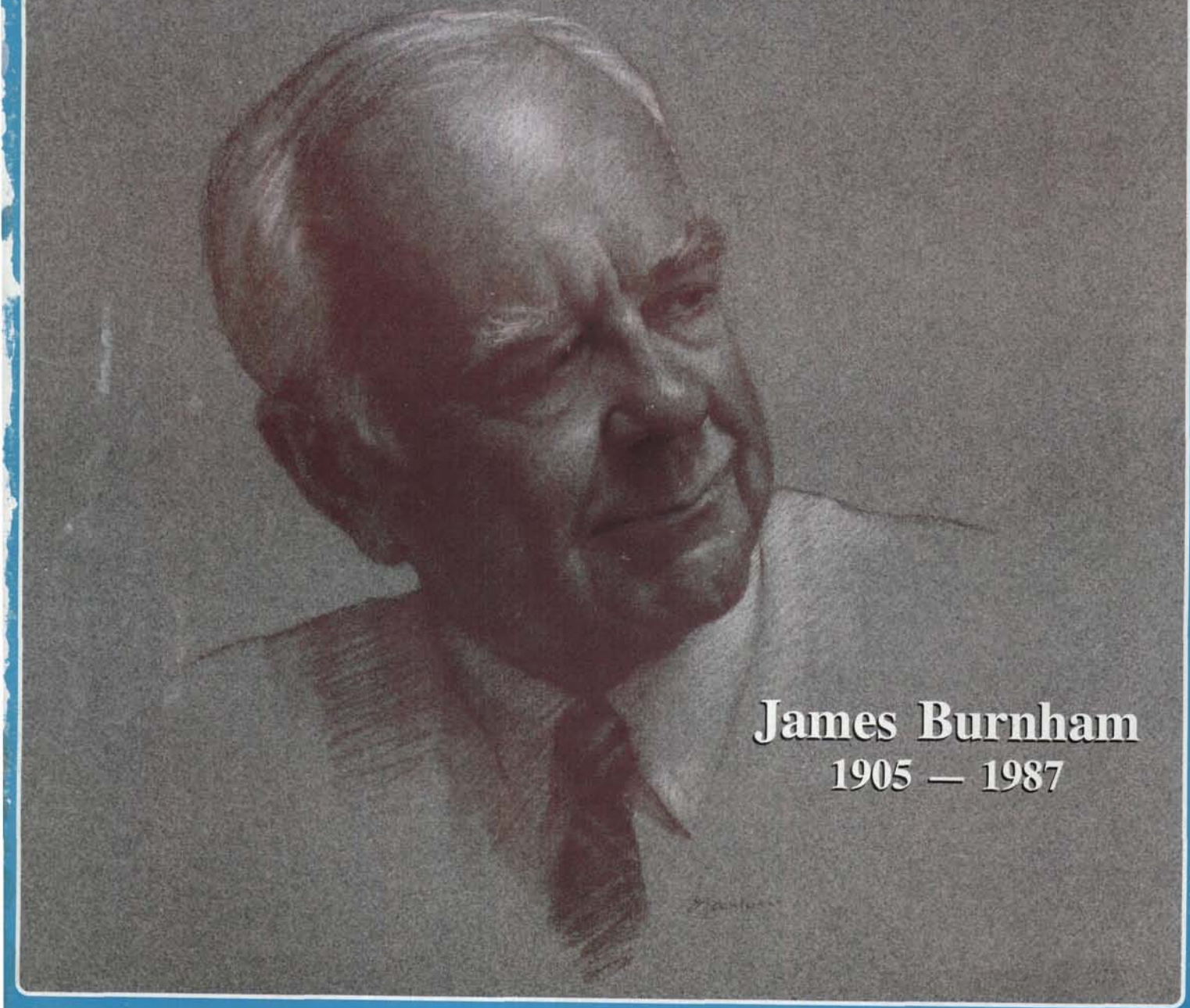
$1.95

SEPTEMBER 11, 1987

Jeffrey Hart
NEW YORK INTELLECTUALS

NATIONAL REVIEW

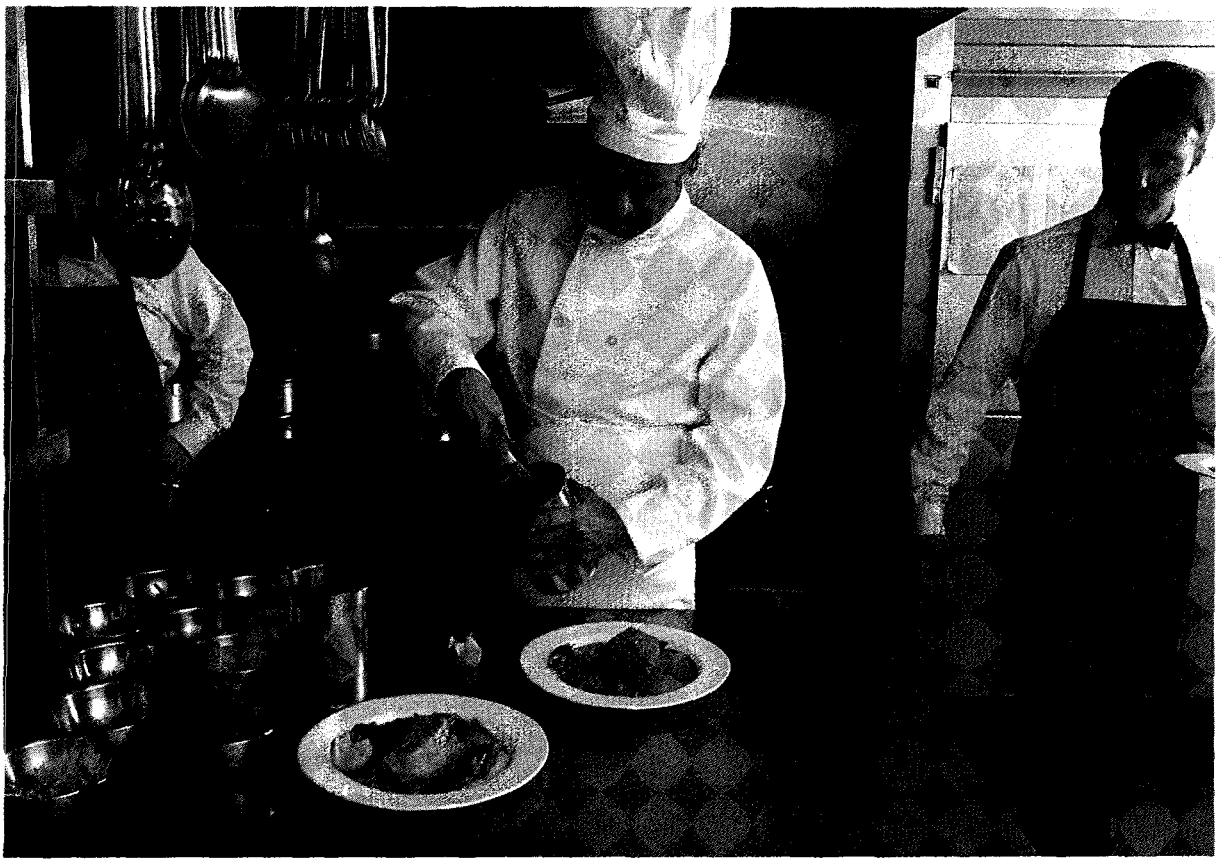


James Burnham
1905 — 1987

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. • Sidney Hook • Jeanne Wacker • John Kenneth Galbraith
Jerzy Giedroyc • Brian Crozier • Miles Copeland • Samuel T. Francis
Jeffrey Hart • C. H. Simonds • Joseph Sobran • Richard Brookhiser
Linda Bridges • Kevin Lynch • James B. Burnham • Priscilla L. Buckley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



VISA® APRON AND COAT FABRICS

Visa fabrics by Milliken.
The intelligent way to protect
your apron and coat investment.
With superior stain release, brightness,
durability.
With exceptional color retention
and color coordination.
With the best of everything
in quality, support, service.
*Visa of Dacron.**
America's Freedom Fabric.

America's Freedom Fabric
VISA
BY MILLIKEN
America's Freedom Fabric

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

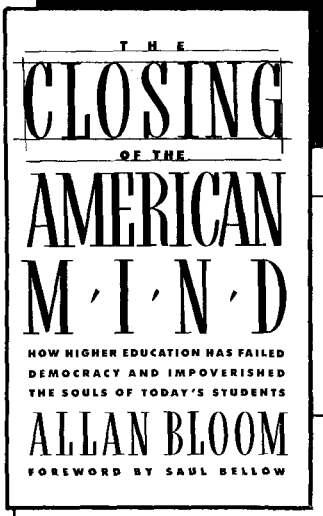
DACRON® DUPONT POLYESTER

®Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.
**Dacron is a Du Pont registered trademark.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's burning issues, and these books define them best

Take two FREE.
Or, if you find three that interest you, take ALL THREE free.
Values to $58.85



#1 BESTSELLER

2891 THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND — *Allan Bloom*. The surprise bestseller — because it casts piercing light on our moral and intellectual crises. "Extraordinary." —*Wall St. Journal*. "That rarest of documents, a genuinely profound book."—*NY Times*. "The most provocative look at America in recent memory."—*Insight*. "The book of the year."—*Washington Times*. $18.95

2855 THE AIDS COVER-UP? — *Gene Antonio*. "Safe sex" — or media hype? Is "blood terrorism" coming? Is AIDS a genuine plague? Or tomorrow's plague? The facts, mostly from medical journals the media ignore. $19.95

2898 BEYOND OUR MEANS — *Alfred L. Malabre Jr. Wall St. Journal* economics editor says "we've been living beyond our means." Worse: "No amount of governmental, or for that matter private, maneuvering will avert a very nasty time ahead." Writes Adam Smith in the *New York Times*: "A sober account of our fiscal and monetary sins that ... may be the scariest tract since Jonathan Edwards. I couldn't put it down ... a real page-turner." $17.95

2825 HIGH-TECH ESPIONAGE — *Jay Tuck*. How the KGB steals our secrets and gets them to the Kremlin. "Temperate, meticulously researched ... races along like a good thriller. Unfortunately, the stories are fact, not fiction."—*Kirkus Reviews*. $14.95

2837 MEN AND MARRIAGE — *George Gilder*. The grim effects of sexual liberalism. "I can't imagine anyone, short of a bigot, who will not enjoy reading Gilder on the nature of the fundamental role of women in society. Women really are ... different from men, and the failure of some social reformers to recognize those facts can lead to disaster." —Ashley Montagu, *Chicago Sun-Times*. $15.95

2869 THE SECRET WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA: Sandinista Assault on World Order — *John Norton Moore*. "Breaks through the double talk and exposes the true nature of Soviet-subsidized aggression by Cuba and Nicaragua."—Elliott Abrams, Asst. Secretary of State. "Most thoroughly documented book on the subject ... mandatory reading."—R. Bruce McColm, Organization of American States. $17.95

2796 EDUCATING FOR DISASTER — *Thomas B. Smith*. Ex-professor demonstrates how "peace" groups are taking over schools and churches. "Brilliantly compressed ... unique and invaluable."—*Washington Times*. $14.95

2810 THE MEDIA ELITE — *S. R. Lichter/S. Rothman/L. S. Lichter*. Three social scientists survey top media people, *prove* their liberal bias from their own answers. "No one who reads this book will doubt that Americans have been presented with a one-sided picture of the world."—*Human Events*. $19.95

2823 AGAINST ALL HOPE — *Armando Valladares*. He survived 22 years of Castro's brutality to write "the most compelling prison memoir since Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*."—Jeane Kirkpatrick. "The book of the year."—George Will, *Newsweek*. $18.95

2505 CRIME FREE — *Michael Castleman*. Best book on how to protect yourself. "How to avoid being the victim ... invaluable for the individual, community group or small-business owner." —American Library Assn. *Booklist*. $16.95

2861 MEXICO: Chaos on Our Doorstep — *Sol Sanders*. "Sander's important book certainly does much to focus attention on what may accurately be described as a catastrophe just waiting to happen." —*National Review*. "The book is not only highly readable, it is a *must*."—John Gavin, ex-ambassador to Mexico. $18.95

How to get **2** *or* **3** *of these important books* **FREE**

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB 15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for the number of books you agreed to buy at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

Please check the option you prefer

☐ Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, the 2 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below:

[ ] [ ]

I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

☐ Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, the 3 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes below:

[ ] [ ] [ ]

I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-129

Name _____

Address _____

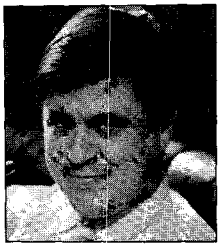
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

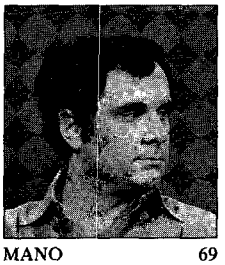
SEPTEMBER 11, 1987
VOL. XXXIX, NO. 17

NATIONAL REVIEW

HART 58


SOBRAN 64

SIMON 65


MANO 69

THE COVER

31 This issue celebrates the life and thought of James Burnham (1905-1987), senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, and so much else besides. In four sections and an excerpt from one of his books, we seek to cover an extraordinary career. In "Radical, Teacher, Technician," **Sidney Hook** outlines his career as the premier American follower of Trotsky; **Jeanne Wacker** recalls his impact as a professor of philosophy and aesthetics; **John Kenneth Galbraith** honors his contribution to economic theory. "Activist, Strategist" surveys his early work as a player in and observer of the world struggle. **Jerzy Giedroyc** remembers his help to émigré intellectuals; **Brian Crozier** sketches his strategic thinking; **Miles Copeland** shows the tactician advising the CIA. **Samuel T. Francis** analyzes the world view that underlay all these actions. An excerpt from *Suicide of the West* gives a portion of that world view in Burnham's own words. Radicalism failed him, and liberalism turned on him; from Volume I, Number 1, until his stroke, he was centrally involved in the production and direction of NATIONAL REVIEW. Six people who had the good fortune to work with him—**Jeffrey Hart, C. H. Simonds, Joseph Sobran, Linda Bridges, Richard Brookhiser, Kevin Lynch**—describe the "Editor, Thinker, Colleague." Behind the words and the works was a warm soul. In the last section, **James B. Burnham** and **Priscilla L. Buckley** honor the memory of a "Father, Friend." With an introduction by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

COLUMNS

26 Lenin to the Rescue
Gorbachev uncovers a remarkably convenient letter from Lenin. *Brian Crozier*

28 Invasion of the German Left
America never understood that, far from being aristocratic, Nazism exalted the Common Man. *Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

58 William Barrett's *The Truants: Adventures among the Intellectuals* has sparked debate over the legacy of the *Partisan Review* intellectuals, whose brightest light may have been Lionel Trilling. In the Thirties, many of these New York intellectuals embraced Marxism; in the Fifties, they declared allegiance to Art. But in the end, their love of literature could not withstand their need for ideological affiliation with the Left. A sad legacy, says **Jeffrey Hart**. . . . *Plural but Equal: Blacks and Minorities in America's Plural Society*, by Harold Cruse, rejects America's universalist tradition and urges blacks to form a race-conscious political coalition. **Joseph Sobran** reports. . . . A trio of British movies—*The Whistle Blower*, *Wish You Were Here*, and *Rita, Sue & Bob Too*—invades America's cinemas. Sloppy, harrumphs **John Simon**. . . . **Nika Hazelton** journeys to California and ponders the question: If you moved all rude, pushy New Yorkers to the West Coast, would they just lie back and enjoy the sun? . . . **D. Keith Mano** dissects the liberal heart.

6 LETTERS
12 FOR THE RECORD
14 THE WEEK
24 FROM WASHINGTON STRAIGHT
56 help
68 THE RIGHT BOOKS
72 ON THE RIGHT
76 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Patrick Sean Gallagher
Cover portrait by Kenneth Marlow

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1987. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

RATES: $36.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

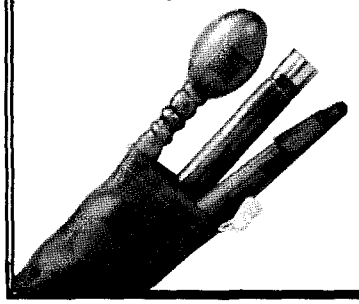
A 19th century Walking Staff with 20th century features.

It works like a third leg!

It's no wonder that walking has become the country's number one form of exercise. Along with its cardiovascular benefits, walking is also excellent for both losing weight and reducing stress. But, best of all, it's easy to do and you don't need special equipment to do it. So why on earth are we trying to sell you a walking staff?

ONLY $19.95
Sold elsewhere for $40.

Three easily detached sections can be stored in the Custom Canvas Carrying Case.



Why a walking staff?

A walking staff can literally serve as a "third leg." So walking becomes a lot easier and safer. But even when it's not functioning as your "third leg," a walking staff can also be used to:

- aid your balance when climbing hills or crossing streams.
- give you something to lean on when you stop to rest or observe.
- test the terrain in front of you for potential hazards.
- maintain a rhythm and pace as it pushes you along.
- support and steady a camera or binoculars.
- push aside hanging branches, wet leaves, or poison ivy.
- defend yourself in the event of trouble.

So, if walking is something you enjoy, a walking staff is definitely worth owning. Especially the one we're offering.

Durable hardwood construction.

This museum quality reproduction of a Victorian walking staff is solidly constructed from beautifully turned hardwoods. At its base is a cast iron tip for long wear. And crowning the walnut finished staff is a ball-like finial that counterbalances the iron tip. This results in the staff automatically swinging forward with each step you take. It's virtually effortless.

Comes apart for travel and storage.

But what really makes this staff so unique is that it can be easily detached into three pieces and stored in its custom canvas carrying case. Take it along in your luggage or backpack and enjoy walking wherever and whenever you get the urge. It quickly screws together into a sturdy 59″ staff with solid brass ferules reinforcing the sections.

Two decorative Solid Brass Ferules reinforce the 59″ staff.

A great gift for anyone.

Walking staffs of this design and quality sell for $40 or more. Our price...only $19.95 including the canvas carrying case. A great gift for the active walker ...or anyone who should be.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
DEPT. Z117, 126 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10011

For Faster Service
Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
1-800-228-3535
24 Hours-7 Days a week In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

1458116. Please send me ___ Walking Staff(s) at your special price of only $19.95 (plus $2.00 each for shipping and insurance). NY, NJ, PA and MA residents please add sales tax.

METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED
☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ VISA
☐ MASTERCARD
☐ DINERS CLUB

NAME
ADDRESS APT.#
CITY/STATE/ZIP
SIGNATURE

EXP. DATE
CREDIT CARD NUMBER MO./YR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Joseph Sobran / Chilton Williamson Jr.

Richard Brookhiser *Managing Editor*
Linda Bridges *Executive Editor*
Richard Vigilante *Article Editor*
John McLaughlin *Washington Editor*

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Nika Hazelton
D. Keith Mano / Richard John Neuhaus
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano / Ernest van den Haag
Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Maggie Gallagher / Peter J. Garvey
Bob Mack / Jane Buckley Smith

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Ione Whitlock *Production Editor*
Patricia L. Sarch *Art Associate*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Sylvia Wolinsky

Fulfillment Manager
Jason Ng

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brooks
David Brudnoy / Christopher Buckley
John Chamberlain / Mona Charen
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Forrest McDonald
Charles Burton Marshall / Jeffrey Meyers
Thomas Molnar / Joe Mysak
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Walter Olson / Grover Rees III
Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
Selden Rodman / Francis Russell
Michael A. Scully / J. O. Tate
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Judicial Dissembling

Richard Vigilante ["Who's Afraid of Robert Bork?" Aug. 28] dissembles on the question of why Judge Bork is such an attractive nominee for conservatives. Vigilante would have us believe that what we're wild about in Bork is an abstract philosophical concept—the "rule of law"—not the concrete results that concept will bring about once empowered in a 5 to 4 Court majority: "Ultimately," Vigilante says, "liberals have as much stake as conservatives in seeing Bork & Co.'s constitutional philosophy triumph."

The truth is that liberals do not have "as much stake" in Bork's confirmation as do conservatives. Vigilante makes the telling point that the judiciary, state and federal, represents a part of America very different from that represented in Congress and the state legislatures. Chosen from the ranks of the educated and moneyed, judges come to the bench with appropriate class prejudices. Legislators, however, must pass muster with the mass of ordinary, less educated, less wealthy Americans. For better or for worse, popular conservatism finds favor primarily within the latter socio-economic classes, liberalism within the former.

The decisions that most enrage supporters of "judicial restraint" involve the striking down, by educated, liberal-minded jurists chosen at the federal level, of policy enacted at the local level by a popular-conservative majority. Would conservatives support Bork's nomination if class prejudices were somehow exchanged? If the conflict were between politically conservative judges and politically liberal legislatures? If the new Court majority didn't mean a new advantage in the fights for creationism and school prayer and against abortion and pornography? "Disinterested principles" or not, I doubt it.

David Lipsky
Baltimore, Md.

Counter-Scandal?

"Scandals in Catholic Relief" [July 3] is shot through with untruths, inaccuracies, and misleading conclusions. As examples:

—CRS neither "behaved deceptively" in funding appeals nor did it "fail . . . to use charitable contributions as they were intended." Funds received for emergency needs were used for emergency needs and funds received in response to appeals for longer-term development were used for that purpose. Thirty million dollars have already been invested for both purposes by CRS in Ethiopia. At no time did CRS have "$30 million of Ethiopia funds in the bank specifically donated to move food." Carefully prepared appeals, beginning November 2, 1984, make clear that contributed moneys would go toward recovery and rehabilitation needs.

—It is grossly misleading to assert that "approximately fifty thousand tons of CRS food had accumulated on Ethiopian docks by June of 1985 and approximately forty thousand tons were still sitting on those docks in October," as though it was the same food. High volume and weak local infrastructure made for occassional delays in port clearances, but at no time did food for which CRS had responsibility sit in ports in such quantities.

—Portraying the costs of administering the massive Ethiopian program as misuse of money is deceitful. Those costs were unassailably legitimate for an emergency program valued at $250 million. At one point CRS had advanced $12 million for inland transportation costs alone.

—Elsewhere on the subject of food-recipient contributions, unnamed sources allege that CRS "withdrew" receipts "from the country in which they were collected and used [them] for other purposes, possibly including general administration and overhead." This is without foundation, as is the charge attributed to Jean Serge Picard that he had been instructed in 1983 to transfer such funds from Burundi to Kenya.

—The article misrepresents the background and outcome of a USAID audit of CRS food programs in Burkina Faso and Kenya conducted in 1986. CRS did not "resist"; indeed, it welcomed the audit and said so to the Inspector General two months before it began. By reporting selected portions of the audit's findings (while omitting CRS's responses), the author presents an egregiously slanted version of a process which he fails to mention is still incomplete. *NR* readers should know that, on the heels of the audit, the AID Administrator wrote to CRS "to reaffirm AID's support for CRS's work in international relief and development and in particular CRS's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1.00 EACH

(First price is publishers' list.
Boldface shows Members' Price.)

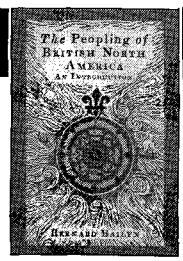
(with Trial Membership)

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

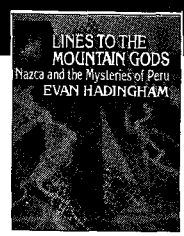
2246. **Exploring Exodus: The Heritage of Biblical Israel,** *by Nahum M. Sarna.* A section by section illumination of the text. $17.95/**$15.50**

2535. **MAYA: The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost Civilization,** *by Charles Gallenkamp.* Incorporates a century of research. $22.95/**$16.95**

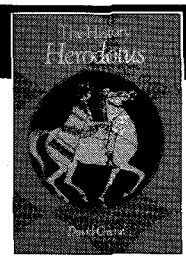
2436. **The Washing of the Spears: The Rise and Fall of the Zulu Nation,** *by Donald Morris.* Tribal Africa in decline. $21.95/**$15.50**



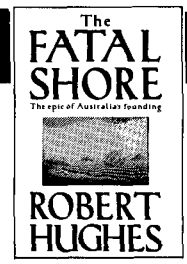
2154. $16.95/**$12.95**



3152. $22.50/**$17.50**



5637. $30.00/**$18.50**



3178. $24.95/**$17.50**

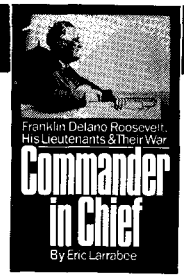
STATESMEN, GENERALS & THE RULING CLASS

7187. **Eleanor Of Aquitaine And The Four Kings,** *by Amy Kelly.* A ruler with great depth and strength of character. $20.00/**$14.50**

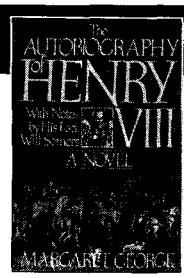
1222. **Napoleon's Family: The Notorious Bonapartes and Their Ascent to the Thrones of Europe,** *by Desmond Seward.* $16.95/**$13.95**

1917. **Eisenhower at War: 1943-1945,** *by David Eisenhower.* Alters long-held assumptions about Eisenhower as Supreme Commander. $29.95/**$22.50**

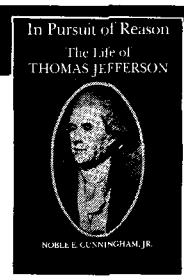
3244. **Frederick the Great: The Magnificent Enigma,** *by Robert B. Asprey.* A hypochondriac or daunting military leader and King? $29.95/**$19.95**



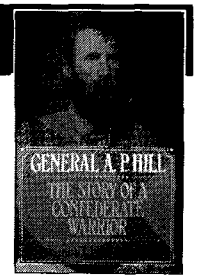
6270. $25.00/**$17.95**



3509. $19.95/**$15.95**



5611. $24.95/**$17.50**



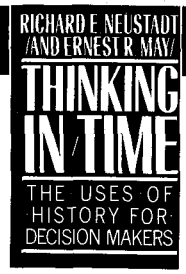
5744. $24.95/**$17.50**

TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

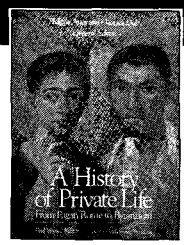
3012. **The Bible As History, 2nd Revised Ed.,** *by Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science document biblical history. $14.95/**$10.95**

2402. **Arab and Jew: Wounded Spirits in a Promised Land,** *by David K. Shipler.* Pulitzer Prize winner and provocative record. $22.50/**$17.50**

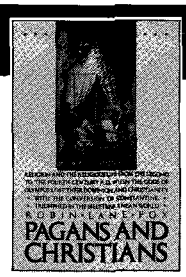
3194. **Egypt After the Pharaohs: From Alexander to the Arab Conquests,** *by Alan Bowman.* Unfamiliar history lively told. $25.00/**$18.00**



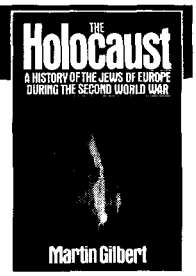
6205. $19.95/**$14.50**



4374. $29.50/**$19.95**



3806. $35.00/**$23.50**



7666. $24.95/**$17.50**

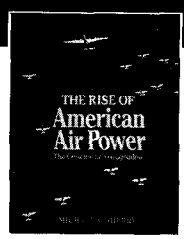
THE WARRING WORLD

3103. **The Zimmermann Telegram,** *by Barbara W. Tuchman.* The critically acclaimed tale of war, espionage and diplomacy. $14.95/**$12.95**

4408. **The Fall of the Roman Empire: The Military Explanation,** *by Arther Ferrill.* How the collapse of Rome's army led to its fall. $22.50/**$17.50**

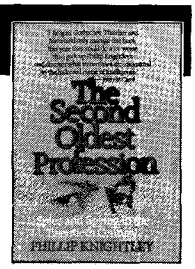
3665. **The War of the Two Emperors: The Duel Between Napoleon and Alexander, Russia 1812,** *by Curtis Cate.* $24.95/**$17.50**

8540. $19.95/**$14.95**



6098. $29.95/**$19.95**

6403. $19.95/**$15.95**



5033. $19.95/**$15.95**

Save on the best recent history titles. Including this Introductory Offer, you can save more than 30% during your initial Trial Membership, on some of the finest history books being published today. Our list covers a wide variety of topics, such as American personalities, Civil War, European history, science and religious thought.

We don't sacrifice quality. The History Book Club always offers its members quality publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints. All our books are available to members at truly substantial savings.

Choose any 3 for $1.00 each. Simply select any three books shown on this page – for just $1.00 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Every month you will be able to choose additional selections from the 150 to 200 books described in the Club's magazine. You need take only four more selections during the next two years, always at the low Members' Price. Once you have completed your initial membership, you can qualify for additional savings through Bonus Books that you can select from our entire list at an average savings of 60% off publishers' list prices.

How the Club works. Approximately every four weeks (14 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing – the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, DEPT. N,

40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at $1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, *not including my choices above.* I can cancel my membership anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

NZ0356SP

Print Name_____

Address_____ Apt. #_____

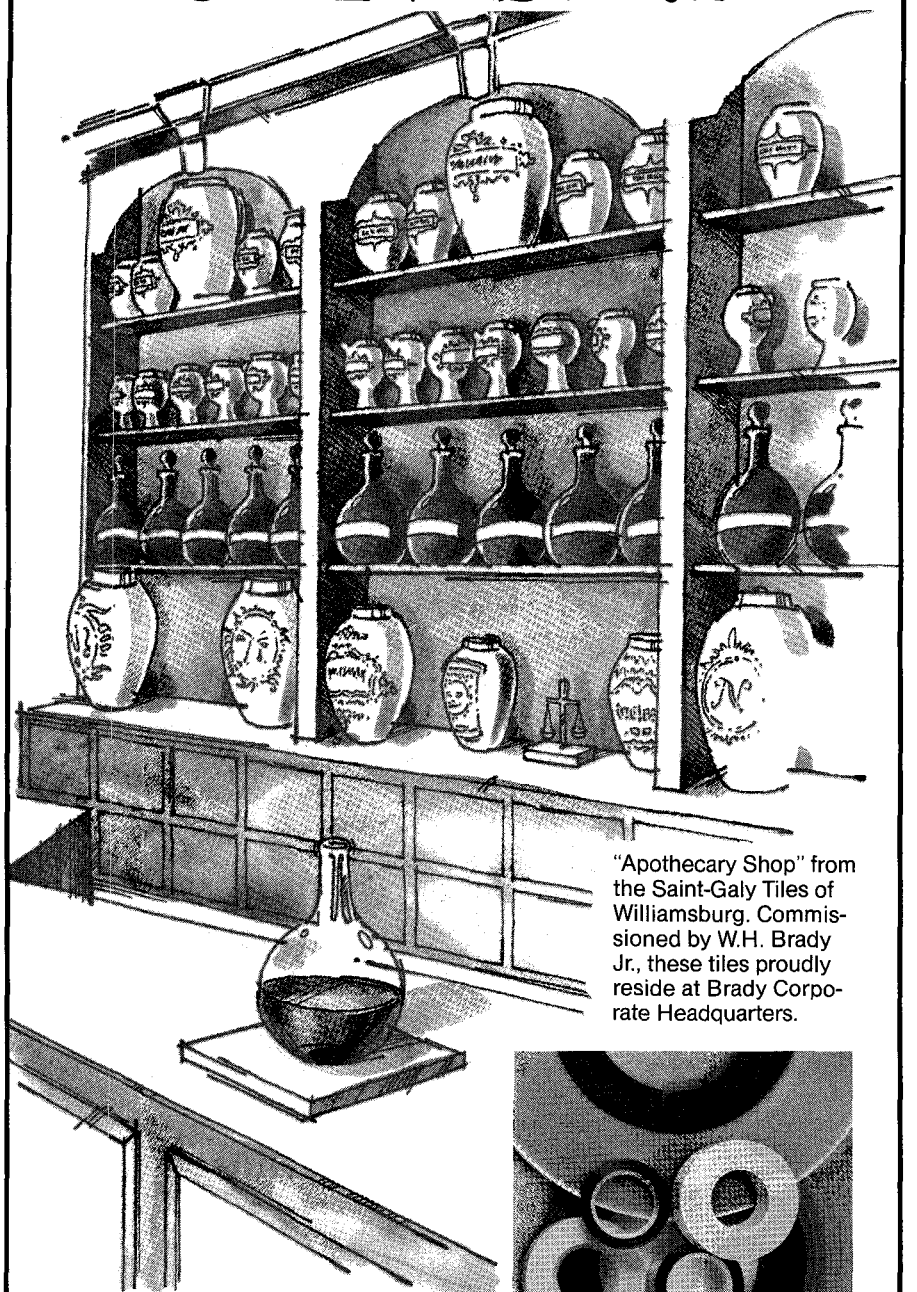
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. Address

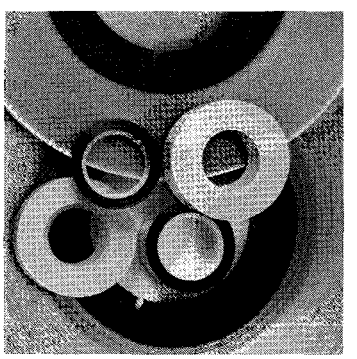
BA87U

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEMISTRY



"Apothecary Shop" from the Saint-Galy Tiles of Williamsburg. Commissioned by W.H. Brady Jr., these tiles proudly reside at Brady Corporate Headquarters.



W.H. Brady Co.'s Specialty Tape Products Division is a world leader in the production of tapes with precision tolerances for the audio/video and computer industries.

Chemistry. It employs the combination of composition, matter and properties to produce products. Products that serve people. And solve problems.

Chemistry. It's also people. Interacting. Working together for a common goal.

At W.H. Brady Co. a commitment to both kinds of chemistry is expressed every day.

It's expressed through planning, research and marketing. Finally, it's expressed through our many products for industry.

BRADY®

W.H. BRADY CO. • 727 W. Glendale Avenue • P.O. Box 571 • Milwaukee, WI 53201

141-049

longtime, important role in carrying out U.S. Government-supported food aid programs throughout the world."

—The allegation, attributed also to unnamed sources, that Monsignor Robert Charlebois was a "vocal critic of the policy on recipient contributions" is bogus. The charge that funds donated to Operation Rice Bowl were used for overhead costs is unequivocally false.

—For the record, the U.S. Bishops in recent years have provided funding of approximately $10 million annually. Another $3 million, which the CRS Board of Bishops approves for funding overseas projects, is provided through Operation Rice Bowl. All other private fundraising activities are conducted only with Board approval.

Lawrence A. Pezzullo
Executive Director
Catholic Relief Services
New York, N.Y.

Mr. MacGuire Replies

As my article made clear, CRS's original funding appeal, made in the fall of 1984, promised to rush food to Ethiopia "by plane, boat, and train." CRS promised potential contributors that "none of the donations w[ould] be used for administrative expenses." Twenty-six million dollars had been raised by the end of 1984 and another $26 million by June 1985, at which time CRS's claims were still being repeated by the press, and CRS was making no noticeable effort to retract them. The public does not give at that rate for long-term development programs—as CRS certainly knows, because it had never before raised nearly that much money. In early 1985 CRS started to mention development, but discreetly. Clearly most donors thought they were still giving to help the starving.

As to the food on the docks, of course it wasn't necessarily the same food, but it was the same problem—CRS had collected $26 million by December and a total of more than $50 million by June, with which a transportation system could have been set up but wasn't because CRS didn't want to spend the money transporting food.

It is not necessary to physically carry recipient-contribution funds (Fund 322) out of the recipient country in order to "withdraw" them. It can be, and sometimes was, done by using 322 funds in the recipient country in place of Fund 105 (administration and overhead) moneys that would otherwise have to have been supplied by CRS headquarters. Obviously that would leave CRS headquarters ahead as a result of charging the needy for food, exactly the situation the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today, more than ever, you need the facts. Get the facts you need in these outstanding books.

CRISIS AND LEVIATHAN
by Robert Higgs, Foreword by Arthur Ekirch, Jr.
This analytical history examines the cause of growing government power in America, and argues that the government uses crises like war and depressions to deepen its control over society. A powerful and provocative thesis.
HS4597 (hardcover) **Publisher Price $24.95**
OUR PRICE ONLY $19.95

AFTER APARTHEID: The Solution for South Africa
by Frances Kendall & Leon Louw
A runaway bestseller in South Africa, this book has already been debated in *Time* and *Wall Street Journal*. After examining the causes of the present crisis, it makes the case for a feasible solution which, though radical, has been endorsed by prominent South Africans on all sides of the issue.
FP4585 (hardcover) **$17.95**

LOSING GROUND: American Social Policy 1950-1980
by Charles Murray
This pathbreaking critique of the welfare state is having massive impact and has become the most important work in its field. Murray alleges that the social programs of the past thirty years have actually hurt those they intended to help.
CU0572 (paper) **$10.95**

THE TEARS OF THE WHITE MAN: Compassion as Contempt
by Pascal Bruckner
A biting, searing critique of the dogmas of "Third-Worldism" by a Frenchman who is out to expose the Western Intellectuals' habitual romanticizing of the people and politics of "underdeveloped" countries at the expense of Western democracies.
CU4525 (hardcover) **$17.95**

HISTORY OF THE JEWS
by Paul Johnson
The author of *Modern Times* gives us a lively, provocative and iconoclastic history of the Jews—as a people, a culture, and of Israel as a nation—that spans the centuries from their origins through the 1980s.
HS4540 (hardcover) **$24.95**

COMPASSION VERSUS GUILT
by Thomas Sowell
The most recent book from Sowell's prolific pen is a collection of eighty of his best articles over the past few years, drawn mostly from his syndicated column. Sowell gets right to the point in these brief essays, attacking his adversaries head on with hardhitting logic and prose. A feast!
TS4634 (hardcover) **Publisher Price $14.95**
OUR PRICE ONLY $12.95

ENDLESS ENEMIES: The Making of an Unfriendly World
by Jonathan Kwitny
The noted *Wall Street Journal* reporter shows how America's worldwide interventions have often undermined democracy and free enterprise alike, creating enemies for the U.S. Kwitny also shows why the true hope of the Third World lies in adopting free market economies and scuttling socialism and central planning. A very provocative book.
TW0358 (hardcover) **Publisher Price $19.95**
OUR PRICE ONLY $12.95

DEALING WITH DRUGS: Consequences of Government Control
edited by Ronald Hamowy
No single expert could have given us as broad a view of the issues involved as does this anthology. Highlights include Jonathan Marshall's "Drugs & U.S. Foreign Policy," Arnold Trebach's "Need for Reform of International Narcotics Laws," and Randy Barnett's "Curing the Drug-Law Addiction: The Harmful Side Effects of Legal Prohibition." The best book now in print on this explosive topic.
CU4641 (paper) **$12.95**

ECONOMIC LIBERTIES AND THE JUDICIARY
edited by James A. Dorn and Henry G. Manne
The field of jurisprudence is today witnessing the emergence of an important new school of thought that challenges the approach that has dominated American legal thinking since the New Deal. This stellar collection contains essays and comments by Antonin Scalia, Richard Epstein, Stephen Macedo, Peter Aronson, Bernard Siegan and others. The high-powered contributors often disagree over fundamental issues.
PL4582 (paper) **$15.75**

CIRCLE YOUR CHOICES AND SEND US ENTIRE PAGE OR...

★ ORDER TOLL-FREE ★

1-800-238-2200 – EXT 500

Charge your Visa or Master Card
Continental U.S. 24 hours a day. 7 days a week.

OR *Send your order to* **LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS**
Dept. NCN, 532 Broadway, NY, NY 10012
Enclose $2.50 US Mail or $4.00 UPS postage & handling ($1.50 per book on foreign orders)

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.*

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

Dept. NCN, 532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

☐ Send me your FREE 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ Check or Money Order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

CARD NO. EX. DATE

SIGNATURE

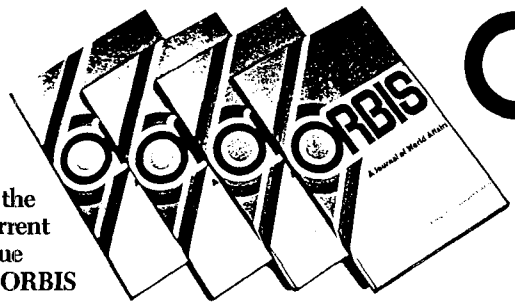
NAME

STREET

CITY/STATE ZIP

© 1987 LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In the current issue of ORBIS

Emmanuel Sivan conjures up the Islamic Republic of Egypt.

Edward Jay Epstein examines CIA documents left behind in Tehran and pieced together by the Iranians.

Dirk Verheyen explores the cultural images—cowboys and Eurowimps—that affect the actions of American and European policy makers.

Former U.S. Ambassador to South Africa, Herman W. Nickel predicts that P.W. Botha will defy Congress's conditions for lifting sanctions.

ORBIS

A Journal of World Affairs

Daniel Pipes
Editor

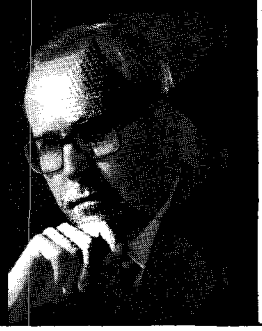
John H. Maurer
Executive Editor

Published quarterly by the Foreign Policy Research Institute

For a free copy, write:
ORBIS
3508 Market Street
Suite 350
Philadelphia, PA 19104
(215) 382-0685

HERE COMES 1988!

—and here comes William A. Rusher, to make it all intelligible.



Or would you rather hear the formidable author of *How to Win Arguments* in a debate, on any topic from "Star Wars" to "Media Fairness"?

Keppler Associates Inc. is proud to announce that it is now scheduling lecture engagements for Bill Rusher, whom President Reagan has called "this energetic and articulate spokesman for the principles we believe in so deeply."

Give your audience a treat: Invite Bill Rusher to highlight your next meeting or conference. Favorite topics include "Reaganomics after Reagan" (aimed straight at business audiences) and "The Fourth Modern Century" (a bold and inspiring look at the prospects for the hundred years beginning in 2000 A.D.).

KEPPLER ASSOCIATES INC.
1030 15th Street, NW
Suite 865
Washington, DC 20005
202-898-1155

regulations were designed to prevent. Picard made the charge "attributed" to him in writing, in a report to the U.S. Bishops.

CRS consented to the audit under pressure, and after the Krol Commission of the U.S. Bishops declared Fund 322 auditable. But CRS had actively resisted the position that 322 was auditable for at least four years.

The AID audit is more devastating to CRS when read in full than when quoted "selectively." Anyone who doubts this should write to AID for a copy.

Charlebois is still a CRS employee and perhaps not in a position to publicly criticize the agency. I am not, however, the first writer to attribute these views to him. Several sources have complained to me about abuses in Rice Bowl, and I stand by what I wrote.

Kemp Can't (Maybe)

We, the undersigned conservatives and (in most cases) Republicans, believe that it is too early in the 1988 presidential sweepstakes for conservatives to settle on a single candidate to represent our positions [cf. "Kemp for President?" "The Week," Aug. 14]. Our objections are both strategic and doctrinal. Other candidates, e.g., Laxalt or Robertson, may surge forward during the primaries. One of these may represent conservative policies at least as faithfully as Kemp and may prove more effective in attracting popular support.

Second, unlike the editorial board of NATIONAL REVIEW, we continue to have serious doubts about Kemp's political intelligence and conservative convictions. For example, Kemp's offensive remarks at a Republican rally last month at Corpus Christi, in which he berated party regulars for being insensitive to Hispanics, were inexcusably tactless.

Kemp's deviations from conservative policies and principles are too numerous to be counted on one hand. His repeated assertions that equality is the highest conservative principle, his relentless campaign to turn Martin Luther King into a national icon, and his pandering to organized labor in Congress all cast doubt on the credibility of his conservative image. Even if NATIONAL REVIEW, after appropriate soul-searching, decides to support Kemp, it will still owe its readers an account of his disagreeable side. Needless to say, his support for supply-side economics does not render his faults entirely undeserving of consideration.

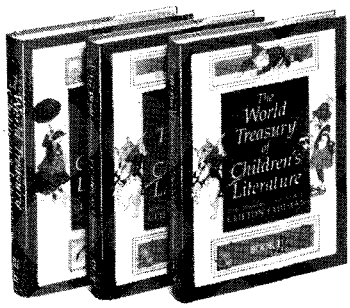
M. E. Bradford
Paul Gottfried
Peter J. Stanlis
James Taylor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to $305.50

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.

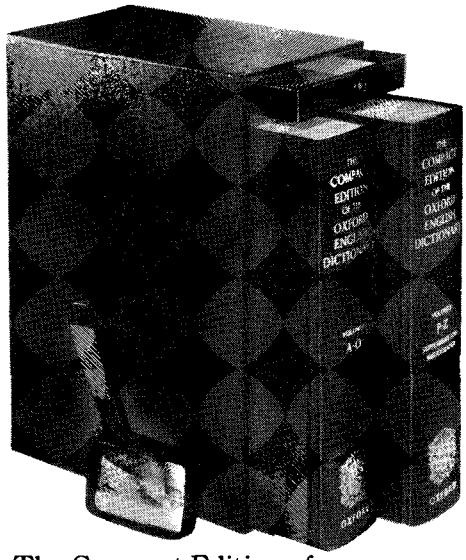


The World Treasury of Children's Literature

Selected and with Commentary by Clifton Fadiman

for **$11.50** (Pub. price $69.95)

Children and grown-ups alike will love curling up with these timeless fairy tales, fables, nursery rhymes and stories. A. A. Milne, Mark Twain, Dr. Seuss and many more of the world's master storytellers are represented by their classic works in this handsomely bound three-volume anthology. Illustrated in black and white and full color; 1,561 pages.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **$27.95** (Pub. price $195)

"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.

The Way to Cook Julia Child: 6 One-hour Videocassettes

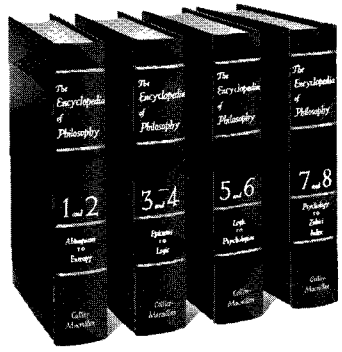
for **$39.95** (Pub. price $179.70)

America's favorite cook demonstrates the basic techniques of good cooking with step-by-step clarity in her entertaining style. In this 6-hour, videocassette set—Meat; Poultry; Fish & Eggs; Vegetables; Soups, Salads & Breads; First Courses & Desserts—she provides professional tips on how to master everything from thickening sauces to butterflying a chicken. Six recipe booklets are included. Available on VHS or Beta.

The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub. price $225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses all aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.

© 1987 BOMC

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 100 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege*: If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations*: Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 **A123-9**

Check one box only.

- ☐ 955. Treasury of Children's Lit. **$11.50**
- ☐ 905. Compact OED **$27.95**
- ☐ 928. Way to Cook (Beta) **$39.95**
- ☐ 929. Way to Cook (VHS) **$39.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **$29.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy $24.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name_____ **7-64**
(Please print plainly)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

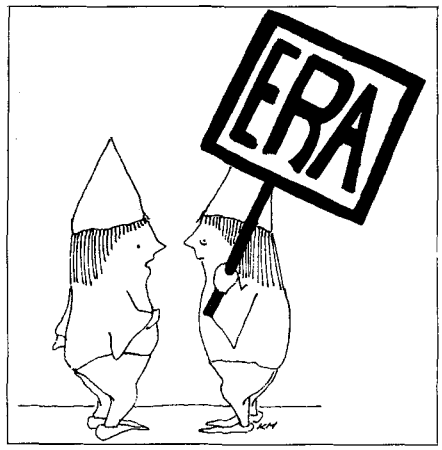
Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders are subject to approval.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

As far as **Mikhail Gorbachev** is concerned, it's all over. *U.S. News* quotes him as saying that **George Bush** will be the next U.S. President, and **Bob Dole** the Veep. As for the Democrats, says Gorbachev, they're going nowhere. . . . Polls continue to show Bush leading GOP field, with Dole second (11 to 22 points behind) and **Jack Kemp** third, at ten points. But political analyst **Kevin Phillips** "wouldn't be surprised to see Kemp finally make a clear move into double-digit territory" for three reasons: 1) conservatives believe **Reagan** has run out of steam, and are looking for a new "issue-wielder"; 2) **Jesse Helms**'s powerful Congressional Club has come out for Kemp, and its chairman, **Tom Ellis**, has joined the Kemp campaign; 3) the Right believes Kemp will keep faith with the Contras. (Kemp and Helms are planning to introduce a $310-million Contra-aid bill in near future.) . . . **Pierre du Pont**, meanwhile, claims to be the true-blue candidate of the Right. "George Bush, Bob Dole, and Jack Kemp," he says, "are the fellows left out on the left flank." . . . Indications are that powerful *Manchester Union-Leader* may support du Pont. Publisher **Nacky Loeb**, in front-page edit, urged New Hampshire voters to "take a good, close look at Pete du Pont . . . a genuine conservative."

The AFL-CIO has given up on plan to endorse a Democratic presidential candidate pre-convention, *à la* **Walter Mondale**. "We don't have [the required] two-thirds majority," says **Lane Kirkland**. In union balloting around the country on presidential preference, "union members overwhelmingly preferred 'none of the above,'" reports *New York Times*. . . . Southern Democratic pols are plenty worried about Super Tuesday, which was meant to give Southern conservatives a larger hand in picking next Democratic candidate. Commented South Carolina State Rep. **J. H. Nesbitt** at meeting of Southern legislators in Little Rock last week: "The ones [Democratic candidates] we have now are going to be hard to sell. . . . Their thinking is not like the thinking of the people of our state." . . . All of which could change if **Sam Nunn** returns from European vacation prepared to run. Former Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss**, who is close to Nunn and politically savvy, thinks chances are fifty-fifty the Georgia senator will enter race. . . . Latest polls of Dems (**Gallup**, *NYT*/CBS) show **Jesse Jackson** still first, **Michael Dukakis** second, **Albert Gore** third, **Paul Simon** fourth. **Joe Biden** has slipped to fifth place with lowly 4 per cent, presumably as result of his **Bork**ing around.



"Aren't all rights equal?"

Rounding out Contra hearings. They will have cost $4 million by the time staffs wind up work in mid October. . . . **Richard Wirthlin** poll shows Iran-Contra affair rates tenth on list of voter concerns. . . . More than 150,000 messages were sent to Washington as result of **North** testimony, the largest number since **Richard Nixon** fired **Archibald Cox** in 1973 during Watergate. . . . CBS Entertainment president **Donald Grant** has signed up Oliver North story, *Guts and Glory*, by **Ben Bradlee Jr.** (due out this fall), for a TV movie. . . . Also in the works for fall publication is **Peter Meyer**'s biography, *Defiant Patriot: The Life and Exploits of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North* (St. Martin's). . . . The quiet man who shook Adm. **John Poindexter**'s hand during break in hearings was former hostage **David Jacobsen**: "Thank you and Ollie for getting me out and keeping me alive," he told Poindexter.

Within days of signing of the **Arias** agreement, Sandinistas broke up a peaceful demonstration in Managua, and have now sentenced three opposition leaders to thirty-day jail terms. Said State Department spokeswoman **Phyllis Oakley**: "The brutal manner and the great speed with which the marches were suppressed would seem to indicate that the Nicaraguan government wishes to intimidate . . . the opposition." . . . *Christian Science Monitor* reports Contras have shot down at least ten helicopters (20 per cent of Nicaragua's air fleet) since resumption of U.S. aid last fall.

On the Right: **Anthony Harrigan**'s U.S. Business and Industrial Council is opposing nomination of **William Verity** as Secretary of Commerce because as chairman of the U.S.-USSR Trade and Economic Council, Verity "promoted trade with the Soviets at the expense of America's national security." . . . **Brent Bozell III** and **Brent Baker**, of Newswatch, are syndicating a national column on media bias. . . . And the Hoover Presidential Library Association announces the availability of research assistance under the **Herbert Hoover** Presidential Fellowship and Grant program for 1988. For information write Assistant Director **Tom Walsh**, P.O. Box 696, West Branch, Iowa 52358.

Gimmicky but fun: Opinion Research poll has found that **Morris the Cat** (of 9-Lives cat food fame) has greater name recognition (70 per cent) than Bob Dole (67 per cent), Jack Kemp (59 per cent), and **Richard Gephardt** (53 per cent). Morris's presidential campaign manager is **Eleanor Mondale**, daughter of Walter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Our Children

QUANTITY **THE CHILDHOOD OF FAMOUS AMERICANS Series**
These lively and inspiring biographies of American heroes sweep children right into history. Ages 7 to 12.

#2030 **Set I: Great Patriots**
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Young Leader • MOLLY PITCHER: Young Patriot • DAVY CROCKETT: Young Rifleman • CRISPUS ATTACKS: Black Leader of Colonial Patriots • PAUL REVERE: Boston Patriot
#2030 192 pages/book, 5 paperbacks, **$22.95**

#2031 **Set II: Great Innovators**
THOMAS EDISON: Young Inventor • CLARA BARTON: Founder of the American Red Cross • ALBERT EINSTEIN: Young Thinker • WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT: Young Fliers • HENRY FORD: Young Man with Ideas
#2031 192 pages/book, 5 paperbacks, **$22.95**

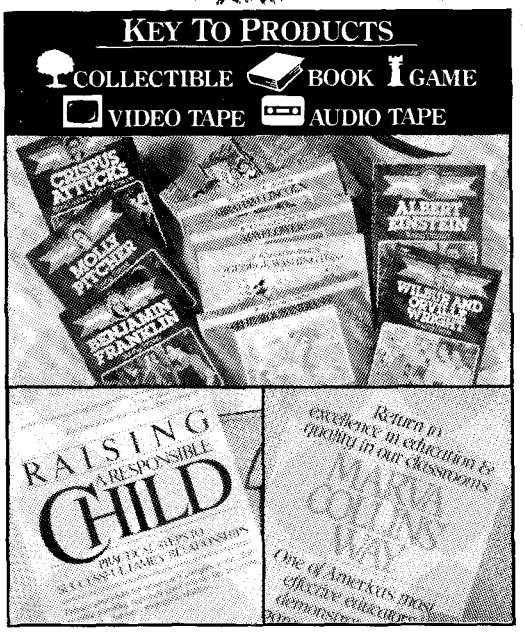
#2032 **IF YOU LIVED THEN Series**
These exciting books transplant the young reader into great historical periods to experience the lives and hopes of the people who lived them. Ages 5 to 12.
IF YOU SAILED ON THE MAYFLOWER • IF YOU GREW UP WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON • IF YOU LIVED WITH THE SIOUX INDIANS • IF YOU LIVED IN COLONIAL TIMES • IF YOU GREW UP WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN
#2032 80 pages/book, 5 paperbacks, **$14.95**

#8012 **RAISING A RESPONSIBLE CHILD**
by Dr. Don Dinkmeyer and Dr. Gary D. McKay
Here's how to prepare your child for tomorrow's complex world. This superb book gives you the keys to raising courageous, humane, and responsible children.
#8012 256 pages, paperback, **$8.95**

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-345-2888

Credit card orders only. Call anytime

Ask for a LibertyTree operator.



QUANTITY **HOW TO TUTOR**
#8060 ***by Samuel L. Blumenfeld***
Here is the complete, step-by-step instructional program for teaching children the three R's. *"Precise and to the point"– AMERICAN SCHOOL BOARD JOURNAL*
#8060 298 pp., paperback **$9.95**

#2044 **DOCUMENTS OF LIBERTY POSTERS**
Exact copies on beautiful antique-like parchment, suitable for framing: the Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights, and Gettysburg Address.
#2044 4 docs., **$8.95**

QUANTITY **HEROES OF AMERICA**
by Ingri and Edgar P. D'Aulaire
#2059 #2060 #2061 #2062 These beautifully illustrated classics are the absorbing stories of children growing up to become heroes of America's early history. Ages 4 to 10.
Columbus
#2059 48 pp., paperback, **$9.95**
George Washington
#2060 48 pp., paperback, **$9.95**
Benjamin Franklin
#2061 48 pp., paperback, **$9.95**
Pocahontas
#2062 48 pp., hardcover, **$12.95**

#1264 **THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION Series,**
by Jean Fritz
These books bring revolutionary America to life for children. Ages 5 to 12.
Children's Choice Award.
AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED, PAUL REVERE? • WHY DON'T YOU GET A HORSE, SAM ADAMS? • WHERE WAS PATRICK HENRY ON THE 29TH OF MAY? • CAN'T YOU MAKE THEM BEHAVE, KING GEORGE? • WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, BEN FRANKLIN? • WILL YOU SIGN HERE, JOHN HANCOCK?
#1264 48 pp/bk, 6 pbs **$39.95**

#2064 **MY FRIEND LIBERTY**
by Oscar-winner Jimmy Picker
This delightful clay animation stars the Statue of Liberty herself and will both thrill and educate children. Ages 3 and up.
#2064 30 min, VHS, **$24.95**

#8030 **MARVA COLLINS' WAY**
by Marva Collins
The famous educational innovator reveals the secrets of her miraculous teaching methods and private school practices, where problem students become top achievers.
#8030 237 pages, paperback, **$8.95**

#2043 **LIBERTY BELL**
Exact, ringing brass replica of the oldest symbol of liberty in America.
#2043 3 1/2 inches high, **$7.95**

LibertyTree Network

☐ Please rush me your free catalog of books, audio tapes, video tapes, games, and collectibles.

Method of Payment (Add $2.50 U.S. Mail/$4.00 UPS shipping):
(Calif. residents please add appropriate sales tax: 6-7½%)

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Am. Express

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____

MAIL TO: LibertyTree Network 6600 Silacci Way, Dept. D6, Gilroy, CA 95020

FREE WITH $25 MIN. ORDER
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE & U.S. CONSTITUTION
Special Georgetown U. Bound Edition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

☐ LIKE THE GOOD BOOK SAYS: "Unprotected sex, without cast-iron guarantees of being HIV-negative, is therefore an immoral act." *The New Republic*, August 31.

☐ He's on the cover of *New York*! He's on the cover of *The New Republic*! *Playgirl* says he's one of the ten sexiest men in America! Blah. Michael Dukakis is running for President, in part on his record as the reviver of Massachusetts's economy, which is false (Massachusetts's economy was revived by: 1. Proposition 2½; 2. former Governor Edward King; 3. Ronald Reagan; 4. the defense build-up—all of which Dukakis opposed); in part, as the deviser of ET (Education and Training), a brilliant work-fare scheme which puts the poor on the payrolls, which is also false (in three years of falling unemployment, ET spent over $80 million and its caseload *rose*); in part, as a same-old-thing interest-group Democrat, which is absolutely true (Dukakis's latest group: homosexuals, offended by a state foster-care case in which two homosexual parents lost custody of a child, now being wooed by a tough gay-rights bill Dukakis is pushing through the state legislature). This is cover material? This is sexy? Find another white man.

☐ Two years ago you couldn't listen to an anti-nuclear activist for five minutes before he'd be telling you how the U.S. *already* had enough nuclear firepower to destroy the earth two, ten, or a dozen times over. The latest attempt to scare the American public with misleading statistics is the *Nuclear Weapons Databook*, which gives top billing to big numbers —e.g., the amount the Department of Defense has spent over the years on nuclear delivery and support systems ($1.85 trillion in 1986 dollars), and the number of warheads produced here since 1946 (about sixty thousand). The *Databook* neglects to mention that the day is approaching when all of the current U.S. warhead arsenal, whether located in missile silos, on aircraft, or in submarines, will be vulnerable to a pre-emptive Soviet first strike—so that, in the absence of a strategic-defense system, the only way the United States has been able to pursue nuclear deterrence has been to produce more warheads, thus multiplying the number of prospective targets. But how much integrity should we expect from William Arkin, one of the book's editors? He's the same guy who got hold of a classified and highly sensitive Pentagon document in 1985 and, just to stir up trouble, distributed it to the governments of Iceland, Bermuda, and Canada.

☐ In Mecca pilgrims riot, and on the Gulf mullahs rage, but you'd think the world's oil supply was free and easy to listen to the debate over licensing the Seabrook and Shoreham nuclear power plants. In the wake of Three Mile Island, Congress and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission burdened the nuclear industry with a host of onerous regulations, including the requirement that plants and local authorities draw up elaborate evacuation plans. The utility companies building Seabrook and Shoreham complied, at enormous cost in time and money—whereupon Governor Cuomo (Shoreham is on Long Island) and would-be President Dukakis (Seabrook is just over the New Hampshire border) refused to draw up their halves of the plans. House liberals offered an amendment to the NRC reauthorization bill, upholding the grandstanding governors—an amendment backed by all the Democratic presidential hopefuls. It failed, and the NRC proposes to license the plants anyway. But the incident emphasized, yet another time, the enormous demagogy surrounding the nuclear-power issue. Think about it, next time the Northeastern power grid gets strained.

☐ "Launching 'Star Wars' anti-missile defenses into orbit could cost as much as $1 trillion," reports the *New York Times*. Gosh! Of course, these figures have a way of evanescing when you examine the assumptions that generated them. Sometimes, you don't even have to know the assumptions. The *Times* got the

Jim Wright in Wonderland

He says, from far out on a limb,
Señor Ortega's growing dim
Like Lewis Carroll's Cheshire cat,
Which, fading slowly where it sat,
Completely disappeared from view,
And no one even hollered, "Shoo!"

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MANY BIG-NAME conservatives here think Ronald Reagan has lost his soul.

"He's surrendered to the presuppositions of his adversaries," says Howard Phillips, chairman of the Conservative Caucus. "A major issue in the 1984 campaign was that the Democratic Party was willing to tolerate a Communist government in Nicaragua," Phillips reminds us. "Reagan has thrown away the issue."

Other organizational conservatives concur. "He's badly underplayed his hand in Central America," complains Lee Bellinger of the Conservative Action Foundation. Burt Pines of the Heritage Foundation is harsher. "Stupid beyond belief," he says. "The Tower Commission should be reconvened to see if the President is aware that this plan has been advanced in his name." Phillips warns that "Reagan is falling into precisely the course that Lyndon Johnson took with Vietnam. Negotiation, not victory." Others compare the situation to Kennedy's Bay of Pigs. "Within two years the U.S. will have to send troops into Nicaragua to oust the Sandinista government," says Paul Weyrich, president of the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation.

The genesis of the Wright/Reagan initiative throws a different light on the matter. Tom Loeffler, principal White House coordinator for Central American affairs, recently visited an old House buddy, Democratic Whip Tony Coelho, to ask how the Reagan request for Contra aid would fare when it came to a vote in October. Coelho suggested that Loeffler discuss the issue with House Speaker Jim Wright, whom many regard as a crypto-supporter of the Contras. Loeffler did as Coelho suggested, and Wright—who, as befits a Texan, has a longstanding interest in Latin America—warmed to the suggestion of involvement. In elaborating this initiative, the Speaker gained the insights of Central American Presidents Oscar Arias (Costa Rica), José Napoleón Duarte (El Salvador), and Vinicio Cerezo (Guatemala), as well as National Security Advisor Frank Carlucci and Chief of Staff Howard Baker. Ronald Reagan got on board believing that the proposal would supplant the Arias plan then on the table at the Guatemala meeting of the five Central American presidents. Whether the Wright/Reagan plan was accepted or rejected by the Sandinistas, Contra aid stood to win. If it was accepted, the Sandinistas would almost certainly not live up to its terms; if it was rejected, they would look despotic. In either case Congress would be impelled to vote in favor of Contra aid.

So far so good. But in Guatemala Mr. Reagan was thrown a scuffball when Costa Rican President Arias presented his own plan, and the five Central American presidents accepted it for the region.

What happens now? Mr. Reagan will continue to laud the Arias/Guatemala Five effort while negotiating with Wright behind the scenes for changes in the terms of the proposal.

In this light, organizational conservatives seem premature in their recriminations. Two Westerners—Californian Reagan and Texan Wright—took each other's measure, shook hands, and launched a deal. Politics has a special and hidden artistry, and we may see it at work here.

Certainly the GOP was hard hit by Democratic gains in the 1986 elections. But now Republicans face a more insidious setback: the dissolution of the conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats that dated from FDR. Now, in the 100th Congress, Southern Democrats are aligning themselves with their party bosses, even on former unity issues like defense spending.

Just six years ago Congress had many "Boll Weevils," as Reagan-backing Southern Democrats were known. Now Trent Lott, Mississippi Republican and long-time coalition proponent, jokes, "Have the Boll Weevils turned into cicadas?"

Some believe the Southern Democrats' transformation is permanent. "The coalition is definitely expiring," asserts Richard Conlon of the Democratic Study Group. Wayward Democrats can be stripped of their seniority. "Our model for many of these measures," notes Conlon sardonically, "is the Republican Party."

Yet obituaries for the coalition could prove premature. Southerners in general still hold and express conservative opinions. This is shown in a recently-released study by the Roosevelt Center, "Southern Voices/Southern Views." "There is a difference in Southern mainstream Democrats and Democrats in other parts of the country," states Mark Rovner, one of the authors of the report. "I wouldn't expect a candidate to do well in the South touting a liberal agenda." If the Right does well on Super Tuesday, Southern lawmakers may rediscover their conservative roots. —CATO

---

trillion-dollar price tag from a report by the Congressional Budget Research Service. The report was commissioned by Senators Proxmire, Johnston, and Bumpers, all Democrats, all anti-SDI. Costs could be lowered, the report adds helpfully, if there were a new SALT treaty. They can't defeat SDI on the merits, soberly argued. They have to lie about costs. We have won intellectually. We need to win politically.

☐ There is no need to enumerate the reasons he gave for doing so, but it is politically interesting to note that Charles Krauthammer, the trenchant middle-of-the-road essayist (he writes mostly for *Time* and *The New Republic*), has come out (*New Republic*, August 24) for leaving the United Nations. He does so in an article, "Let It Sink," that disposes of most of the objections of the sentimentalists. It is only a pity that he does not pass judgment on the suggestion of James Burnham, made in these pages twenty years ago (the approximate culture lag between *NR* and *TNR*), that the easiest way to deal with the enormities of the UN would be to instruct our ambassador to that body simply to stop voting in the General Assembly. The effect would be mortal to whatever prestige the UN retains. Without the U.S. formally to overwhelm in parliamentary votes, these votes would lose their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meaning. Mr. Krauthammer offers other reasons why we and the world would be best off leaving the UN. But as a moderate, he should consider the Burnham alternative first; perhaps later (twenty years?) moving on to the clerical detail of formal resignation. In any event, it is a bright moment when a prominent liberal, writing in a prominent liberal publication, speaks so sensibly about one of the stuffed icons of a generation of liberal establishmentarians.

☐ *The King is gone, but he's not forgotten.* Ten years after Elvis was discovered face down in his bathroom —with "a whole lotta trouble runnin' through his veins," as Bruce Springsteen would sing—his place in American mythology is unrivaled, save by Marilyn Monroe. More Presley records are sold every year than most artists sell in their careers; no one—not even Sinatra—had as many number-one hits. His death gave rise to scores of Elvis impersonators, look-alikes who perform in nightclubs for the faithful. One of them, coining a cliché, told a network reporter that "imitation is the highest form of flattery"; ironically, the Elvis he imitates is the Elvis of the last years before his death, when he was bloated, weak-voiced, and devoid of the soulfulness that seduced much of the nation in the late 1950s. The King's rabid following converged on Memphis this August to file past his tomb, *à la* Mao or Lenin. The archetypal fan is female, mid-fifties, middle-class, Midwestern, and hopelessly devoted. Amid the cultish fanfare surrounding his memory it's hard to remember how formidable Elvis was as a young performer. Recent reissues of Elvis's sessions for Sun Records, cut only months after he quit his job as a truck driver in 1954, convincingly portray Elvis as the man who made rock 'n' roll possible.

☐ Juan Ponce Enrile, the former defense minister of the Philippines, has won a three-month legal battle to gain a disputed seat in the Filipino senate. His victory is an encouraging sign on two counts. First, because Enrile is a man of integrity and patriotism, whose voice in the opposition will serve the Philippines well. Second, because the mere fact that an opposition leader who was once sacked by Corazon Aquino can win a contested electoral contest by appealing to the Philippine court system suggests that democracy and the rule of law are indeed beginning to take hold in that country.

☐ In the interest of *glasnost*, the Soviets sentenced six Chernobyl managers to "labor camps," the polite media name for Gulag concentration camps, and charged the young West German pilot Mathias Rust with "hooliganism," the generic Soviet term for outsmarting Soviet leaders, and a serious offense indeed.

☐ It is very good news that Ariel Dorfman, the Marxist writer, will now be allowed to go home to Chile; good, that is, for us, because he will be spending less time in the United States. Dorfman was an avid supporter of the Allende effort to Communize Chile. In exile, he landed a job teaching literature at Duke (whose faculty, of course, opposed a Nixon library). Welcome home.

☐ The Federalist Society for Law and Public Policy Studies, a breeding ground for defenders of Robert Bork's America, will hold two conferences in the Washington area this fall. "Constitutional Protections of Economic Activity" will be the subject on October 16-17 at George Mason University. (For information, contact Mark Hoberman at George Mason Law School, 3401 North Fairfax Drive, Arlington, Va. 22201.) The national conference on "Foreign Affairs and the Constitution: The Roles of Congress, the President, and the Court" meets November 6-7 at the Grand Hyatt Washington. (Contact the Federalist Society, 1625 I Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.)

☐ Stan Evans's National Journalism Center, ten years old this year, is accepting applications for its fall session. The NJC offers training in research, writing, and editing, as well as experience with one or more Washington, D.C., media outlets. The NJC recently issued a bulletin listing hundreds of its alumni and noting where they now work. The roster is impressive. A sample: John Fund, deputy editor of the *Wall Street Journal*; John Barnes, chief editorial writer for the *Boston Herald*; Sharon Cooper, reporter for KLS-TV in San Diego; Wendy Wilshin, assistant producer for CBS News; Mark Klugman, press aide to Senator Phil Gramm; Bill McGurn, deputy editor of the *Wall Street Journal*; Joan Gilbertson, reporter for WKOW-TV in Madison, Wisconsin; Martin Wooster, Washington editor of *Harper's*; and NATIONAL REVIEW's own Richard Vigilante and Maggie Gallagher. Each intern receives a stipend of $100 a week for the 12-week session. The fall session begins September 28; applications are due by September 11. Write Stan Evans, Chris Warden, or Mal Kline at 517 2nd

August Is Mea-Culpa Month

There's Hiroshima on the Sixth
  And Nagasaki later,
As if no liberal had heard
  About the great dictator
And how he almost built the bomb,
  Thanks to some heavy water;
But that does not raise goose bumps on
  The likes of Carter's daughter.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, or call 202-544-1333 for more information.

☐ The wire services persist in calling residents of Afghanistan, all of whom were civilians until the Soviets invaded, "rebels," which is their peculiar way of siding with the Soviets.

☐ A department for the study of the future, at the University of Southern California, has gone belly up. What can we say?

In this issue we assess, and pay tribute to, the late James Burnham in the multiple aspects of his remarkable career. The editors believe that this is a historic issue of *NR*, as becomes a memorial to a man and thinker of world-historical importance. After reading what is contained herein, you will reach your own conclusion. For us, in the words of Alexander Pope, he was "guide, philosopher, and friend."

So Long, Contras?

THE ADMINISTRATION came into the month of August supporting the Contras. Then it was supporting the Contras and the peace plan jointly proposed by President Reagan and Speaker Wright. Now it is being pressured to support the Central American presidents' plan, which lets the Contras sink. From thesis, to synthesis, to antithesis, all in a few weeks.

The Administration made two errors in offering Reagan-Wright in the first place. The first was to assume that the Sandinistas would be stupid forever. This was not a totally unfounded assumption, for the Managua regime has made PR blunders in the past, the biggest being Ortega's 1985 jaunt to Moscow a week after Congress had turned down Contra aid. The hope, evidently, was for one more flamboyant defial, after which Congress could be cajoled into fighting Communism for one more year. But, as in blackjack, luck doesn't run forever. Managua signed on with the Central Americans, and now it is Washington that looks stubborn.

The second error was more basic: persisting in the contradiction that has bedeviled Reagan's Nicaragua policy from day one. What are the Contras for? To replace the Sandinistas, or to make them talk? If the former, then we need negotiate only in the sense that General Washington negotiated with General Cornwallis at Yorktown. If the latter, then the end for which the Contras exist is already in sight. Nicaragua has talked to its neighbors, and now it is willing to talk to us. Adolfo Calero can open a restaurant in Miami, and the peasants in the field can just fade away.

The Administration, Reagan has made clear, still does not want that to happen. But the burden now lies on him, more heavily than it did a month ago. The focus of the debate has shifted, from how much to give the Contras, to how well the peace process is going. The immediate danger to the Contras will occur between September 30—the day on which the current aid package runs out—and November 7—the day on which, under the Central American plan, the ceasefire is supposed to begin (you can kill a lot of Contras in five weeks, especially if they're out of bullets). But the greater danger is that they have become hostages to a process in which they have no role, conducted in part by their mortal enemies.

Nations, like individuals, can live with contradictions for a long time. You are spared the consequences of choice, and up to a point you can have your cake and eat away at it too. But the point arrives, later if not sooner, when the conflict latent in the situation comes to a head, and one side or the other of the contradiction must wither away. The side that is withering now is that of the Nicaraguan democratic resistance.

The Bork Battle

IT SEEMS clearer and clearer that the Senate will confirm Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, for reasons only indirectly related to the merits of the case. The main reason is that more Democrats are running for Senate re-election than for the Presidency.

Joe Biden is staking his presidential (and campaign financing) hopes on acting as point man for the feminist, abortion, black, and gay lobbies in blocking Bork. In the process, he keeps diminishing himself. Americans want a statesmanlike presence in the White House, and partisan filibustering has never been the route thereto.

Meanwhile, most senators are finding their mail running heavily in Bork's favor. Dennis DeConcini of Arizona and Howell Heflin of Alabama have grumbled that their party has to stop appearing as the humble & obedient servant of the special interests. And the initial hysteria of Biden and Ted Kennedy has made it hard for Bork's opponents to achieve a credible crescendo of opposition.

On top of all this, the three leading libs of the Court—Brennan, Blackmun, and Marshall—have all checked into hospitals lately. The ailments turned out to be relatively minor, but they served to remind the public that the days of liberal hegemony are numbered even if Bork loses. Blocking him just isn't worth the political bloodletting.

The anti-Bork forces have received a little intellectual ammunition, if only birdshot, from Ronald Dworkin, the leading lib legal theorist, in *The New*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York Review of Books. Dworkin makes the reasonable point that the "original intent" of the Framers has to be construed at the appropriate level of generality. He implies that Bork wants to apply their principles too concretely. The obvious rejoinder is that the appropriate level of generality may be less sweeping than Dworkin wants to make it, and that his complaints about Bork don't offer helpful criteria for locating it.

Dworkin's essay dissolves into frothing and snarling about Bork's "reactionary" and "right-wing" views—standard liberal invective for anything that resists the currents of Progress. (What, by the way, can "right-wing" intelligibly mean, when it's applied to politics as disparate as fascism, libertarianism, theocracy, monarchy, military dictatorship . . . ?) Dworkin's objection finally boils down to Biden's: that Bork is on the wrong team. For men who want to appear principled, that's not good enough.

Wanted: Caucasian Liberal

THE DEMOCRATIC front-runner, according to a new poll, is Gary Hart. Don't worry. You're reading the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, all right, and we read the papers too. But it seems that a Gallup poll commissioned by *The Nation* finds that despite Donna Rice, enormous scandal, and a bitter withdrawal from the race, Hart is still preferred by 25 per cent of the Democrats polled—a nearly 2 to 1 margin over his nearest rival.

That means trouble for the Democrats, especially since the nearest rival in question, Jesse Jackson, gets 13 per cent—a more than 2 to 1 margin over *his* nearest rival, Paul Simon (6 per cent).

So Jackson is the de facto front-runner. He also has what none of the other contenders has, a solid base—largely black, partly radical. At this point he looks like a cinch to mop up the floor with his competitors in the March 8 "Super Tuesday" Southern primary, where the black vote will be especially heavy.

Predictions are hazardous, but it seems reasonable to surmise that this will send white voters stampeding to the Republican Party. It will be awkward, divisive, and traumatic for the Democrats to try to block Jackson once he builds up a huge delegate lead. He would in any case redefine the party.

To prevent such an outcome, the Democrats have to come up with an alternative front-runner and unite behind him before March. This is not an equal-opportunity contest. Applicant must be white (and preferably liberal, of course, though Sam Nunn will do in a pinch). Hence the little boomlets for Michael Dukakis, Albert Gore, Patricia Schroeder, et al. Victor Navasky, *The Nation*'s editor, even wants Hart to get back into the race. Already we sense desperation, as the Frankensteins try to outmaneuver their monster.

Losing Patience with Iran

BY ANY conceivable measure, the United States has displayed extraordinary patience toward the Islamic Republic of Iran. The regime of Ayatollah Khomeini, which seven years ago held an embassyful of Americans hostage, has in recent years applauded and abetted the taking of American hostages in Lebanon. The same regime has sponsored terrorism throughout the Middle East, resulting in the death of numerous American citizens, including over two hundred U.S. Marines. It has promoted the most virulent anti-Americanism at home, while spreading anti-American propaganda abroad. It has bargained deceitfully with two U.S. Administrations, cynically manipulating circumstances to do maximum damage to U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East.

Most recently, Iran's actions in the Persian Gulf qualify it as one of the great outlaw regimes of all time, with a lawlessness toward other nations surpassing even that of Libya at Qaddafi's maddest moments. This regime has openly announced its intention to block oil shipments from the Persian Gulf, whether by land or by sea; has seeded the Gulf with mines that have already damaged or sunk several ships; has sought to rip up the political foundations of Persian Gulf stability by promoting Shiite Muslim fanaticism throughout the region. Iran has taken these actions with complete impunity, thumbing its nose at the presence of a large and growing armada of U.S. and other warships in the Persian Gulf.

Thomas Hardy once defined patience as a "blending of moral courage with physical timidity," which aptly describes the Western approach toward Iran since 1979. Yet the Western powers are finally beginning to lose patience. Instead of pursuing the uncertain and fruitless task of minesweeping, the United States and its allies may eventually conclude that the job can be done better by cutting off the source of those mines. Iran should be made to understand that the cup of indignation is full, and that very little more will cause it to spill over.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour

THE 42ND ANNIVERSARY of the *Enola Gay*'s atomic bombing of Hiroshima has come and gone, with the usual choreography, complete with actor Jack Lemmon and other notables making a pilgrimage to Hiroshima. Lemmon went so far as to declare himself ashamed to be a member of the human race.

This is just sensitivity ballet and moral posturing. Consider President Truman's decision, based on the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to drop the bomb. Only a few weeks before, the United States invasion of Okinawa had resulted in some of the most savage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighting in history. Some of the Japanese defenders had conducted suicide attacks; others had to be routed out of their caves, or incinerated in them, by flamethrowers. On Okinawa, 151,000 Americans and Japanese were killed. Many in the U.S. command thought that, even though Okinawa had been taken, it was on the whole a Japanese strategic "success," since "victory" had been so demoralizing for the U.S. forces.

James Jones, the novelist, Paul Fussell, the scholar, John Toland, the historian, and countless other veterans of the Pacific theater have testified to the enormous relief felt by our soldiers and sailors when the bomb was dropped. They now had grounds to hope that they and their buddies would reach middle age. They would write their books and go to football games in the fall, and have children.

MacArthur's staff, backed up by analysis of the Joint Chiefs, estimated that an invasion of the Japanese home islands would cost one million American lives. It would have been Okinawa on a grand scale, with Japanese suicide squads and kids rigged with grenades. Of course the Flying Fortresses would have been over Japan on a round-the-clock basis, turning it into a cinder heap, as in the great fire-bombing raids on Tokyo and other cities earlier in the war.

Put aside the million casualties that it would have cost *our* forces. What would the *Japanese* casualties have been, military and civilian? Ten million? More?

Just before The Bomb was dropped, the Emperor, in a unique intrusion into policy formation, had let it be known that the war was lost. That begot a high-level officers' conspiracy to murder the Emperor and continue on to the end. It really would have been the end, for Japan.

Truman was right. Jack Lemmon and the Beverly Hills sentimentalists are wrong, and profoundly offensive to all Americans and Japanese who died in that war, and to those Americans who still possess the ability to think.

Mahood, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"He's thinking up mischief for idle hands to do."

A Letter to Mr. Verity

THE POSITION of Secretary of Commerce has rarely been as important as it is today, with trade tensions simmering near the boiling point. The least widely appreciated role of the Commerce Department is probably the most significant—namely, the collection and dissemination of economic statistics. Figures on U.S. exports are notoriously understated, which is why the whole world somehow shows a huge trade deficit with itself. Other countries report about $25 billion more in imports from the U.S. than we record as being exported; the importers have no incentive to exaggerate those imports, since they must pay duties and value-added taxes. One government agency estimated that U.S. exports of services alone may be understated by as much as $50 billion a year. There has been little incentive to do a better job of collecting export data, since exports pay no duties. But given the political abuse of trade numbers, a better job is imperative.

The same problem extends to measures of the U.S. "net debtor" position. The fact that the U.S. collects more income on foreign assets than it pays out to foreigners raises doubts that the U.S. is really a "debtor." The foreign factories owned by Americans, for example, are counted at what they cost to build years ago, not what they are really worth today. And who really knows how much American wealth is held in, say, Swiss banks? At a minimum, Mr. Verity, you should explain that foreign assets in the U.S. are not just "debts," but mainly productive buildings, machines, and factories. It is true that those who made such investments hope to collect interest and dividends on their investments, but that is no reason to wish the investments had instead been made elsewhere.

There will be substantial pressure on you, Mr. Verity, to "get tough" with our trading partners, but this is a dangerous game. If they feel their future income is being threatened, foreigners will have little choice but to cut back on purchases of U.S. goods, as well as stocks and bonds. Far better for the Commerce Department to do what it was designed to do—encour-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age world commerce. A larger world economy could afford more U.S. exports, while only a smaller U.S. economy could afford to import much less.

The House Unrepresentative

THE *Wall Street Journal* has raised a fascinating and hitherto neglected issue: the gerrymandering of the House of Representatives.

House members were assigned two-year terms under the Constitution so that the House would be the part of the Federal Government most responsive to popular will. This meant that a congressman would be particularly vulnerable at election time.

Our representatives have found a way around this. State legislatures now draw district lines in all sorts of contorted shapes with an eye to guaranteeing longevity to all incumbents, of either party. The prevailing practice is to create heavily imbalanced districts, making each district's naturally dominant party even more dominant.

And so, says the *Journal*, not a single one of California's 45 congressional districts is considered winnable by the non-incumbent party. The Democrats have a lock on 28 of these, the Republicans on 17. Projected over the whole country, this has fantastic results: in 1986, 98.4 per cent of incumbents who ran won re-election.

The current setup favors Republican incumbents as well as Democratic ones, but dividing the country into 435 one-party systems isn't exactly what the Framers had in mind. It also works against the Republican Party as a whole: a heavy majority of the House is Democratic. And in the 1984 elections, as the *Journal* points out, the Democrats gained thirty seats in 367 contested elections, even though 500,000 more Republican votes were cast.

The devilish part of the arrangement is that nearly every incumbent has a personal stake in maintaining it. Concerted opposition isn't likely to come from the minority party in Congress. It will have to come from outside.

So this is what democracy looks like after decades of reform: one man, one vote; end of the poll tax; voting-rights legislation; campaign spending limits; equal-time provisions. All have served to create an entrenched Democratic majority, complete with Republican collaboration.

Purposeful Leaks

THE CONVENTIONAL thing to say is that leaks are the political coin of the realm inside the Beltway. Politicians feed leaks to newsmen in order to curry favor, to advance their own goals, and score points against political opponents. And no doubt they sometimes leak just for the thrill of it, as a demonstration of power and inside knowledge.

That is the conventional thing to say, and it is true as far as it goes, but something qualitatively different is in the air these days.

ABC's Capitol Hill correspondent Brit Hume has charged that Senator Joseph Biden twice threatened to "go public" about Reagan Administration plans for covert action against Libya. The senator has denied this but—distinction without a difference—says that what he would have done was reveal the plans to a closed session of the full Senate. These days, that would be "going public."

On July 21, the *Washington Times* reported that in 1985, Senators Dave Durenberger and Patrick Leahy, then chairman and vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, after being briefed on plans for covert action against Qaddafi, wrote to then-Director of the CIA William Casey with threats of "going public." Shortly thereafter a story about the plans surfaced in the *Washington Post*, whereupon two African nations backed out of the scheme.

This January Senator Leahy resigned pre-emptively from the Intelligence Committee after leaking a confidential report on Iranaquiddick to NBC News. Senator Leahy is now under investigation by the FBI and the Senate Ethics Committee because of evidence suggesting that he has leaked classified information to the news media. The senator could be in very serious trouble if this turns out to be true.

What we are witnessing here does not appear to be the usual sort of Washington leaking, but a systematic and conscious effort on the part of certain senators and representatives to wrest control of American foreign policy away from the officials who are constitutionally charged with conducting it. Talk about shredding the Constitution.

All That Glitters

FRED BARNES, of *The New Republic*, analyzing the "summer line" on the GOP presidential sweepstakes, claims to have discovered that for the first time since 1964 movement conservatives no longer constitute the party's "nominating wing." The long-reviled establishment wing of the GOP, says he, is now itself predominantly conservative, having incorporated huge numbers of formerly insurgent but now "housebroken" conservatives. This new conservative establishment requires merely that candidates for the GOP nomination be reasonably conservative, and values electability over ideological perfection.

For this reason, Barnes argues, the GOP race should be fairly predictable. There has been "no clash of ideas," and it is unlikely that there will be one. Bush is likely to remain the front-runner, for the perfectly traditional reason that he is the best-known,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Dodd, Please Join In

We were sailing along
On Cam Ranh Bay.
I could hear the Russians singing;
They seemed to say . . .
You have broken their hearts
And sailed away;
Now our sonar *pings* the song
On Cam Ranh Bay.

W. H. von Dreele

best-financed, and best-organized candidate. Dole is unlikely to overtake Bush. But Dole's lead over Kemp is solid, and there is a good chance that Dole and Bush together will have snuffed out Kemp (or any other representative of the "conservative wing") by the time the votes are counted in New Hampshire, foreclosing any ideological conflict.

Barnes misses the true significance of Kemp's position. Bush and Dole are one and two in the polls on name recognition alone. But Kemp's clear hold on third place is owing to a solid base of supporters who know more about him than his name. They know that, after Ronald Reagan, he has been the most important and principled conservative leader in the Reagan era, and they are not likely to lose interest as the campaign progresses.

Rudolf Hess, RIP

On May 10, 1941, on a personal and quixotic mission, Rudolf Hess commandeered a fighter plane and flew to Scotland, parachuting onto the estate of the Duke of Hamilton, near Glasgow. He said that he was on a "mission of humanity" to end the war. The Soviets believed and continue to believe that he was indeed on a mission to make peace with Great Britain: peace, so that Hitler would have the free hand in the East that he always wanted. Hitler professed to be enraged by the Hess mission. A defensible guess is that Hess, who was as close to Hitler as any man, was a sort of confused idealist who thought his personal intervention could bring the war in Western Europe to an end.

By the time Hess arrived in England, German Jews had been stripped of their citizenship by the infamous Nuremberg Laws—which, as Hitler's deputy, Hess had signed—and had been barred from engaging in almost any business or profession; more than 100,000 German and Polish Jews had been shipped to concentration camps, the first of which, Dachau, was opened in 1933.

There is, however, no direct evidence that Hess was personally involved in the development of the Final Solution, which was officially instituted eight months after his imprisonment. Hess was acquitted at Nuremberg of violating the rules of war and committing "crimes against humanity." He was not a "war criminal." The sadistic length of his imprisonment at Spandau—forty years—was itself a crime.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ 00250 GOVT CHWASHINGTON DC 133 07-14
257P EDT
PMS WILLIAM BUCKLEY, DLR
NATIONAL REVIEW
150 EAST 35TH ST
NEW YORK NY 10016
JUST AS WELL YOU HAVE CONFINED YOUR ELECTORAL JAUNTS TO THE FIVE BOROUGHS. LT COLONEL NORTH WAS NOT "BROUGHT UP IN NEW YORK—UPSTATE SOMEWHERE." HE WAS BROUGHT UP IN PHILMONT IN THE TOWN OF CLAVERACK, COUNTY OF COLUMBIA, 48 MILES FROM THE MILLBROOK SCHOOL WHERE I WENT TO SPEAK AT YOUR BEHEST, BUT EVIDENTLY YOU EITHER NEVER WENT OR WERE CHAUFFEURED ALL THE WAY. TO GET FROM MILLBROOK SCHOOL TO PHILMONT, TAKE ROUTE 44 WEST TO TACONIC PARKWAY NORTH—37 MILES—TO ROUTE 217B WEST INTO PHILMONT (LESS THAN A MILE). PHILMONT IS ALSO 11 MILES FROM PENTAGON HOUSE, COUNTY SEAT OF JIM IVORY OF MERCHANT IVORY FILMS, WHOSE GRANDFATHER WAS RAISED IN NORWICH, COUNTY SEAT OF CHENANGO, NOT FAR FROM SIMPLE PINDARS CORNERS, RURAL RESIDENCE OF YOUR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT MOYNIHAN.
SENATOR PAT MOYNIHAN

DEAR PATRICK: THANKS FOR IDENTIFYING EARLY HOME OF OLLIE NORTH. WILL YOU MAKE IT A SHRINE? IF SO I PROMISE TO VISIT, YOUR TRAVELING INSTRUCTIONS IN HAND. WARMEST, BILL

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:
NR should sponsor a lapel button reading OLÉ OLLIE! May I have one of the first?

Marion Montgomery
Crawford, Ga.

Dear Mr. Montgomery: Yes! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:
While observing New York City's annual "Gay and Lesbian Pride" parade on Fifth Avenue for about 15 minutes this year, I watched two young people with placards silently communicating their views on the matter: "Jesus Loves Sinners but Hates Sin," read one, and "In Christ There Is True Love and Forgive-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness," read another, or words to that effect. Almost without exception, these two were cursed at, ridiculed, subjected to obscene gestures, and, in some cases, spat upon by each new wave of marchers. All this from the same group of people whose festivities, I presume, are supposed to be some kind of insistence upon tolerance, respect, and open-mindedness toward the viewpoints and lifestyles of others. What gives?

Sincerely,
Frederick C. Foote
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Foote: Wasn't there, therefore can't say. But I suspect that the jeers came from those who thought the placards were written in the Aesopian mode, i.e., to suggest that, really, Christ *is* affronted by pride in unnatural activity. At least, that is the explanation that occurs to me. Yours cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mindful of your duties last night as host/moderator of "Promises, Promises," a/k/a The Democratic Candidates' Debate, enclosed find a sample of Inderal. This substance has been known to pacify symptoms of high blood pressure, a condition I am sure you experienced last night, mindful of your restraint during the incessant "blame capitalism first" whining in which the participants engaged.

Although Governor Dukakis has never submitted a budget that included defense needs, Governor Babbitt wants to propose statehood for Mexico, Senator Gephardt forgot what *real* interest rates were under our last President of their persuasion, and Senator Gore has never heard of Richard Pipes (and actually thinks America wants a First Lady named Tipper), much of the audience in Houston seemed very Pavlovian to their suggestions. Where did *they* come from? And on the frightful chance that a majority of the electorate is equally gullible 16 months from now, please let me know if you find a reasonable pharmacist in New York who will refill your prescription for the enclosure. My pharmacist in Canton is getting expensive.

Yours,
David Story Allen
Canton, Mass.

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Oh, God—guy here wants to know what feet are in meters."

Dear Mr. Allen: Seats in Houston were given out more or less equally to all the candidates. I share your regret that the audience represented only a part of the (Houston) constituency, rather than the whole of the (national) constituency. But remember, Texas has gone Republican in three out of the last five presidential elections. But just in case, I'll hang on to your pill. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

One of my hobbies is short-wave radio, and last night I heard a news broadcast in English from Holland. I am 99.44 per cent sure I heard the announcer say that Oliver Tambo of the African National Congress went or is planning to go to Managua to confer with Daniel Ortega, and that Tambo said he and Ortega have the same struggle.

If this is true I will bet you the most expensive dinner in New York (tremendous stakes!) that the American news media will not report it. Please check this story out and see if it is true.

Thanks and best regards.

Sincerely,
Alex A. Sternberger
Germantown, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Sternberger: The African National Congress does not answer its mail, and neither does the Nicaraguan Embassy. So let's just keep our eyes open. I have made reservations. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the editorial "Cruelest Month" [May 8, 1987], *NR* has it "*shoures soote.*" Has Chaucer been revised since the 1929 edition of *The Student's Chaucer* (The Clarendon Press, Oxford), which has it "*shoures sote,*" or has someone been guilty of carelessness?

Cordially,
Robert E. Kohler
Kohler, Wis.

Dear Mr. Kohler: It is an old rivalry (Oxford *v.* Cambridge). The Chaucer we use around here (at NATIONAL REVIEW we always speak in Middle English until noon) we get from the New Cambridge Edition, ed. F. N. Robinson (Houghton Mifflin), a fine book in which all *shoures* are *soote.* Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are only two methods for acquiring real wealth

METHOD #1

Anyone who has made a fortune has probably done it in one of two ways. The first way–and until now practically the only way–has been to learn successful investing techniques in the "school of hard knocks". Many of the self-made millionaires you've read about actually spent years and a great deal of money learning the hard way how to make money work for them. Their success was the result of trial and error, of learning all the ins and outs of the financial world, of many failures before the big success, and years of struggle that preceded the "overnight success".

Requires a lot of nerve

Making a fortune this way requires a lot of nerve, determination and the willingness to take chances–to start out with nothing more than guesswork and to try again if your financial guesswork turns sour.

But most people can't afford to take the chances necessary to gain that kind of practical, nuts and bolts financial knowledge. Very few are in a position to risk everything to acquire the skill that is essential to consistent financial success.

METHOD #2

But now there is another way to acquire the skills and knowledge necessary to be successful in making your investment decisions. Now you don't have to risk everything you have in order to learn how to acquire wealth nor take a trial and error approach to investing. Now you can build your fortune surely, secure that each step you take will produce results.

Because now you can enroll in *Successful Investing & Money Management (SIMM)*, the unique self-study program, developed by some of North America's most successful and respected financial experts.

The program contains the input of such men as Dr. Morton Shulman, multimillionaire investor and author of best-selling books on how to acquire wealth–and Andrew Sarlos, who built a multimillion dollar investment group.

HUME

Hume Financial Education Services
835 Franklin Court
Box 105627
Atlanta, Georgia 30348

And you will be able to take advantage of all this valuable knowledge because in Lesson 1 you will discover that you probably do have money you can afford to invest–without changing your standard of living.

and show you how to get the best possible standard of living out of the money you have today. By applying the techniques you learn from *SIMM*, you can reasonably expect to be on the road to financial security in five years. Ten years from now, you may no longer have to work for a living.

Positive proof that you can be a millionaire

Finding an extra $2,500–the first step

If you think you're too beleaguered by prevailing economic conditions to even think of investing, *SIMM* will show you how to find as much as an extra $2,500 a year to invest.

Turning $1,428 into $1,000,000

Once you've found your $2,500 to invest, think of this: by investing just $119 a month ($1,428 a year) starting at age 30, you'll have over a million dollars by the time you're ready to retire if you average a return of just 13%–well below the current yield offered by many mutual funds and other investment programs.

Getting wealthy sooner rather than later

All right. So you've seen it is possible for you to amass a million dollars by the time you retire. But just as important is the fact that *SIMM* will enable you to act *now* to increase your wealth,

The safe way to learn to build a fortune

When you fill out and mail the no-risk enrollment form below, you will receive marvelously readable lessons that make up a complete, step-by-step education in the techniques necessary to acquire real wealth. You have to supply approximately 2 hours a week and the perseverance to build your fortune safely over a reasonable period of time.

The hidden barrier that stands between you and real wealth

Most people are used to the idea that they'll never be wealthy. They simply don't believe it's possible–and before *SIMM* was developed, they were probably right. But now, you can receive, in your own home, lessons that contain clear and practical explanations of techniques and principles of investing and money management that really do work.

Real financial independence is a plausible, attainable goal for you. But, if you find it impossible to believe that you could ever be wealthy–if you think that millionaires are "special", then the hidden barrier between you and a fortune is yourself. And that's why we're offering you a can't-lose, no-risk opportunity to prove to yourself that you really do have the potential to become wealthy.

Accept Lessons 1 and 2 FREE.

To help you get started on the road to wealth and financial independence, we'll send you Lessons 1 and 2 of the *SIMM* program free and without risk or obligation to continue. You can judge the program for yourself. If you want to build your own investment fortune . . . if you want to attain financial independence and retire wealthy, seize the moment and send for your first two free lessons now.

Statement of Principles

We are an independent educational service offering a unique course and successful method for acquiring wealth. We are not a brokerage or insurance company, nor do we make any financial offerings to the public. Our objective is to enable those enrolled in the program to achieve security and financial independence with just those investments most suitable to their particular circumstances.

Tax Deductible

All payments may be tax deductible if the program is used to make investment or business decisions, depending on your personal tax situation.

Hume Advisory Board

ARCHIE R. BOE, *Chairman*
Past President of Sears Roebuck and Company.

KINGMAN DOUGLASS
Investment Banker for 26 years including Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Merrill Lynch.

J. TREVOR EYTON
A director and officer of many prominent public corporations.

HON. JOHN C. STETSON
Successful investment manager and former Secretary of the U.S. Air Force.

No-Risk Trial Enrollment Form

To: Hume Financial Education Services
835 Franklin Court, Box 105627, Atlanta, Georgia 30348

YES I accept your invitation to evaluate *Successful Investing & Money Management* and enclose my $5 Registration Fee. Please send me the first 2 lessons FREE of charge. Later, you will send Lessons 3 & 4. I'll have 15 days to look these over and *then* decide. If I do not wish to continue, I'll simply return Lessons 3 & 4, and pay nothing, owe nothing. And you will promptly refund my $5 Registration Fee.

If I wish to continue with the course, you will send me the remaining lessons at the rate of 2 lessons approx. every three weeks. You will bill me only $10 (plus a small charge for shipping and handling) for each of the 27 lessons.

In any case, the first 2 lessons will be mine to keep free of charge. *No salesperson will ever call on me.*

California and Georgia residents: State sales tax will be charged as applicable.

Mr., Miss, Mrs., Ms. _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

177394

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ **$5 Registration Fee enclosed (payable to Hume Financial Education Services)**
Or, I prefer to use my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature (For credit card users only) _____ 9475

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO SOCIALIZED MEDICINE NOW

IT MAY HAVE been one small vote for the House of Representatives, but it was one "giant step toward socializing the whole U.S. health-care system," says GOP Congressman Jerry Lewis (Calif.), referring to the Democratic plan for expanding Medicare to cover the medical costs of catastrophic illness. The House passed the measure overwhelmingly in late July.

It was President Reagan who started the ball rolling in his 1986 State of the Union address, but it gained mass and momentum from Democratic House members who packed layers of benefits onto it, to be funded by premiums levied on senior citizens.

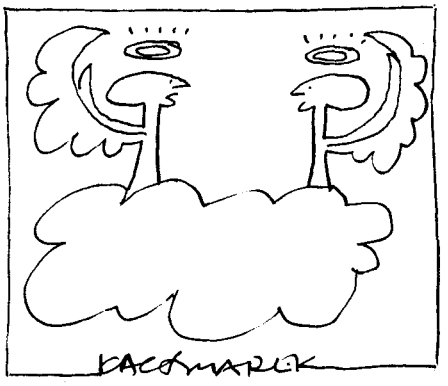
Mr. Reagan blasted the resulting House bill, asserting that the new plan would run up a $20-billion deficit within twenty years, threaten the solvency of the trust fund that underwrites the Medicare system, and tax the elderly "into servitude." The costliest and most controversial of the benefits is the prescription-drug provision, a creation of Democratic Representative Henry Waxman (Calif.). This $2-billion package (by modest CBO estimate) would be available to AIDS victims, whose medication costs over $1,000 a month. By 1990, 200,000 victims of AIDS are anticipated; Republicans say that funding their medication would bleed the system dry, leaving nothing for the elderly. Democrats, on the other hand, argue that since AIDS patients are prohibited from drawing Medicare payments for the first two years, few victims will live long enough to utilize the benefit. Still, Waxman, whose L.A. district contains many gays, probably had more than the elderly in mind when drafting the amendment.

Many congressmen supported the House bill, including some Republicans, but many of them did so only to keep the catastrophic-illness concept on the table. "This is a flawed bill," said Florida Republican Bill McCollum, echoing a common Hill sentiment. "I reluctantly voted for it only to keep the bill alive." If the conference report doesn't contain major changes, McCollum says, he will vote against it and support a presidential veto.

Even some Democrats were unhappy with the bill. "It was put together too quickly," complained Massachusetts lawmaker Brian Donnelly, "and costs too much for the benefits it offers." Though some Democrats were more comfortable with the temperate GOP alternative, few supported it, fearing Republicans would get the credit for social legislation, thus usurping the Democrats' proudest stereotype and boast.

The McCollums of this world will probably be disappointed with the final legislation. Instead of paring down the House's provisions, the Senate is expected to load the bill with fresh amendments: preventive health care (Dodd, D., Conn.), spousal impoverishment (Mikulski, D., Md.), mental health (Matsunaga, D., Hawaii). Although these amendments are longshots, it's a sure bet that prescription drugs will wind up staying in the bill.

Catastrophic-illness legislation is seen by many here as the second step toward nationalized medicine, Medicare being the first. Step three will be long-term health care for the elderly (in nursing homes or in their own homes), a not implausible scenario since the House bill already calls for a study commission to examine the need.



"You always told me there would be no tomorrow."

So, has nationalized medicine arrived and unpacked? Not to worry—at least for the foreseeable future. "There's been a lot of opposition, even from moderate Democrats, to the catastrophic-illness bill," observes an aide to health-legislation advocate Claude Pepper. "They think it goes too far and costs too much." In fact, Pepper had to drop efforts to add a long-term-home-health-care amendment to the catastrophic-illness bill, because it was seen as too drastic.

BEAR IN MIND Ronald Reagan's latest offering, the Private Health Plan Option, a proposal that could "drive the nail in the coffin of national health insurance," according to an HHS official. Under this program, corporations, unions, and other organizations would be paid to provide health services under the Medicare program that they currently provide privately. Beneficiaries would then have, in addition to the current options of traditional, fee-for-service Medicare and Health Maintenance Organizations (HMOs), the third option of utilizing the health-care program of their employer, union, or other association. At a recent conference the plan was supported by both the maverick health authority Senator David Durenberger (R., Minn.) and former LBJ and Carter official Joe Califano, quondam proponent of the Great Society.

Finally, there's the veto. "If the catastrophic-illness bill that comes out of conference is just a Medicare-expansion measure with catastrophic-illness insurance as a rider," a top HHS insider correctly notes, "the President will veto it." Politically costly, perhaps, in an election year, but likely nonetheless. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS A JUNK BOND?

High yield "junk" bonds are an essential part of our nation's economy. They provide America's small and medium-sized corporations with the capital they need at rates they can afford.

Yet most people are unfamiliar with the high yield bond market. They assume that if a bond is called "junk," that's what it must be. They don't realize that some of America's strongest and most profitable companies have issued high yield bonds.

INVESTMENT GRADE VS. "JUNK" BONDS.

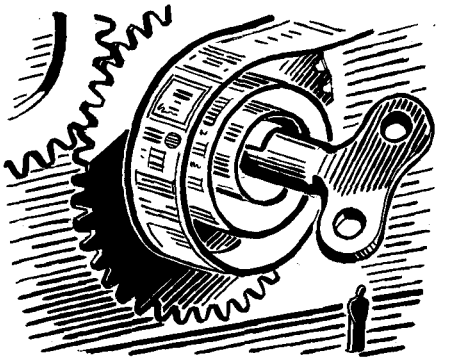
A corporate bond is a loan made by investors to a company that needs capital. The two major rating services, Moody's and Standard & Poor's, rate bonds as either investment grade or non-investment grade, depending on the issuer's size, credit history, capital structure, and other factors.

By definition, a high yield or "junk" bond is one that's rated below investment grade or, unrated. But just because a company fails to qualify for an investment grade rating is no reason to assume that it's "junk."

In fact, of the 23,000 U.S. companies with sales over $25 million, less that 800 are rated investment grade. There are another 22,000 companies, or 95% of American businesses, that couldn't get an investment grade rating if they tried. Yet many of these companies are "rising stars." They're young, vital, growing companies with strong management and excellent prospects for the future.

DESTROYING THE MYTH OF RISK.

High yield bonds involve considerably less risk than most



investors assume. Yet they provide returns that range from 3% to 5% higher than Treasury securities or investment grade bonds.

Professor Edward Altman of New York University and Scott Nammacher found that from 1974 to 1985, high yield bond default rates averaged only 1.53% per year, despite the two deepest economic recessions since World War II. A 1987 study by Professors Blume and Keim at the Wharton School of Business showed that a well diversified portfolio of high yield bonds consistently outperformed and didn't involve a greater amount of risk than a portfolio of investment grade bonds.

High yield bond performance has attracted a wide range of investors, including insurance companies, mutual funds, pension funds, savings institutions, and commercial banks, just to name a few. Today, the high yield bond market represents almost 20% of the total outstanding corporate debt in the U.S.

FUNDING AMERICA'S GROWTH.

High yield bonds are a flexible and cost-effective source of long-term, fixed-rate funds. Since 1977, over 1,200 American companies have turned to the public debt market to issue more than $114 billion of debt rate less than investment grade. Almost 75% of those funds have been used for internal growth and development–to construct buildings, purchase new equipment, hire more personnel, or expand research and development for new technologies and products.

High yield issuers include some of our nation's fastest growing companies, and account for virtually *all* the new job development in the United States over the last decade. In the last three years, high yield issuers have increased their revenues by 32%, almost three times the rate of investment grade companies.

The 10,000 people of Drexel Burnham are proud to serve America's high yield issuers, because it's the rapid growth of these companies that's keeping our nation vital and competitive.

CONTINUING THE DIALOGUE.

This has been part of our continuing series on important, controversial and complex issues that challenge American competitiveness. We welcome your reactions and questions. Write: Frederick W. McCarthy, Drexel Burnham Lambert, 60 Broad Street, Room 1111, New York, New York 10004.

Drexel Burnham
Helping People Manage Change.

Member SIPC © 1989 Drexel Burnham Lambert Incorporated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LENIN TO THE RESCUE

ONE GOOD THING about Divinity is that it responds in time of need. Mikhail Gorbachev's need of Divine approval and support has never been greater, so he must have been enormously relieved and grateful, the other day, when a Pole named Kuligowski sent him a letter, said to have been addressed to Kuligowski's father by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin.

I hope, for Gorbachev's sake, that nobody in his entourage will be so caddish as to submit the alleged letter to the kind of skeptical analysis that established, not long ago, that the diaries attributed to Hitler were forgeries. But if the letter is genuine, it is a remarkably handy document to have come into the General Secretary's mailbox at this difficult time.

As everybody knows since *Pravda* published its account the other day, Kazimir Kuligowski Sr. was a worker on a railway-construction project north of Moscow in 1919. He had written to the great man to complain about the shortcomings and abuses of the local Party bureaucracy, and was rewarded with a letter from Lenin condemning Party "hangers-on" and advocating "a businesslike and practical approach" to eradicate excesses. Ever pedagogic, *Pravda* remarked: "Today the Party is using Lenin's methods in its struggle against those who further their own petty selfish interests and is acting in the way Lenin advised."

One might say that it has taken the Party an awfully long time to get round to acting in the way Lenin advised. On the other hand, as early as December 19, 1917, Lenin also had the foresight to set up the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for the Struggle against Counter-Revolution and Sabotage, usually shortened to Cheka, and now known as the KGB. History will have to decide which of the two, Stalin or Gorbachev, was the better Leninist.

Such comments are not as frivolous as they may sound. In his breathtaking current campaign, the General Secretary is having almost daily to urge his people to speak their minds and, in the next breath, to warn them not to go too far. Thus in his major address to "leaders of mass media and creative unions" on July 14, he said that "we shall never be able to forgive or justify what happened in 1937 and 1938." But he then praised the socialist system for having survived and gone on to defeat Nazism.

To illustrate the dilemma Gorbachev is in, and the dilemmas he is creating every day for the Party faithful, consider the case of Nikolai Shmelev of the Academy of Sciences. In an article in the literary review *Novy Mir*, Shmelev advocated, among other heresies, convertibility of the ruble, a free market in prices, an end to subsidies, and the acceptance of unemployment as a necessary evil. This almost constitutes Thatcherism and Reaganomics.

It is important to keep the background of internecine Party strife in mind when considering the proposals Gorbachev continues to shower upon the expectant West. Gorbachev recently chose the unexpected forum of an interview he granted to the Indonesian newspaper *Merdeka* to extend his half of the "double-zero" offer to Asia. Interestingly, he referred to the "destruction" instead of to the "dismantling" of the Soviet Union's one hundred medium-range missiles in the Soviet Far East, "provided, of course, that the U.S.A. does exactly the same." Moreover, the U.S. could maintain its nuclear presence in South Korea, the Philippines, and Diego Garcia.

Obviously, such proposals go beyond any previous ones on the Soviet side (if one excepts the purely propagandist offers of "general and complete disarmament") and have to be examined seriously.

They need, however, to be seen in the wider context of the extension of Soviet influence and power by non-military means. Although recent Soviet maneuvers in the Pacific have attracted some media attention, their full significance has not yet come out. The USSR cleverly endorsed the Rarotonga Treaty of December 11 last, which envisions the establishment of a Pacific denuclearized zone. In an article in *Kommunist* in January, Mikhail Titarenko, Director of the Far East Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, gave his enthusiastic support. He omitted, however, to mention that although the Soviets actually signed two protocols to the treaty, they specifically reserve the right "to strike by nuclear means at a potential adversary in the zone of the treaty, and even a signatory country should it have helped—for example by welcoming American warships—the Allied effort in the military domain."

THE SOVIETS are far weaker than the Americans in the Pacific area, and therefore have correspondingly less to lose in supporting such initiatives. Thus the Soviets enthusiastically welcomed the anti-nuclear stance of New Zealand's Premier David Lange and similar positions taken by the governments of Kiribati (formerly the Gilbert Islands), Vanuatu (formerly the New Hebrides), and Fiji (before the curious coup d'état in that country this spring.)

Add to that the signing of "fishing fleet" (i.e., electronic spy ship) accords with Kiribati (1985) and Vanuatu (January 1987), and similar plans for Fiji, as well as the encouragement of "peace" movements in New Zealand and elsewhere, and a Pacific strategy emerges with some clarity.

One last thought: The Pacific region is absolutely essential to the testing and development of the Strategic Defense Initiative. This fact, too, has been noted in Moscow. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

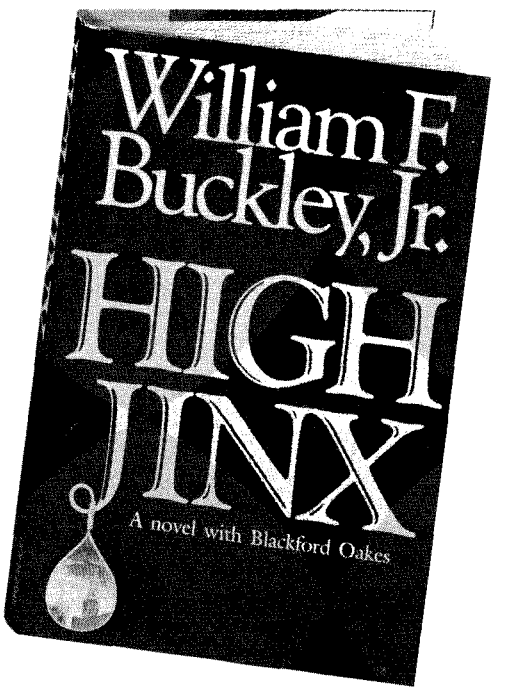
TREASON!

Each of the *five* separate landing parties in Operation Tirana (an attempt to liberate Red Albania) is ambushed. All the commandos are publicly hanged. There is only one explanation: Treason. Someone has penetrated the top-secret core of Anglo-American intelligence. There's a spook on the loose all right—a *super*spook, operating at the highest echelon of the British Government itself.

It's a tough puzzle for Blackford Oakes to solve. Then one day in London he spots a man who looks uncommonly like the executed commandos' *leader* (Oakes has seen pictures of the dead bodies). Blacky knows he's on to something.

You'll be on to something too from the moment you open *High Jinx*. This vastly entertaining tale of derring-do (the seventh in the Blackford Oakes series) is being called the best yet—and it may well be. It has everything: an exciting, suspenseful plot, deft characterizations, and some ingenious glimpses of the byzantine operations of the KGB. ("From the corner of the room Nikita Khrushchev bounded forward. He drew a 9mm Makarov from his right jacket pocket, aimed it at Beria's head, and pulled the trigger.")

The tension builds as the noose tightens (be warned—you may not be able to put this one down!) until the blood-chilling, strangely appropriate finale. Simply put, this is wonderful change-of-pace reading. You'll thoroughly enjoy this newest Buckley spy thriller from start to finish.



Act now and get your FREE copy: all you need do is enter your subscription to *National Review* for a full year at the regular $36 rate (or just renew your present subscription for one more year no matter when it expires) and we'll send you *High Jinx* FREE AND POSTPAID (it's selling everywhere for $16.95 right now, so this *is* a special bargain offer!).

Simply use the convenient card opposite this page to enter (or renew) your subscription to NR for a full year (25 lively issues) and we'll send you your own original hard-cover copy of *High Jinx* free and postpaid.

Don't delay: offer expires when our supply of books runs out. Do it now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INVASION OF THE GERMAN LEFT

THE *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* recently published an article by Jörg von Uthmann about the impact of German refugees on America during and after World War II. Uthmann found the German contribution enriching—but also destabilizing, perhaps actually destructive, in large part because of its overwhelmingly leftist character. There were a few German/Austrian rightists who were persuaded to flee from Hitler—Rauschning, Archduke Otto of Austria, Kolnai, Stolper, et al.—but many more stayed. This is at least in part because people on the Right tend to stand by their country in times of physical or intellectual danger. They are not nationalists but patriots, deeply attached to their homeland. Their mobility is limited.

And so the German refugees were predominantly Marxists, or at least fellow-travelers or Left-liberals. Gustav Stolper, a classical German liberal, pointed out that the common American misinterpretation of National Socialism as "conservative"—as the last stand of a degenerate capitalism—was largely due to these Marxist immigrants, who had to press their explanations of the Nazi phenomenon into a Marxist corset and thereby falsified the facts and misled American public opinion. International Socialism was the competitor of National Socialism, not its enemy. Nazis and Bolsheviks both flew red flags, and Hitler saw himself as the real executor of Marxism "minus its Talmudic frills." Liberal democrats (unless they were also Jews) were not bothered by the National Socialists; I do not know of even one who was murdered by them.

The bulk of German refugees in fact constituted America's second leftist invasion. There is undeniably an ancient American leftist tradition with English roots: the Diggers, the Levelers, and various weird seventeenth-century political sects. (Tom Paine represents the missing link to these groups; Jefferson was also somewhat infected by their ideas.) The German immigrants merged with and invigorated this indigenous brand of leftism. They told the bewildered American public "what really happened" in Europe: National Socialism was the work of wicked capitalists eager to destroy the labor unions, aided and abetted by big landowners, by heel-clicking, monocled Junkers with horsewhips, by wife-beating, authoritarian professors, by fat Catholic bishops, and by arrogant bankers. Hitler was only their stooge.

Americans are altogether too delighted to explain history as a series of conspiracies. Having replaced, as their intellectual/spiritual antecedent, one John from Geneva with another—Jean Calvin with Jean-Jacques Rousseau—they could now believe in the goodness of people in general and the wickedness of only a very few.

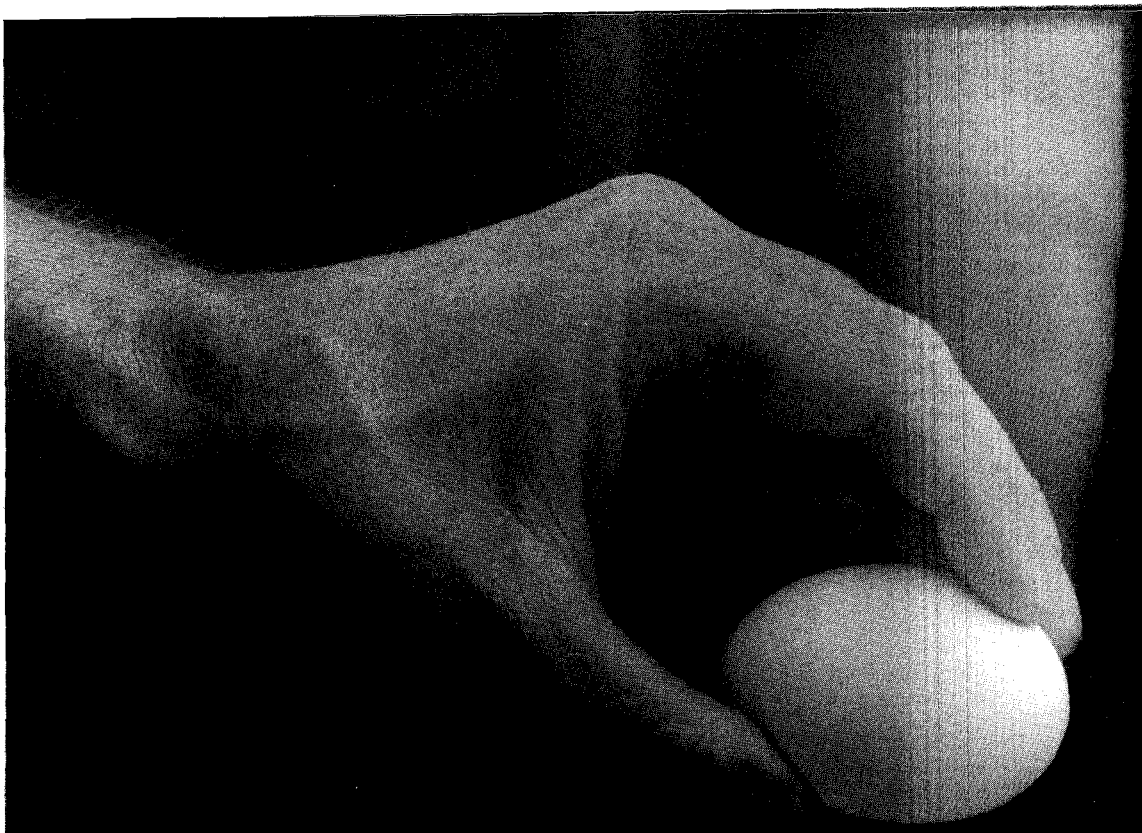
As a result, the United States conducted World War II as a continuation of World War I—a war against the Prussian Hohenzollerns rather than against Hitler, the private first class who never reached the rank of corporal. Of course, this picture of World War II as a war against a vicious aristocracy was far better suited to American folklore than a call to war against a totalitarian welfare state under a red flag, which the Third Reich really was.

When, after the war, the American re-educators came to de-Nazify Germany, a questionnaire had to be filled out by everybody who aspired to public office or an executive position. One of the questions was whether any of the applicant's or his wife's grandparents had held a title of nobility. The explanation for this strange question I found in the many American wartime films in which the leading Nazis were, without exception, noblemen. In fact, the Nazi ideal was never the aristocrat but the Common Man. National Socialism was the organized rebellion of the masses of the ordinary against the extraordinary, of majorities against unpopular minorities: against Jews, priests, noblemen, plutocrats, bankers, modern artists, and intellectuals.

Many Americans were misled by the leftist refugees, but, to be honest, they were willing to be thus misled because of their pre-existing notions. Right-wing refugees, on the other hand, had a difficult time getting their ideas across, especially to the "liberal Establishment." I will never forget a meeting of New York's Foreign Policy Association that I attended. The lecture was by the son of a Serb politician, and after he had spoken I wanted to ask a question. The chairman recognized me, but before I had a chance to say anything he explained to the audience that I was "an aristocratic, Roman Catholic, conservative, legitimist monarchist." Everyone turned around to see this saurian emerging from the Mesozoic era. I, meanwhile, felt like Little Lord Fauntleroy in a velvet suit with golden locks down to my shoulders. Whatever I had to say fell completely flat; I could not be taken seriously.

THERE WERE more damaging examples of the Allies' failure to listen to the European Right. Before the outbreak of the war President Roosevelt refused to see Adam von Trott zu Silz, an emissary of the German Right who was later executed. He had come to America at great risk and was granted only an unsatisfactory talk with Felix Frankfurter. The German military conspirators who sought contact with British officials met with a similar fate. Not only Anthony Eden but Winston Churchill rejected outright any collaboration with these men. The German Left, of course, was more successful. The fruits of their influence we are now harvesting. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAKING OMELETS WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS

It's impossible. But many things once thought impossible have become routine through technological advance. For example, a great amount of progress is being made in new technologies to burn coal cleanly.

Since 1973, air pollution resulting from coal combustion has fallen considerably, even as America has turned increasingly to coal for electric power and other important energy needs. However, existing clean coal technologies—stack gas scrubbing and coal washing—are limited in their ability to meet future clean air requirements, because of cost and applicability. *Emerging new coal-use techniques will expand the number of options available to coal users—current and future.*

Clean coal technology is hundreds of advances in science and engineering along with the creativity to put them together into workable, affordable systems. Clean coal technology will allow America to use more coal in the future. Cleanly and economically.

Today, there are advanced coal utilization schemes of several kinds. Some will allow older coal-fired boilers to be rebuilt as cleaner, more efficient units. Other advances apply to coal-fired units that will be built in the future. Clean coal technology is more than a concept. Most of these new technologies already have been proved in laboratories and in pilot plants. *Now they are proving themselves in full-scale demonstration programs, the last step toward full commercialization.*

Commercial demonstration projects are moving at an exciting pace. American industry is investing large sums of money. In many cases, state and federal funds supplement this effort. Not all clean coal projects will succeed. But many will. And these will form the basis for our next generation of coal-fired power plants and industrial boilers, both new units and rebuilt older ones.

This investment of money and time is a sound one. The payoff in future environmental quality and economic vitality is great. Consolidation Coal is very proud of its involvement in these coal use technologies for the future. To learn more about this subject, write for our free booklet, "A Clean Coal Technology Primer." It won't help you make omelets, but it will tell you about some new ideas that are being hatched.

CONSOL

CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
Consol Plaza
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15241

CC-2294

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues of the Information Age:

PROMISES KEPT, PROMISES TO KEEP.

At the beginning of this century, Theodore N. Vail, president of AT&T, understood his competition not just as other telephone companies, but as distance, loneliness, separation. He foresaw that the success of his company could end the geographic isolation of man. And in ending that isolation, the company's success would be assured. The vision became reality: by the mid-'70s, America had universal telephone service.

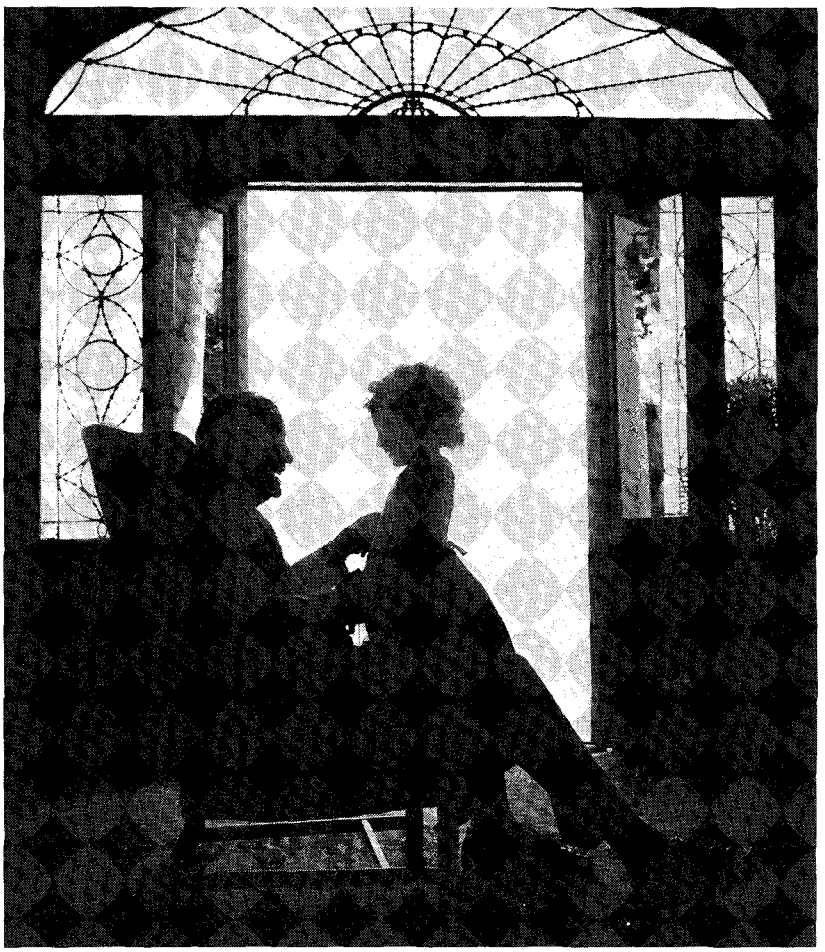
Today, as the Information Age has begun, there is a new kind of isolation. People are awash in a mounting sea of information, yet unable to connect or work with information in an orderly, useful form; that is, with the world's knowledge. Often, information machines do little to help. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, generally unable to work with any but their own kind.

To overcome this new kind of isolation, we have a new vision: to make the Information Age universal, to help build a worldwide Telecommunity, not just open to all, but inviting.

At AT&T, we are now working toward the day when people around the world will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today. And they will be able to get information in a form they can use, whenever they need it, from wherever it is.

We envision a vast global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers, linking devices so incredibly capable, they will bend to the will of human beings, rather than forcing humans to bend to theirs.

Obviously, no one company, no one nation, can universalize the Information Age. It will take the best minds of many companies and many nations. The needs of our customers are creating imperatives for our industry. We need common standards and compatibility. We need national and international policies that are open and encouraging. And we need to make information machines far easier to use.



We have the science to construct the systems now. The technology is rapidly taking shape.

We are dedicating our minds, our energy, our resources—our future—to making Telecommunity a reality. To bringing the best of the Information Age to the world.

Our vision has its roots in AT&T's heritage of service. Just as the telephone extended the reach of the human voice, Telecommunity will extend the reach and capability of minds and talents.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.℠

We're committed to leading the way.

AT&T

©AT&T 1986

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Burnham
1905-1987

At the most recent quarterly meeting of the senior editors it was resolved to have a private evening with James Burnham, arranging to bring him from Kent, Connecticut, to Stamford, where the editors would join him for a convivial dinner. The date set for the festivity was Monday, August 3. On Saturday, August 1, I shared with five other men the burden of carrying the casket in which Jim's corpse lay to the gravesite. I pondered, during those moments of physical strain, the great weight Jim Burnham had lifted from the callow shoulders of a 29-year-old who, for a combination of odd reasons, found himself seated at the head of the editorial table when, in November 1955, NATIONAL REVIEW *was launched. The ensuing essays relate what one should know about this remarkable man. Having read them, I became aware that there was, really, nothing to add to what I had taken pride in saying about him not after his death but seven years before it, at the 25th Anniversary banquet of* NATIONAL REVIEW, *in December 1980, in the presence of six hundred guests who gave James Burnham the standing ovation he deserved in this world, and will surely receive in the next.* —WFB

WFB during his tribute to "the dominant intellectual influence in the development of this journal"

At NR*'s 25th, James Burnham and his beloved Marcia*

JAMES BURNHAM, who is here tonight, withdrew from active participation in the affairs of NATIONAL REVIEW two years ago, suffering a stroke. Beyond any question, he has been the dominant intellectual influence in the development of this journal. He brought to it widely advertised qualities as a scholar, strategist, and veteran of the cold war. He had been a practicing philosopher, and editor; and author of seminal works on the nature of the current crisis.

Other qualities he brought to the magazine are almost certainly the primary reason for its survival. He had, to begin with, a (totally self-effacing) sense of corporate identification with it. He devoted, over a period of 23 years, more time and thought to more problems, major and minor, than would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem possible for an editor resident in Kent, Connecticut, who came to New York only two days each week.

Every aspect of the magazine interested him. Its typography—just for instance. He cared always for what he would only call "tone." He believed in "sentiment" but not in "sentimentality." At the regular editorial meetings, which by tradition we began by listening to his recommended list of issues about which we should write that week, his comments were always made calmly, with the kind of analytical poise one associates with the professional philosopher. Notwithstanding the gentleness of his manner, he brought great passion to his work: not ungovernable passion, because Jim doesn't believe that passion should be ungovernable. But his commentary, during such crises as are suggested by mentioning Budapest, Suez, Berlin, the Bay of Pigs, Vietnam, was sustained by the workings of a great mind and the palpitations of a great heart.

Although he once told me that twenty years of teaching was enough—he was twenty years a professor of philosophy at New York University before going to Washington to serve as a policy consultant—his natural instincts were always pedagogical. Probably fifty writers have in the past 25 years had editorial experience in the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW. I don't think any of my colleagues would question that the figure for whom they had the greatest respect, and the greatest feeling of gratitude, was Jim Burnham, who was never too busy to give the reasons for thinking as he did, or too harassed to interrupt his own work to help others with theirs. His generosity was egregiously exploited by one person, whose only excuse is that at least he has documented his gratitude by penning these words. □

I. Radical, Teacher, Technician

Sidney Hook

JIM BURNHAM never denied that he had a radical past. In a sense I was responsible for it, though Jim soon left me far behind, damning me as a centrist and revisionist and, worst of all, at heart a liberal—Jeffersonian or Deweyan, but unmistakably bourgeois.

It all came about as a consequence of our association as colleagues in the Department of Philosophy of the Washington Square College of Arts and Sciences of New York University; of his co-editorship (with Philip Wheelwright) of *The Symposium*, where he was required to deal with social and political issues; and of the worsening of the Depression, which destroyed much of the world in which Jim had grown up. After *The Symposium* published my long essay, "Toward the Understanding of Karl Marx" our relationship became quite friendly, while both in the magazine and in his classes Jim expressed vigorous criticisms of the existing economic system and strong sympathies for revolutionary socialism.

Word of Jim's political development soon got about among radical students. To my amazement I discovered that by 1933 he had established some working arrangements with members of the YCL (Young Communist League) at NYU, to whom I had become anathema. These students recognized Jim's remarkable talents and cultivated him with skill, first as "an honest liberal" and then as an educational advisor of their group. So impressed were they with Jim's grasp of issues that they reported their find to Earl Browder, Secretary General of the U.S. Communist Party, who was at the time looking for more reliable and less critical intellectual fellow-travelers.

My alarm turned into dismay when I learned that Browder himself had sought Jim out to persuade him to join the Communist Party either as an open or as a secret member. Jim was perfectly aware of my own differences with the Communist Party and my criticisms of its dogmas, intolerance, and intellectual repressions. In fact, he professed to agree with me. But he explained that to him the overriding significance of the Communist Party was its effective centralized structure, without which all social criticism was just talk. Time and again in discussions with me he would stress the importance of organization, explaining the futility of the Socialist parties everywhere as deriving from the fact that they were no different from ordinary political parties. I also recall that although he was a Catholic he never would defend any Catholic dogmas, of either natural or revealed theology, but always expressed admiration for the Catholic Church and its civilizing role in Europe and elsewhere. I do not know whether or when he read Lenin's writings on the nature of a revolutionary party, but they were temperamentally in line with his own notions.

Fortunately for everyone concerned, Browder's great hopes for Burnham miscarried. He had managed to play down or explain away all the points on which Jim was critical of Communist theory and practice, except one point—the call for "self-determination for the Black Belt" that had been imposed on the American Party by the Kremlin. The absurdity of the slogan stuck in Burnham's throat, and he backed off for further thought.

During that year A. J. Muste and J. B. S. Hardman had approached me with a proposal to found a new, genuinely American revolutionary party. I naturally sought to enroll Jim Burnham's support for the project. I am not certain I would have succeeded if during this period he had not made the acquaintance of Gerry Allard, the leader of the Illinois Progressive Mineworkers' Union. Burnham was much taken with Allard, who represented to him the personification of the idealized working class. Allard was also, on the basis of his experience in the field with members of the Communist Party, bitterly anti-Communist. Browder never heard from Burnham again after Allard told him his story.

It was not only Browder who was impressed with Burnham's social and political writings. In faraway Prinkipo,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leon Trotsky, on the strength of Burnham's essays in *The Symposium*, had recommended to his American followers that they keep an eye on him. Burnham came into his own after the American Workers' Party fused with the Trotskyists to become the Socialist Workers' Party. He soon became the outstanding American figure of the new party and, after Trotsky himself, the most authoritative.

What were the sources of Burnham's intellectual appeal during his radical years? They were more manifest in his writings than in his speeches. First was his fresh, forceful, direct style, completely free of "radicalese." Second was the organization of his arguments, so that his conclusions seemed to flow naturally from his points as he clicked them off. Third, although he was not a professional economist, he was quite familiar with economic history and contemporary currents of economic thought. Finally, although he wrote simply, there was a certain elegance in his diction, an occasional cultural reference that suggested depths of meaning to be explored. His writings had something of the same effect on American radical readers that John Strachey's writings had in England.

Burnham never abandoned the use of Marxist criticism in uncovering the parochial and class interests underlying the grand ideological abstractions of any period. He applied these weapons of criticism to Marxist slogans and principles themselves. In addition, although he abandoned the Marxist belief in the possibility of an efficiently organized collectivized economy, he accepted the Marxist notion that the system of private capitalism could not survive the technological revolutions of our times. And even when he had abandoned the basic Marxist assumptions as threats to the existence of personal and political freedom, he could not bring himself to return to the traditional belief in laissez-faire capitalism.

Even before Burnham had discovered the works of Gaetano Mosca, Vilfredo Pareto, and especially Robert Michels, he had on the basis of his own experience and reflection concluded that all states function through the use of myth, fraud, and ultimately force. He had always had a scholarly interest in Machiavelli and was able to integrate the views of these three outstanding modern political and social thinkers with the insights of their great predecessor, in an effort to establish the controversial conclusion that although socialists and democrats might be politically victorious, socialism and democracy, both as social and as political systems, were impossible.

Jim Burnham's activity as a radical came to a close shortly before the publication of *The Managerial Revolution*. His abandonment of Marxism in all its varieties came as a great shock to his followers in the sectarian grouplets and their factions, to whom he had become the exemplar of revolutionary thought and action. Those—like Dwight Macdonald—who had been among his most worshipful followers turned on him with fury at his "betrayal."

In perspective, certain features of Burnham's political style at the time that characterize all of his subsequent work, too, should be noted. His belief in a scientific approach to politics led him to a specificity of prediction that was extremely hazardous. Many of his "scientific" predictions were falsified by events. For someone who stressed the central importance of the struggle for power in politics he seemed to neglect psychological factors, especially the influence of the techniques of persuasion, the role of personality, and other contingent events. He sometimes gave the impression that he wrote politics like a geometrician, neglecting the inescapability of ambiguity and indeterminateness in human affairs. Nothing could convince him to alter the title of one of his books, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, even though it carried overtones that defeated its purpose of rallying the West against threats to its existence. Regardless of the validity of his specific theories, he was among the most notable figures in the West who recognized the formidable nature of the threat of Communism to the open society. □

Jeanne Wacker

Nineteen forty-six was a peak year for New York and a marvelous time to be a student there. Having wandered the academic wilderness from Brigham Young University to Black Mountain College, I had thirsted for a big university in a big, exciting city, and had registered at New York University the previous year. Sidney Hook was then head of NYU's philosophy department, and I was enchanted to be sitting at the feet of the author of the only book I ever stole from a library. Soon, he did me the first of a great many witting and unwitting favors and advised me to take James Burnham's course in aesthetics.

I was unprepared for Burnham's urbane classroom style. Unlike Hook, who loved playing devil's advocate and did so with warmth and histrionic zest, Burnham in the classroom was reserved, even cool. But he also seemed kind and perhaps a trifle uncomfortable. His tone was matter-of-fact even when he said unsettling things, which he often did. Discussing the role of literary critics and criticism, for example, he said that a newspaper critic's first priority is to sell books. Discussing stylistic eras and cycles of taste in art, he said taste evolves because elites are easily bored.

Given the thorough indoctrination in high modernist taste I had received at Black Mountain College, I found such observations a bit shocking. But I do not think that Burnham got personal gratification from unsettling young people's minds (an occupational hazard for philosophy teachers). He seemed to want to help students learn how to scrutinize topics in a dispassionate and cooperative way. His own appetite for evidence to support his unorthodox ideas was patent, and his intellectual excitement on finding it, infectious.

We used a textbook in his aesthetics course, but Burnham's assignments also required going to galleries and concerts, and reading poetry, and writing about all of them. That helped to keep class discussions tethered to our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Burnham's comrades were proud of his growing reputation, but were puzzled by his mode of life, which was strictly separate from his political activity. He did not socialize with his comrades but with his old college and family friends, all of whom were very well-to-do and who regarded his incomprehensible involvement in sectarian Communist politics as a quaint eccentricity. Living in Manhattan on Sutton Place, which even in the 1930s no one could mistake for a working-class neighborhood, [his wife, Marcia] was often distressed by the appearance of seedy-looking members of the Socialist Workers' Party, bringing copies of urgent telegrams Burnham had received from Trotsky or other affiliates of the Fourth International, or waving proofs of editorials or articles that had to be corrected before *The Militant* or *The New International* went to press. The embarrassment was mutual, for more often than not these messengers would find Burnham in formal dinner dress, together with his guests at the table or in the midst of late bibulous partying. Burnham would excuse himself, have a hurried whispered consultation with his comrades, and then return to his dinner party. —SIDNEY HOOK, *Out of Step*

experience (he greatly respected experience). It also exposed unsophisticated students to some of the refined pleasures that Manhattan offered in abundance. Burnham and his wife once invited me and a fellow student to hear Benjamin Britten's new work, *Peter Grimes*. They somehow had the use of Lillian Hellman's box at the Metropolitan Opera that evening. I think but am not certain that the elegant apartment we visited after the performance was hers also. I remember our examining several small oil paintings by French artists whose work I had previously seen only in museums. But I have no memory at all of Lillian Hellman. Conceivably, she was out of town, and the Burnhams, playing cicerone by courtesy of a friend, wanted us to see her private collection as well as the opera. It was a gesture—and an evening—I never forgot.

Others of Burnham's courses that I took also reflected his special traits and interests. He began a course in traditional (non-symbolic) logic conventionally enough, with Aristotelian syllogisms. But he ended it with an account of the paradoxical conclusions of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, a book that I had never heard of and that few teachers paid attention to at the time. Burnham was not a specialist in medieval thought, but his graduate course on Aquinas conveyed a scholar's admiration for the scope and subtlety of St. Thomas's mind and a logician's pleasure in his rigorous medieval style of argumentation. In Burnham's graduate course in the philosophy of art, even the half-baked theories of half-mad geniuses like Nietzsche and Tolstoi were made to yield insights into artists' minds and products. Like all superior teachers, Burnham felt and tried to convey the full force of arguments even of people whose views he did not ultimately accept.

His role in the battles among exotic Trotskyist factions of the time meant his courses were often objects of unphilosophical curiosity. I remember sitting next to a very bright student from the Communist Party's Jefferson School who had been assigned to attend Burnham's classes and report back. Even this young spy admired Burnham's brilliance. Perhaps he was affected by his pedagogical probity as well, because he did wean himself from the Party and eventually earned a respectable doctorate at Columbia.

By the time I got around to choosing a subject for a dissertation myself, Burnham had quit teaching. Still, it is probably due in part to him that I chose a topic in aesthetics. It is certainly due in part to him that my standards of teaching are unapproachably high. □

John Kenneth Galbraith

THE DECADE of the 1930s, extending a year or two into the one following, brought three books on economics that deeply challenged traditional economic attitudes and policies. The foremost, of course, was John Maynard Keynes's *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, published in 1936. This accorded to the state the responsibility for the overall or macroeconomic performance of the economy, a responsibility eventually assumed by governments of all political complexions and never more ardently than in our own time by that of President Ronald Reagan.

The other greatly innovative work of the Thirties was *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, by Adolf A. Berle and Gardiner C. Means, first published in 1933 and again, like the work of Keynes, to have major and astonishing conservative resonance. As liberals initiate, it is clear that conservatives affirm.

It was the central thesis of Berle and Means that a major share of all industrial activity had passed into the hands of a comparative handful of corporate giants, and that typically in these enterprises the role of the stockholder or owner—the classical capitalist—was not mostly but entirely passive. The hired and ostensibly subordinate management had taken over.

Keynes, in assigning the state the macroeconomic task of economic management, did not concern himself with the traditional theory of the firm and the market. *The Modern Corporation* was a massive and in all respects more traumatic attack on the classical view than *The General Theory* was. Not competition but the oligopolistic market control of the few was the norm. Not the capitalist but the surrogate manager was the ultimate source of authority in economic life. And the maximization of personal profit by those in authority could no longer be assumed. Were it assumed, such maximization would be devastatingly, disastrously by management at the expense of the helpless stockholders.

Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means were, as noted, both liberals in the accepted American meaning of the term. Both, and notably Berle, held positions of prominence under Roosevelt and the New Deal. To win acceptance for their case they, like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keynes, needed conservative support. While he was then not politically as well identified as later, this support was provided by James Burnham in 1941 in *The Managerial Revolution: What Is Happening in the World.*

Here in lucid detail was the full exploration—economic, social, political—of the case Berle and Means had made. Here was the world that Marx's imperative of capitalist concentration had foretold. But here, beyond Marx, was the world in which the capitalist, in turn, had been relegated to a bystander role. The dividends still came; the power had gone. After Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, Keynes was no longer a liberal icon. After Burnham, similarly Berle and Means.

The Managerial Revolution was widely read and discussed—more so than *The Modern Corporation.* I was persuaded of its importance by Washington colleagues in 1941 amidst all the pressures of wartime price control, for which I had just assumed responsibility. In the industrial world at large, managers and management would henceforth have the sanction and attention once accorded exclusively to the capitalist and entrepreneur, the economists' only hero. James Burnham legitimized what in the interests of reality the schools of business were already beginning to teach.

His success in the orthodox current of economics was less complete. For the world of the textbook and the sophisticated mathematical model of market behavior—pure competition, profit maximization, the entrepreneur—Burnham, like Berle before him, was in the truest sense a subversive. He was read; there was reference to the managerial revolution as a qualifying circumstance; the classical concepts largely remained. To some extent less forgivably, James Burnham was also bypassed by those of us who accepted and sought to extend his case. With the passing years he became ever more articulately a conservative, ever more the intellectual companion of those who, so far from accepting the modern reality, sought repeal of the twentieth century. He seemed, accordingly, a curiously eccentric, even suspect, ally of those who were seeking acceptance of the basic economic structure and motivation of our time.

In the early editions of *The New Industrial State*, a book in descent from Berle and Burnham, I was negligent of the Burnham contribution. Only when I forced myself to the realization of my oversight did I add him to the list of my sources. I venture to hope that all who seek to see the modern economy as it is will be led similarly to acknowledge their debt. James Burnham was a scholar of marked originality in our time. We should not, for political or other reasons, set aside those who accept the however inconvenient reality. □

> When, in 1940, the Trotskyists split into two factions, it was after a debate among four speakers that continued for two whole days. (The most succinct presentation, by James Burnham, lasted only two hours, and caused many of those present to question his "seriousness.")
>
> —Irving Kristol, *Reflections of a Neoconservative*

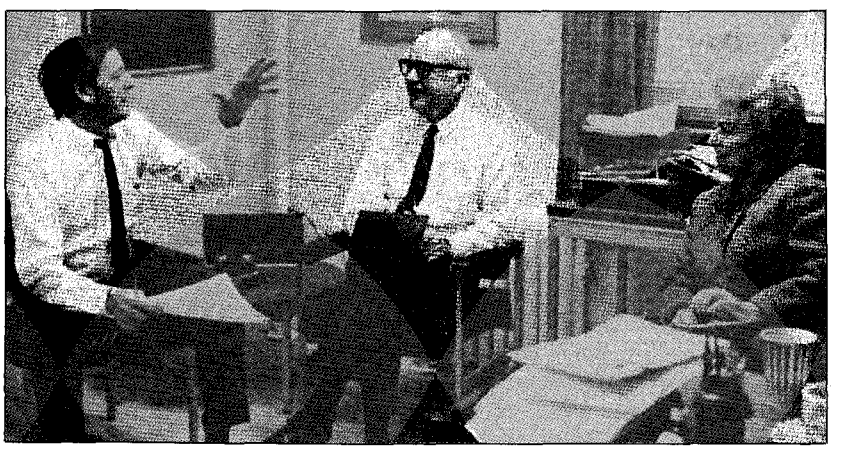
II. Activist, Strategist

Jerzy Giedroyc

Joseph Czapski was the first of us from *Kultura* to meet James Burnham, on the occasion of a conference called by General de Gaulle in 1948. That meeting was the start of the friendship between James Burnham and *Kultura* ["the foremost Polish magazine in the world," as Burnham later described it, published in exile in Paris —ED.]. In 1950 we published his book *The Struggle for the World*; in 1953, *Containment or Liberation?*; in 1958, *The Managerial Revolution.*

Early in 1950, *Kultura* sent Czapski to the United States. James Burnham offered to put him up and gave him invaluable assistance in contacting American intellectuals and political philosophers.

Burnham was one of the founders of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. It was in that capacity that he invited Czapski and me to its inaugural conference in Berlin in 1950, and then to its next conference, in Brussels, later that same year. At the Berlin conference I proposed the creation of a free university for refugees from Eastern Europe. Burnham was enthusiastic about this project and worked hard on it. He was partially successful: A College of Free Europe was established at Robertsau, near Strasbourg, and several hundred students from nine East-



Jan Lukas

Bill Buckley, Jim Burnham, Priscilla Buckley. "No, Bill. Absolutely not."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern European countries studied there.

My personal friendship and my collaboration with James Burnham continued for many years, until his crippling illness. It was he who invited Czapski and our colleague Juliusz Mieroszewski to contribute to the book *What Europe Thinks of America.*

Knowing how limited were our resources, and full of admiration for *Kultura*'s work, James Burnham published a column in the September 23, 1961, issue of NATIONAL REVIEW urging his readers to assist *Kultura* financially. We are infinitely grateful for this gesture of friendship. □

Brian Crozier

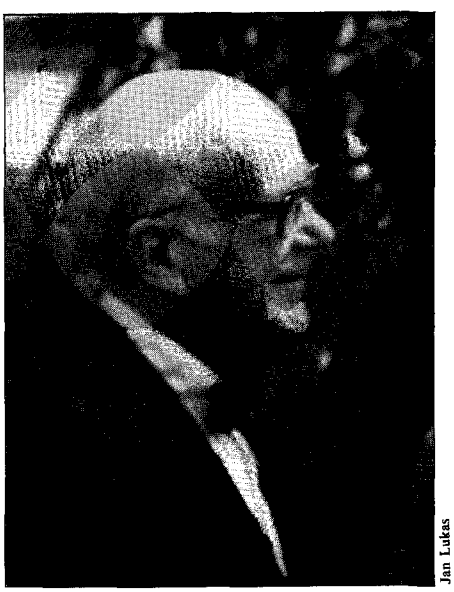
TOO OFTEN, especially in the nuclear age, strategy is conceived in military terms. It was James Burnham's distinctive contribution to the art of strategic analysis to have understood that the military side is not the only, or necessarily the most important, side of Soviet strategy; and to have been first to have done so in the early years of that cold war which is still with us, despite all revisionist attempts to bury it as past history.

My own conceptual debt to James Burnham began many years before I had the honor and pleasure of meeting him in the flesh. As Samuel T. Francis has also noted (in *Power and History: The Political Thought of James Burnham*, University Press of America, 1984), the most important of Burnham's works is *The Machiavellians* (1943). It is the key to everything he wrote subsequently: the Burnham equivalent of Descartes's *Discours de la méthode.*

Burnham as *strategist*, however, will live on principally through three works: *The Struggle for the World* (1947), *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (1950), and *Containment or Liberation?* (1952). The dates of publication speak for themselves; even more significant would be the dates when the author first started to write them. According to Samuel Francis (op. cit., p. 67), *The Struggle for the World* was written in part as an internal memorandum for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the wartime predecessor of the CIA; Burnham served also as a consultant to the CIA's covert-action staff from 1948 to 1952.

There is thus a certain piquancy in the intellectual clash between him and George F. Kennan, the State Department officer whose views formed the basis of President Truman's policy of "containment." Today, 35 years after Burnham's devastating critique of containment in the third work of the trilogy listed above, the two conflicting views of what to do about Soviet Communism are still competing for official adoption. The easier option is to do nothing and either call it containment or pretend that Soviet Communism will go away if we look in the other direction. (There is, of course, a third option, which consists of pretending there is no problem, and calling those who see the problem clearly "cold-warriors" or "raving rightists.")

It was perhaps forgivable, during the life-and-death struggle against Nazism and Japanese militarism, to dismiss Lenin's vision of a Communist world as little more than scattered spots of nuisance. It was Burnham's remarkable achievement to have understood, earlier than others, that the defeat of the Axis powers would place Stalin in a position to begin, in earnest, transforming Lenin's vision into reality. That is really what strategic thinking is about.



Jan Lukas

The conventional, diplomatic view of the Communist-led mutiny of Greek sailors at Alexandria is that it was just that: a minor, local incident, worthy perhaps of a passing mention in newspapers, but disconnected from wider issues. It took a Burnham to see the Alexandria incident as the start of the Third World War.

The strategist is ever aware of distant goals. The overriding goal of Lenin's Revolution was to extend itself to all countries of the world without exception. This goal has been pursued, since the Second World War ended, with single-minded concentration by the men in power in Moscow. Unless it is understood that this expansionism is a *duty* for all Communist parties everywhere, justifying their existence in the name of History, the nature of the Soviet threat is intellectually bypassed.

Of Burnham's strategic trilogy, *The Struggle* defined the problem, *The Coming Defeat* dealt with the solution, and *Containment or Liberation?* lamented the fact that American counter-policy had taken a wrong turning. The weakest of the three works of Burnham the strategist is the second. But it is weak only by comparison with the powerful masterpieces on either side, and indeed it contains some of Burnham's most brilliant chapters, especially those entitled "The Communist Conduct of Contemporary War" and "The Direction of Political-Subversive War." James Burnham *knew* what he was talking about: although he was never a member of Stalin's secret underground in the United States, he and his associates practiced exactly the same techniques in the Trotskyist cause.

It is America's tragedy that Harry Truman listened to Kennan instead of to Burnham. Or perhaps the sad reality is that even in the late 1940s and early 1950s—a time of relative optimism—it was never politically practical for an American President to plan for a permanent (or at any rate, a protracted) struggle. "Containment," somehow, seemed reassuringly high-minded. The mistaken optimism in the second title of Burnham's great trilogy arose out of the stirring sight of the Berlin airlift, which caused him to hope that the "free world," somehow, would find the will to rise to the Soviet challenge. By the time he wrote the third book, he could see that "liberation" had been discarded as a valid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

option; and he had grasped that "containment" would turn to appeasement.

The five conditions listed by James Burnham as essential to any valid deal between the U.S. and the USSR are as relevant with Gorbachev in power as they were with Stalin. The Soviet side would have to: liquidate its Fifth Column everywhere; call off its propaganda for Communist world domination; withdraw its forces and its KGB/MVD officers from all territory outside the 1939 borders; allow free elections in all territories brought under Soviet control since 1939; allow travelers and publications from the West unrestricted access to the USSR.

Can Gorbachev do all of these things, any more than Khrushchev or Brezhnev could, *and* stay in power? Read, or re-read, Burnham, and find out. □

Miles Copeland

IT WOULD GIVE me great pleasure to claim truthfully that it was I who brought Jim Burnham to Washington in early 1953 to assist with AJAX, Kim Roosevelt's operation to save the Shah of Iran from Dr. Mossadegh and his Tudeh (Communist) supporters, but, alas, the credit belongs entirely to Kim. I did, however, lend critical support to Kim's argument by suggesting that, while Jim was at it, he could also give us a bit of advice on how to handle my own charge, President Nasser of Egypt.

As I remember the sequence of events, someone in "OPC," the Agency's operations department, found the Roosevelt plan "too direct," as it involved nothing more complicated than getting a mob of some ten thousand Iranians who were chanting, "Death to the Shah! Long live Mossadegh!" to change their tune to "Death to Mossadegh! Long live the Shah!" Frank Wisner, our boss, decided that it needed "a touch of Machiavelli" to ensure that what emerged in Iran *after* the coup would make some kind of sense. *The Machiavellians* being fresh in his mind, Kim Roosevelt immediately thought of Jim Burnham, who, he said, would "lend credibility" to the operation.

There was some fuss about the Burnham flirtation with the "extreme Left" (wasn't he in a "cell" of some kind that included Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol, and Daniel Bell?), but all was okay when someone remembered Frank Meyer's remark to the effect that if Jim were a *serious* Communist he would have joined the Party and not been a mere Trotskyist. Besides, as one who had been on the far Left and swung to the far Right, he had good company in the CIA's stable of on-call consultants.

In lending my support to Kim's wish to bring Jim Burnham to Washington, I had an entirely selfish motive, of course. Already, I had a primitive understanding of Pareto's analysis of ophelimity, but I figured that if I could round it out with a better understanding of the "social equilibrium" Jim had written about, I would be "educated" enough to hold my own with the intelligentsia on Wisner's staff.

Whether I succeeded or failed is a matter for debate among the CIA's old-timers. But at least I got out of Jim a set of principles that are worth recording for posterity.

1. The first task of any ruling group is to keep itself in power—doing so in such a way that it can truly *lead* the nation—instead of trying to please everybody. Both the Shah and Nasser were failing to understand that if mere popularity was the name of the game, anybody could enter the competition and they were in danger of following instead of leading—which is what, in different ways, they were both doing.

2. The behavior of a nation's leaders must be "logical"—i.e., they must have "a deliberately held goal, or purpose"—but the leaders must never forget that they are dealing with a populace whose motivations are mostly illogical. So it is that the Shah and Nasser—and our own Ronald Reagan—may often, having made an entirely "logical" decision, have to explain it in terms that will satisfy an illogically motivated populace.

3. A coup d'état such as Kim Roosevelt was planning for Iran, like the one Nasser had pulled off in Egypt a year earlier, cannot avoid the use of *some* repressive action (i.e., it must jail all opponents who might conceivably be able to launch a counter-coup), but as rapidly as possible it must systematically go about winning the support of influential groups and classes by appealing both to their self-interests (their "logical" motivations) and to their prejudices (their "illogical" ones). The successful "revolutionary" government (we used the term "revolutionary" loosely in those days) is one that succeeds in balancing the "repressive" with the "constructive," concealing the former while publicizing the latter for all the world to see.

Jim added one item of advice that we in the CIA didn't need: It takes one set of skills and assets to get into power, he said, and quite another to hold on long enough to do a construc-

> He had just come back from Paris, where he had had a long session with André Malraux. Malraux was then in his early Gaullist stage: that is, his position had not yet congealed into any official form, but he was urging a general direction for France that de Gaulle was to bring into power shortly. Meanwhile, Malraux carried enough personal aura from his adventurous career on the Left so that he could not be regarded as just another run-of-the-mill conservative on the Right. Indeed, Malraux criticized these routine notions of Left and Right as obsolescent and no longer applicable to the political realities of the twentieth century: "The Communists are not of the Left," Malraux declared, "and when they attack me, they do not establish me on the Right." Burnham quotes these words with obvious relish, as if they marked out for him the possibility of forging an independent line of political thinking that would cut through these worn-out clichés. But it was not to be. . . . [Philip Rahv] remark[ed] to me one day: "The liberals now dominate all the cultural channels in this country. If you break completely with this dominant atmosphere, you're a dead duck. James Burnham has committed suicide."
>
> —WILLIAM BARRETT, *The Truants*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive job after getting there. To help the Shah oust Mossadegh, Kim Roosevelt was in immediate need of the former; the latter was a bridge he could cross when he came to it. Whereas Nasser had already had his coup, so he was urgently in need of the latter. Burnham said that my job was the tougher of the two—as it indeed was.

A year or so later, I confessed to Jim that I had expanded what I had learned from him by developing a technique for *creating* problems that a chief of state could solve only by serving the purposes of the U.S. Government. I thought Jim would be displeased by being improved upon, but he only suggested that I reread *The Machiavellians*, Part VI. □

Samuel T. Francis

Of all the representatives of post-World War II conservative thought, James Burnham was probably the least appreciated by his contemporaries on the intellectual Right. Those who knew him personally—as I did not—never failed to affirm his brilliance, but the discipleships and even personality cults that centered on others of his generation in the conservative intellectual movement —von Mises, Hayek, Kendall, Meyer, Weaver, Strauss, Voegelin—never circled around him. A James Burnham T-shirt is unimaginable, and there seem to be few anecdotes about him in the rank and file of the conservative movement. Despite President Reagan's award to Burnham of the Medal of Freedom in 1983, there was no Burnham revival, as there was a Whittaker Chambers revival, and even afterward a NATIONAL REVIEW editorial could accurately speak of him as having become a "non-person."

It is the irony of James Burnham's achievement that his genius has been more amply recognized by the Left than by the Right. As a dissident Marxist, he engaged the polemical attention of Leon Trotsky and helped shatter his international movement. *The Managerial Revolution* was the subject of a lengthy critique by C. Wright Mills, whose later works seem to have borrowed heavily from it without attribution. *The Machiavellians* and *The Managerial Revolution* were major influences on George Orwell, who also criticized them but seemed not quite to know what to say in refutation. Raymond Aron wrote a lengthy rejoinder to *Containment or Liberation?* in its French translation.

On the Right, David Collier, editor of *Modern Age* until his death, in 1983, told the late John East that he should not include a study of Burnham in his work on the founders of the conservative intellectual movement because Burnham's thought was not worth the trouble. But as early as 1950, in *The Lonely Crowd*, David Riesman could speak in the same sentence of "Marx, Mosca, Michels, Pareto, Weber, Veblen, or Burnham."

The neglect of Burnham by his colleagues on the Right was only in part due to his own reclusiveness in his later years. The principal reason for the neglect, and also for the continuing hostility to his thought from the Left, lies in Burnham's inversion of the conventionally accepted implications of modernism. While his ideas alarmed and even frightened the Left, they held little appeal for the mainstream of the philosophical Right, which has devoted most of its attention to the direct refutation of modernist thought rather than its adaptation and redirection.

From the time of Machiavelli, the drift of the modern mind has relentlessly encouraged the acceleration of emancipation, equality, secularization, material gratification, and the abandonment of distinctions among human beings under the label of "fraternity" and universalism. Yet Burnham's ideas, unlike those of virtually any other major American conservative thinker in this century, were profoundly modernist and at the same time counter-revolutionary. In *The Managerial Revolution* Burnham accepted much of the Marxist account of the evolution and decline of capitalism and its civilization, but he argued that the same dynamic of history would issue not in a classless utopia but in a totalitarian world-state under the rule of bureaucratic elites, which would exploit modernist ideologies (Marxism, Nazism, and the liberalism of the New Deal era) for their own interests. In *The Machiavellians* he used the ideas of major modernist European thinkers—Mosca, Pareto, Michels, and Sorel, as well as Machiavelli—to challenge egalitarian political theory and show the persistence and inevitability of elite rule, even in an age of equality, and to argue for political equilibriums that would restrain the power of elites. Similar themes run throughout his later books and articles, illustrated by his close and sometimes brutally frank analyses of power, ideology, and human irrationality in politics. Irving Howe, reviewing *Suicide of the West*, wondered how it could be that its author could display intimate knowledge of Pareto and Kafka and yet voice the political views of "a retired candy-manufacturer." Unfortunately, Mr. Howe did not pursue his bewilderment to an answer; had he done so, he would have abandoned the modernist democratic socialism to which he subscribes.

Burnham's redirection of modernism from Left to Right is, of course, part of a trend of twentieth-century intellectual history, exhibited also in litera-

> Before criticizing Burnham's thesis, there is one thing that must be said. This is that Burnham has intellectual courage, and writes about real issues. . . . In international politics, as he realizes, you must either be ready to practice appeasement indefinitely, or at some point you must be ready to fight. He also sees that appeasement is an unreal policy, since a great nation, conscious of its own strength, never really carries it through. All that happens is that sooner or later some demand is felt to be intolerable, and one flounders into a war that might have been avoided by taking a firm attitude earlier. It is not fashionable to say such things nowadays, and Burnham deserves credit for saying them. —GEORGE ORWELL,
> "Burnham's View of the Contemporary World Struggle,"
> *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture, by Eliot and Pound, and in fields as far apart as astrophysics and sociobiology, the philosophical and anthropological implications of which are disconcerting to conventional modernists. It is a phenomenon on which Burnham himself commented in *Suicide of the West* in noting the irony that "liberalism . . . has failed to attract any of the major creative writers of our century"; and Jeffrey Hart, among others, has also elaborated the same theme. Burnham's development of this modernist inversion in political theory threatened the Left, cutting the ground out from under its ideological feet, but it was perhaps no less disconcerting to the philosophical Right, which has preferred to confront modernism with a more direct attack on its religious, ethical, and metaphysical underpinnings.

That approach was of little interest to Burnham. "The primary goals at which I aim in this column," he wrote in one of the last of his "Protracted Conflict" series in NATIONAL REVIEW, "as in most of the books and articles I have written, are fact and analysis. I do not accept any theory of class, national, ethnic, partisan, or sectarian truth. If conclusions I reach are true, they are just as true for Russians as for Americans, for pagans as for Christians, and for blacks as for whites." It was an ideal on which he had insisted since *The Machiavellians*, in which he had contrasted the "formal meaning . . . in terms of the fictional world of religion, metaphysics, miracles, and pseudo-history" with the "real meaning . . . in terms of the actual world of space, time, and events." If, more than two decades later, such words struck him as "a little callow," they nevertheless still encapsulated a method that had enabled him to renounce ideology and "to see the world and man" more clearly than many of his contemporaries on either end of its delusive spectrum. □

III. Liberalism v. Reality: The Ideology of Western Suicide

James Burnham

LIBERALISM IS NOT equipped to meet and overcome the actual challenges confronting Western civilization in our time.

In its historical practice as well as its ideological doctrine, liberalism has always operated most naturally as a tendency of opposition to the prevailing order, to the status quo, the *ancien régime*, the Establishment in general or in its several parts. Liberalism has always stressed change, reform, the break with encrusted habit whether in the form of old ideas, old customs, or old institutions. Thus liberalism has been and continues to be primarily negative in its impact on society; and in point of fact it is through its negative and destructive achievements that liberalism makes its best claim to historical justification.

In post-Renaissance Western society there were a number of deeply imbedded features that were bad on just about all counts; and were, moreover, capable of being eliminated. To get rid of such features, an attitude of skepticism toward custom and tradition, a fondness for change, and a confidence or even overconfidence in the possibilities of human nature were useful and probably necessary. Liberalism expressed that attitude and felt that confidence. Under its banner, reform movements labored successfully to do away with many of the features of the old society or to transform them beyond recognition: many of the bad features, and also of course some of the good features, because liberalism's impulse to tinker with the established order is quite general, and does not stop with this particular feature that we might all agree needs replacement.

Some of the older ways of handling lesser crimes and misdemeanors, for example, were surely barbarous. Torture to secure confessions; hanging for petty thefts; flogging; long prison sentences for minor derelictions, with the sentences almost equivalent to death because of the hideous nature of the jails; the futile and really absurd practice of imprisonment for debt: liberalism had a good deal to do with mitigating these barbarities, and for its humane negative accomplishments to that end liberalism deserves and gets nearly universal approval.

Even in this matter of crime and punishment, though, we should notice that liberalism has not done so well when it has tried to go on from the elimination of past abuses to the constructive job of devising new ways to meet the old conditions that do not disappear because of a change in the methods of dealing with them. Liberalism, applying its usual remedies of education and democratic reform seasoned with optimism concerning human nature, has signally failed to get rid of crime and criminals. Liberalism even fosters new sorts of crime through its permissive approach to education and discipline, and its provocative egalitarianism; some at least of our fearfully multiplying juvenile delinquency is the logical outcome of liberal principles. In a way, a juvenile delinquent is a youth who takes literally the progressive-educational stress on self-expression and freedom. Nor is our high percentage of multiple offenders much of an endorsement of the liberal schemes for re-educating criminals and giving them plenty of social service along with easy paroles. I have yet to read the account of one of those terrible crimes of sex perversion that take place daily wherein the savage who rapes and strangles the child or grandmother or both did not have a long record of offenses which in pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberal days would have kept him behind solid bars. Pareto remarks that he doesn't much care what theory of punishment people prefer, so long as they are willing to try to keep murderers, thugs, and rapists off the streets.

We could make a similar double entry concerning liberalism's past performance in relation to the social position of women, poor laws, abuses in the factory system, electoral practices, business frauds and monopolies, and many other such matters of large and small import: that liberalism has been influential in curing a number of wrongs and grave abuses; and that liberalism has been less successful, has often very dismally failed, in its efforts to construct new procedures and institutions to deal with the perennial problems. And in general, liberalism is better out of power than in power; better at changing than preserving; better at destroying than building.

Am I repeating old clichés? "We need liberals to push through the necessary reforms, and conservatives to make the reforms work . . ."—that sort of thing? Yes, I readily admit so; and I have great respect, I will add, for many of the old clichés. The plain, platitudinous, common-sense opinion is very often the true opinion, stripped down to essentials. And in this case the platitude is manifestly true, whether we test it by history or by the analysis of ideas. The guilt that is always part of the liberal syndrome swells painfully when liberals gain power and find that the world's sorrows show no tendency to vanish at their sovereign touch. Liberals are uncomfortable, uneasy, when *they* become "the Establishment": we took note earlier of the desperate lengths to which academic liberals go to prove to themselves that they are non-conformists, even on a faculty every member of which has been formed in the same ideological pod.

Liberalism's inaptitude for power bears directly on the crucial fact: that the primary issue before Western civilization today, and before its member nations, is survival. No one threatened the survival of the West in A.D. 1100: the Crusades were an aggression, not a defense, of the West. No one threatened Western survival in 1500 or 1700 or even so short a time ago in the scale of civilizations as the beginning of this century. But now the threat is present—a clear, immediate, and sufficient danger, both from within and from without. Before our time, it was a matter, for the West, of consolidation, growth, adaptation, change, reform, improvement; now it is, first of all and condition of all the rest, survival. Liberalism and the ideas, sentiments, and values to which liberalism gives priority are not well designed for the stark issue of survival.

II.

ALL IDEOLOGIES at every stage in their careers distort reality in some degree, but in its youth and prime a major ideology remains closely enough in touch with the social world from which it has sprung to permit it to inspire and guide effective and sometimes creative action. This was the case with the older liberalism of the nineteenth century and the early years of our own. But the liberal ideology has by now got so far out of touch with fact that through its lens it has become impossible to see reality, much less to act positively on reality. Most of the categories of modern liberalism no longer correspond to anything in the world of space and time; they are mythical creatures on an Olympus much further out in empty space than the residence of the ancient gods, who never lost their habit of frequently touching down on earth. The liberal flight from reality is headlong, on every front. It could not have a purer, or sillier, symbol than the multiplication in this country of rules that prohibit the designation of race or color on many sorts of license, document, record, and statistic: a classic instance of the attempt to substitute a satisfying self-generated dream world for a distasteful reality. It is just as silly, of course, to discuss Peace with Communists, to expect civilized statesmanship from tribal chiefs, or to imagine you can stop the clock of scientific technology by signing test-ban agreements.

What are the crucial present challenges to Western civilization? There are a hundred challenges, certainly, large and small, but let us narrow down to the challenges that clearly and immediately and powerfully threaten actual survival. These do not include, contrary to ritual liberal insistence, mere hunger and poverty. Hunger and poverty are nothing novel and nothing special; in themselves they pose no peculiar problems that haven't been posed a thousand times before. The poor, we were told by a source that the pre-liberal West was once prepared to believe, we have always with us.

The crucial present challenges are, I believe, three: first, the jungle now spreading within our own society, in particular in our great cities; second, the explosive population growth and political activization within the world's backward areas, principally the equatorial and sub-equatorial latitudes occupied by non-white masses; third, the drive of the Communist enterprise for a monopoly of world power.

Looking through the glass of liberalism it is impossible, I repeat, even to see these challenges clearly. And liberalism apart, it cannot be easy for people like the author and most readers of this book, who lead, whether aware of it or not, lives carefully sheltered from social horrors, to comprehend the reality of our domestic jungles. Strained headlines thrust it on our attention, but the mechanical repetitions of sensationalist journalism have come to seem almost as meaningless as a TV serial.

History has a remarkable way of providing striking visual symbols of what is really going on, that tell us much more than the pretentious statistics of the sociologists. In the parks of our great cities, exactly as in all jungles, honest men may no longer move at night; when the sun goes down they must stay near the fires, while the beasts prowl. In those dark jungles and along the jungle paths into which the night transforms so many city streets, huge dogs now join the few hunters still on trail. What have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dogs—killer dogs, moreover—to do with men? But dogs are of course appropriate companions in hunting the beasts of the jungle.

For the liberal ideology, the domestic jungles are the merely temporary by-products of a lack of education and faulty social institutions, to be cleared up by urban-renewal programs, low rents, high minimum wages, and integrated schools—in which regulations forbid physical discipline, expulsion, or failing to certify every student to the next higher grade each year.

THE BACKWARD REGIONS of the equatorial zones are only, for liberalism, enlarged slums that will be put to rights by the standard remedies: education, democracy, and welfare in the special form of foreign aid. It is impossible for liberalism, or liberals, to face a truth that is perhaps too terrible for any secular ideology to face: that, with only minor exceptions, there is no chance whatever to cure the hunger, poverty, and wretchedness of these two billion human beings in the foreseeable future; that these conditions will, on average, much more probably worsen than improve even in small measure.

Liberalism cannot either see or deal with the domestic jungle and the backward regions—the two challenges are closely similar. Liberalism is unfitted by its rationalistic optimism, its permissiveness, its egalitarianism and democratism, and its guilt. Consider once more the logic of liberalism in relation to the backward regions, bringing it to bear on the question of survival.

From the universalism and democratism of the liberal ideology there follows, as we saw, the familiar one-man/one-vote principle of which so much has lately been made. (The United States Supreme Court explicitly affirmed it in its March 18, 1963, decision on the Georgia voting case.) This principle implies, by simple arithmetic, the subjugation of the West: the members of Western civilization are a small minority—it is as simple as that. The economic egalitarianism of the liberal ideology implies, as we also saw, the reduction of Westerners to hunger and poverty. Of course liberals hide these implications from themselves and from Western public opinion. They dream up some sort of world democracy in which a reasonable world society uses the one-man/one-vote principle to achieve universal freedom, peace, and justice; and economic egalitarianism means plenty for all. But that is ideological fantasy. It is the subjugation (or disappearance) of the West, and Western—indeed, universal—hunger and poverty, that are the unavoidable end terms of the logic of liberalism.

Naturally this logic is not carried out, or has not yet been carried out, all the way in practice. But in the soul of liberalism, and in the Western civilization that liberalism has permeated, this logic works like a spiritual worm, corrupting the will of the West to survive as a distinctive historical entity, easing the dissolution of the West into the distinctionless human mass. It could not be otherwise. In this case the liberal knows he is guilty, and his guilt is not a mere subjective sentiment. It is a fact that the liberals of the affluent society, by not yielding their power and privileges more fully and more quickly, are guilty: guilty, precisely, of betraying their own principles.

There is only one way to escape the conclusions from these logical deductions: by rejecting at least some of the principles from which the deductions start. There would have to be a rejection, in particular, of the quantitative reduction of human beings to Common Man; and a reassertion of qualitative distinctions. Quite specifically, there would have to be reasserted the pre-liberal conviction that Western civilization, thus Western man, is both different from and superior in quality to other civilizations and non-civilizations, from whatever source that difference and superiority are derived or acquired. And there would have to be a renewed willingness, legitimized by that conviction, to use superior power and the threat of power to defend the West against all challenges and challengers. Unless Western civilization is superior to other civilizations and societies, it is not worth defending; unless Westerners are willing to use their power, the West cannot be defended. But by its own principles, liberalism is not allowed to entertain that conviction or to make frank, unashamed, and therefore effective use of that power.

IT IS THE challenge of the Communist enterprise that most clearly, directly, and immediately threatens Western survival. The challenge of Communism is from the Left; and all the major challenges that now bear crucially on survival come from the Left. But liberalism, as we have seen in some detail, is unable to conduct an intelligent, firm, and sustained struggle against the Left. Liberalism can function effectively only against the Right.

Jules Monnerot, one of the most remarkable writers on the really serious issues of our time, summed up some years ago the West's discouraging dilemma in the fight against Communism: the Left is infected with it, and the Right cannot understand it. Liberalism is infected with Communism in the quite precise sense that Communism and liberalism share most of their basic axioms and principles, and many of their values and sentiments. In terms of theoretical principle, it is only what remains in modern liberalism of the older individualistic doctrine that sharply differentiates liberalism from Communism.

The secular, historically optimistic, reformist, welfare-statist, even the plebiscitary aspects of liberalism are all present in Communism. Liberals and Communists are, most of the time, *against* the same things and persons—whether Franco or McCarthy, the Chamber of Commerce or the John Birch Society, colonialism or the House Committee on Un-American Activities, big landlords or segregated schools, Tshombe or Arleigh Burke, Diem or Chiang or J. Edgar Hoover. They have the same enemies: and the choice of the enemy is the decisive act in determining the nature of political struggle. What Communism does is to carry the liberal principles to their logical and practical extreme: the secularism; the rejection of tradition and custom; the stress on science; the confidence in the possibility of molding human beings; the determination to reform *all* established institutions; the goal of wiping out all social distinctions; the internationalism; the belief in the welfare state carried to its ultimate form in the totalitarian state. The liberal's arm cannot strike with consistent firmness against Communism, either domestically or internationally, because the liberal dimly feels that he would be somehow wounding himself.

Though the principles of liberalism and Communism thus largely overlap in the abstract, Communism gives them an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

altogether different historical content; and Communism differs from liberalism even more grossly in the methods it employs. Communists are serious, historically serious one might say, in a sense that liberals can neither be nor understand.

Because the Communists are serious, they will have to be stopped, not by getting educated by liberals—the Communists know very well what they are doing—but by superior power and will. Just possibly we shall not have to die in large numbers to stop them; but we shall certainly have to be willing to die.

But modern liberalism does not offer ordinary men compelling motives for personal suffering, sacrifice, and death. There is no tragic dimension in its picture of the good life. Men become willing to endure, sacrifice, and die for God, family, king, honor, country, from a sense of absolute duty or an exalted vision of the meaning of history. It is such traditional ideals and the institutions slowly built around them that are in present fact the great bulwarks, spiritual as well as social, against the tidal advance of the world Communist enterprise. And it is precisely these ideals and institutions that liberalism has criticized, attacked, and in part overthrown as superstitious, archaic, reactionary, and irrational. In their place liberalism proposes a set of pale and bloodless abstractions—pale and bloodless for the very reason that they have no roots in the past, in deep feeling and in suffering. Except for mercenaries, saints, and neurotics, no one is willing to sacrifice and die for progressive education, Medicare, humanity in the abstract, the United Nations, and a 10 per cent rise in Social Security payments.

Thus, in relation to the struggle against the Communist enterprise, the principles of modern liberalism point inexorably toward the conclusion that has been brought to the surface by the younger people in the pacifist and disarmament movements: *Better Red than Dead!* Once again it is a cliché that goes to the heart of the matter. Unless the members of Western civilization, above all the members of its governing and intellectual elites, are convinced, convinced inwardly and absolutely, of the exact opposite —*Better Dead than Red!*—then their children are most certainly going to be Red, those of them who are not first dead too, for good measure.

III.

THERE ARE, thus, specific features of liberal doctrine and habit that explain, in each case, liberalism's demonstrated inability to meet the primary challenges to Western survival. The deficiency can also be related, as I have already suggested, to a more general trait: to the fact that liberalism cannot come to terms with power, in particular with force, the most direct expression of power. It is not that liberals, when they enter the governing class (or when they constitute a revolutionary opposition striving to become the governing class), never make use of force; unavoidably they do, sometimes to excess. But because of their ideology they are not reconciled intellectually and morally to force. They therefore tend to use it ineptly, at the wrong times and places, against the wrong targets, in the wrong amounts.

In all human societies of any magnitude—states, nations, empires, federations, whatever they may be called—force is an inevitable, therefore normal and natural, ingredient: inevitable both for the preservation of internal order and for defense against external threats. From a practical standpoint, everyone knows this, even liberals; a nation wouldn't survive two hours if all its instrumentalities of force and coercion suddenly disappeared. But though liberals know this insofar as they act in practical affairs, their doctrine does not take account of it.

The theoretical recognition and acceptance of the fact that force is integral to the social order presupposes a pessimistic theory of human nature, or at the very least the rejection of any optimistic view. Force is inevitable in society because there are ineradicable limits, defects, evils, and irrationalities in human nature, with resultant clashes of egos and interests that cannot be wholly resolved by peaceful methods of rational discussion, education, example, negotiation, and compromise. Understanding this, and admitting it, a magistrate will include force in his equations, and will plan in advance how and when to use it effectively; and if he is responsible and reasonably humane, the result may be that a minimum of actual force will be used in practice.

But the liberal is prevented by his ideology from admitting the necessary and integral role of force, and by his temperament he dislikes to plan consciously ahead concerning the ways and means of using force. Moreover, most liberals, as we noted, are foxes rather than lions. They belong to the types, professions, and classes who seek their ends by shrewdness, manipulations, and verbal skills. What tends to happen, therefore, when liberals become influential or dominant in the conduct of a nation's affairs, is that the government tries to handle the difficulties, dangers, issues, and threats it faces by those same methods, as Pareto observed in the quotation we earlier considered, and to shy away as much as possible and as long as possible from the use of force. In fact, the liberals tend to employ the social agencies of force—police and army—as above all instruments of bluff. Their actual use of force, which will always be necessary no matter what the theory, becomes erratic and unpredictable, the result not of a prudent estimate of the objective situation but of their own impatience, panic, or despair.

This happens in both internal and external relations. In the United States, for example, minority groupings such as trade unions and, more lately, Negroes have incorporated force among their methods. Under the influence of liberal ideas and persons, the authorities have for the past generation or so tried to omit the use of counterforce, and to meet the issues by diversionary maneuvers into bargaining rooms and courts, by manipulating public opinion, by offering compromises, and so on. But every now and then the conduct of a minority grouping gets so outrageous, or so nearly touches some public right or sovereignty, that direct counterforce must be brought into the game. The police get out their clubs, tear gas, and sometimes guns to stop a union's reign of terror, open up the public highways, or prevent intimidation of governors or lawmakers. But against the background of the pervasive liberal rhetoric and the usual liberal practice in these matters, the appearance of drawn weapons on the scene seems sudden and arbitrary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Kennedy-Johnson Administration, liberals, among them ideologues of the first rank, have had a greater voice in international policy than in any previous government of the United States; and it is not surprising that as a consequence the use of force in connection with international affairs has never been so awkward.

Cuba is of course the prime example. In most of the world, including all the Communist countries, the way in which the force available to the United States was mishandled in the Bay of Pigs invasion was quite beyond comprehension. (I happened to be in Manila; and I vividly recall how, when an American semi-official friend and I paid a visit to the floor of the legislature on the critical morning, we were surrounded by fifty or sixty gesticulating members who dismissed the published news as obvious nonsense and demanded to know how quickly the island would be taken.) As was later revealed, and could be readily deduced at the time, the liberal ideologues were the dominant influence on the policy then followed. It was not that they forswore the use of force: that would have been a decision which, whether correct or not, could certainly be defended. What was so remarkable was that they used just enough force to assure the worst possible result from all possible points of view. It goes without saying that men serious about force, and understanding its functions, would have brought to bear, once they had joined that issue, all the force necessary to finish it.

Laos, Katanga, and South Vietnam provide other typical examples. In Laos the United States made available to the anti-Communist government insufficient force to deal with the Pathet Lao but just enough to wreck relations between the anti-Communists and the neutralists; and then withdrew force from the anti-Communists in favor of a compromise that guaranteed continuing conflict in Laos itself and permitted the Communists to give uninhibited support to their fighting comrades in South Vietnam. In Katanga, the policy of the United Nations command, so far as the use of force went, was wholly dependent on the decisions of the United States to the extent that the United States chose to decide anything; and in this case conspicuously, as in the case of Cuba, United States policy was the product of the liberal ideologues. The force used in South Vietnam is considerably greater, but no less unsurely and inconsistently applied. It is enough to keep the country in a turmoil and to make sure that a good many people, among them Americans, get killed; but not enough, and not used properly, to defeat the Communists.

It should not be inferred from examples such as these that liberals never turn to the all-out use of force; merely that they seldom turn to the right amount of force at the right time.

IV.

WHAT, THEN, is the primary function of liberalism in our time? It cannot be supposed that a great ideology, capable of permeating the minds and emotions of tens of millions of human beings, inspiring the programs of governments, and affecting or even dominating public opinion within the major nations of the West, has no function; or that it can be written off by listing its theoretical errors and practical defects; or that it is sufficiently characterized by noting that its doctrines are favorable to the interests of certain social groups, types, and classes. Modern liberalism could not have achieved its profound and widespread influence, to which very few citizens of the Western nations are altogether immune, unless it fulfilled a pervasive and compelling need.

We finish our circle at our point of beginning: Liberalism is the ideology of Western suicide. When once this initial and final sentence is understood, everything about liberalism—the beliefs, emotions, and values associated with it, the nature of its enchantment, its practical record, its future—falls into place. Implicitly, all of this book is merely an amplification of this sentence. □

IV. Editor, Thinker, Colleague

Jeffrey Hart

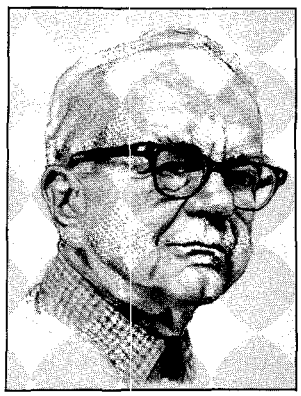
WILLMOORE KENDALL once told me that James Burnham would drink one martini, but only *one*, because he would in no way impair, even for an evening, that formidable instrument inside his skull. Whether or not that is precisely accurate, Burnham was a pre-eminent mental presence at NATIONAL REVIEW, never raising his voice, prevailing, when he did, through the modes of facts and analysis, so calmly that one never realized how powerful his presence was until it wasn't there any more.

When Bill Buckley was away, Burnham presided over the magazine, quietly, efficiently, patiently explaining: reason, analysis, history. His bald head, his thick glasses, placed him at both ends of the age spectrum, a physically powerful Nestor, or a brilliant fetus. During an editorial conference conducted by Burnham, the policy options were always carefully discussed. When he dealt with the editorial material submitted to him, his revisions were in the direction of greater nuance, more analysis, the introduction of words like "sometimes," "usually," and "it may be that." During the 1960s and 1970s there was an understandable impulse on the part of some conservatives to match the decibels and the passion of the New Left. Burnham would have none of it. He would not up the ante. Fact and analysis.

It occurs to me, as I write this, that three of the magazine's powerful senior editors during the Burnham era were what might be called fanatical moderates, having been, earlier, flat-out fanatics, creatures of the emotionally and politically de-stabilizing 1930s. Frank Meyer's Stalinism at length issued in his peacemaking "fusionism," a burying of the hatchet between the libertarians (in whose company he real-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly belonged) and the traditionalists (with whom he was uneasy). Willmoore Kendall's socialism turned, after Spain, into a "consensus" theory of American representative government, fueled by the idea that it is America's historic mission to provide for the world a model of such self-government. During the 1930s, Burnham had been a Trotskyist, meaning a Communist who did not take directions from the official Communist Party; among the then editors of *Partisan Review*, he was probably the closest politically to the Bolshevik in Mexican exile. But his political and intellectual activities of that period issued in due course in a passionately Aristotelian habit of mind, another form of fanatical moderation.



Many people closely acquainted with Burnham's work would say that *The Managerial Revolution* (1941) was his most important book. It was certainly prophetic. Orwell seems to have been both floored by it and inspired by it. But, of course, all of Burnham's books are important. Both Gorbachev and Deng are behaving as if they had read *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (1950). But my own vote would be for *Suicide of the West* (1964), a profound analysis of the self-destructive tendencies of liberalism, its corrupt, post-Christian desire to turn *your* other cheek, not its. This book evolved in stages, penultimately out of a seminar conducted at Princeton, where Burnham had graduated first in the class of 1927, and it remains in my opinion his masterpiece and *summa*, one of the central works of political and cultural reflection of our time.

Unfortunately, but predictably, this book was quickly smothered. In the *New York Times Book Review*, Irving Howe, our neighborhood socialist, reviewed it and to his everlasting intellectual shame ridiculed its virtually self-evident truths, adding for bad measure that Burnham had always been a "cold-blooded snob," than which nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, on his vacations, Burnham liked to take long automobile trips with Marcia, both viscerally and intellectually loving the ordinary life of the United States, fascinated by such things as families living in new sleep-in vehicles, and finding surprise and beauty in places such as Houston and Tucson.

It seemed to me that when the liberal reviewers and liberal academics rejected or ignored *Suicide of the West*, Burnham decided to forget about writing books any more. I may be wrong about cause and effect here. *Suicide of the West* is, after all, a *summa*. It says what Burnham had to say. Still, in my judgment, if *Suicide of the West* had been published in 1987 instead of 1964—when the herd of independent minds was terrified by Goldwater and LeMay—it would have been a success on the order of Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, which has rocked the academy and sold around 200,000 copies. Burnham, like Bloom, told the truth.

After *Suicide of the West*, Burnham's intellectual life was wholly involved with NATIONAL REVIEW. He enjoyed the weekly commuting, the magazine and the *Bulletin*, enjoyed the Tuesday lunches at Paone's and the accompanying editorial discussions—fact and analysis—and the Tuesday evenings at the Buckleys' on 73rd Street. His conversation was never, or at least seldom, chit-chat. It might be about the situation in Greece or, phenomenologist that he always was, the surprising amount of freedom he had found in Yugoslavia on a yachting trip out of Piraeus. One night, over drinks at a friend's apartment in the Village (it was Jack Cuddihy's, author of *The Ordeal of Civility*), Jim and Marcia noticed that there was something familiar about the place. It turned out to be the apartment in which they had lived back in the 1930s. No doubt many a Trotskyist plot had been hatched there, not, of course, involving the elegant Marcia.

No analyst of power can be 100 per cent correct about the quotidian, not even a peer of Machiavelli, Pareto, and Mosca. Burnham had a tropism toward Nelson Rockefeller and thought it a fine move when Jerry Ford named him Vice President. Burnham also achieved a negative fame for constructing an elaborate argument to the effect that for systemic reasons there could never be a serious split between Red China and the Soviet Union. As analytical errors go, that is a big one; but I wish I had made as few analytical errors as Burnham did in his post-Communist phase.

I earlier used the term "Aristotelian," an important one, I think, in assessing the mode of Burnham's mind. Burnham in his *NR* years reasoned from fact and analysis and history rather than from *a priori* postulates. He was also a professional Aristotelian, having for many years taught at NYU a famous course (among whose students was Delmore Schwartz) on Aquinas, a sort of baptized Aristotle, who was widely criticized in his time and since for giving too much emphasis to reason at the expense of revelation. But watch how Aristotle in the *Ethics* approaches the celebrated question of "happiness." Notice the epistemological modesty, the absence of a-priorism, the methodological respect for diversity of experience.

> Some people think that happiness is a virtue, others that it is practical wisdom, others that it is some kind of theoretical wisdom; others again believe it to be all or some of these accompanied by, or not devoid of, pleasure; and some people also include external prosperity in the definition. Some of these views are expressed by many people and have come down from antiquity, some by a few men of high prestige, and it is not reasonable to assume that both groups are altogether wrong; the presumption is rather that they are right in at least one or even in most respects.

"Or even in most." When you breathe the air of Aristotelianism, and gaze upon a blue Aegean of the mind, you do not willingly go back into an intellectual straitjacket. And Aristotle had an enormous intellectual charity. When he disagreed at the margin with Plato, he nevertheless loved him as a great philosopher. Alexander the Great could scarcely have had a better mentor than Aristotle. His thought shaped the mind of perhaps the greatest poet of the West, Dante.

James Burnham was of the tribe of Aristotle. One of the vexed questions of the present moment, especially in conservative circles, is the moral, legal, and constitutional status of the practice of abortion. Burnham's approach on abortion was in the spirit of the above citation from the *Ethics*. He would say, in effect: Wait a minute. Abortion has never *legally* been equat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed with murder—legislatures have never equated it with a shooting murder during a stick-up. On the other hand, he would continue, countless generations have regarded abortion as a *bad thing*. He would note that there have been a variety of statutes regarding it, reflective of opinion at particular times and places. If his book on Congress is any guide, Burnham would regard the issue as something for the legislature. It was in this spirit that he presided at NATIONAL REVIEW.

In his last year as principal senior editor, he, my own guide, philosopher and friend, grew strangely tentative about his editorial authority, checking his judgments about this and that with me, of all people. He somehow knew, I guess, that it was time to go home. *Il miglior fabbro*.

James Burnham was a great man who had a great mind. I myself feel his absence at NATIONAL REVIEW enormously, so much so that I would like to quote, in his and my own behalf, William Gerrard "Single Speech" Hamilton on the death of Samuel Johnson: "He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go on to the next best. There is nobody. No man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson." Or of James Burnham. □

C. H. Simonds

EACH OF US youngsters who gravitated to NATIONAL REVIEW in the Sixties and early Seventies arrived with his ideology on his sleeve and quickly attached himself, limpet-like, to one or another of the Pantheon: Free-Market Libertarian Goldbug latched onto Bill Rickenbacker; Young GOP Firebrand dogged Bill Rusher's heels; Perpetually Appalled Neo-Burkean Traditionalist was distressed to learn that Dr. Kirk never left Mecosta, wherever that was. A lanky youth or so even affected red ball-point pens and a Buckley drawl.

Perhaps because he was uncomfortable with, or in, tidy categories, no one gravitated immediately to Mr. Burnham. The "Mr." was never insisted upon; it was tacitly understood by every new kid on the block. At some point—say, after a casual chat about Americans' lack of a semi-formal mode of address comparable to the British use of a man's last name only ("Pray continue, Watson")—you came to realize that it was henceforth okay to call him Jim.

He was in no way stuffy, this most amiable and democratic of men; he simply valued his, and respected others', social elbow room. You waited for him to come to you. This could be discomfiting: "I believe your analysis of the Cambodian matter is incorrect." (Never "wrong"; "incorrect" —the Trotskyist locution persisted.) It could be exalting: "Nice job on the Swahili crowd." Or simply pleasant: "What is your position on lunch?"

Only rarely did the gloves come off. One raw youth, assigned an editorial paragraph on a topic he found uncongenial, frittered and stewed as the three o'clock deadline came and went; at a quarter past, Jim appeared in quest of the tidbit. "I can't write about that," the lad said. The domed forehead reddened (usually a sign of amusement; not this time): "You pay your respects to M. Pompidou and bring it to me in 15 minutes." Exit. Had the sufferer gone to Jim at one o'clock, he'd have come away with pages' worth of insights—not supplied, but evoked. It was an article of the Burnham faith that anyone could write intelligently about anything, at the small expense of a few minutes' concerted thinking. Certainly he himself could: he subjected any and every event, phenomenon, epiphenomenon to dispassionate analysis, often to the infuriation of the passionate. He was stingy with his outrage and his delight; his commonest response to the world's doings was: "That's *fascinating*!"

Those in the know awaited with particular excitement his return from the periodic rambles to the hinterlands he took with Marcia, soaking up his country, conversing with mandarins and mechanics, and—always—observing and analyzing. His meditations on matters great (blue-collar conservatism in the heartland—he was among the first to notice it) and small (the clothesline as a vanishing indicator of status) freshened the sometimes hermetic atmosphere of East 35th Street.

Jim was first of all a teacher; he taught primarily with black ball-point. Your clever assessment or ringing denunciation or fulsome endorsement of Whatever came back, meticulously transformed into a piece of clear, flabless thinking. Sesquipedalian—pardon, long and Latinate—diction became short and Anglo-Saxon, that being Rule One. In the short term, the emendations might smart; with time, they became delightfully fewer. He

David Scott

Aloïse Buckley Heath, Jim Burnham, Priscilla Buckley, at Priscilla's fortieth-birthday party. The gift passes muster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taught us, too, in the hurly-burly of editorial meetings. There, he could be Machiavellian (after all, he wrote the book); most often, he was the conciliator, the cooler of such heat as might interfere with objective analysis and clear exposition.

The neophytes moved up, moved on, minds and skills sharpened by having worked with Jim, and contended and laughed with him. Then came the bad years: we heard of the stroke that jumbled his memory; the loss of his dear Marcia; the final decline, as painless as it was swift. Now he challenges us one last time, to face his passing with the same grace he brought to it. □

Joseph Sobran

JIM BURNHAM was so refined and restrained that I nearly fainted the first (of two) times I ever heard him use a vulgar word.

A State Department official had just announced, with moral pomp, that the U.S. was withdrawing recognition of Rhodesia. I found Jim alone in his office on a quiet midsummer day. He commented: "Sometimes in this world you have to throw your friends to the wolves. But you don't have to talk a lot of shit about democracy while you do it."

That impressed me, because Jim was rarely one to vent indignation. Just the opposite. The other editors might be assembled like Agamemnon's council, shouting and banging their spears on the big conference table; Jim would sit, quiet and still, listening calmly as the furies spent themselves. Finally Bill Buckley would turn to him: "What do you think, Jim?" And we bangers and shouters would hush to hear the gentle rasping voice restore pertinence.

Jim appeared undistracted almost to the point of indifference. He smiled and laughed, but he was never one of the boys. His expression was typically concentrated and quizzical. To a reader his mind might seem cold, though his personal manner was always considerate.

I couldn't figure him out. It would have embarrassed both of us if he'd realized how intently I was studying him. I read and reread his books; they puzzled me too, though *Suicide of the West* had changed my way of seeing the world. His thought had a simplicity achieved by shedding the irrelevancies that obsessed others, including conservatives.

Burnham was interested in the logic of power. His method was to look at everything in the world from the angle of its power-value. This made the moralist in me squirm, especially since he regarded even morality under the same aspect. At times, with a few mild critical questions, Jim could make me feel like a sentimental, attitudinizing liberal.

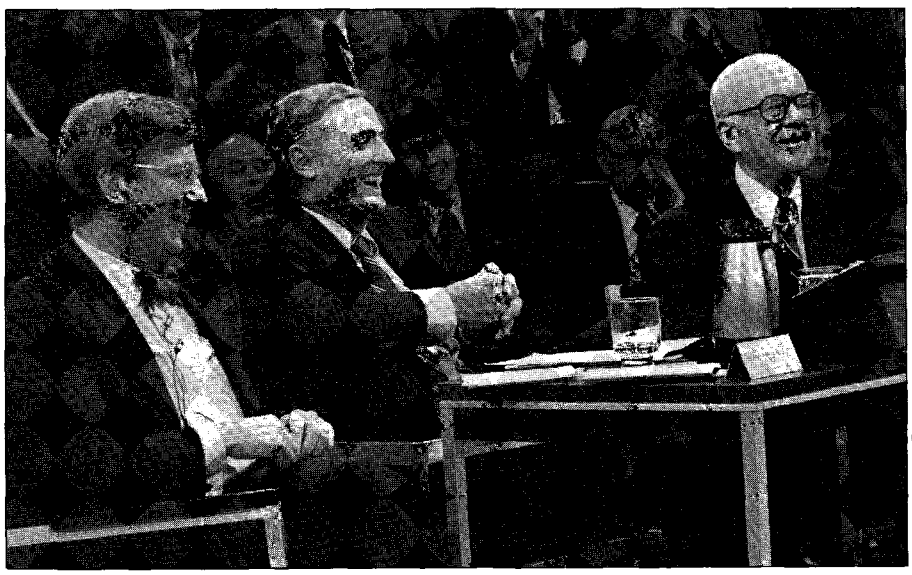
So I was fascinated by his own rare shows of anger: they disclosed a deep sense of honor, otherwise hidden like shame. George Orwell missed this (a natural enough mistake) when he accused Burnham of worshipping power. Jim didn't worship it; he did unsentimentally respect it, and he came to terms with it in his own way, without compromising his honor. Later, Orwell more perceptively saluted Jim's vision and courage, and made the geopolitics of Jim's early books the premise of *1984*.

The Machiavellians is the key to Burnham's thought. It sets forth his analytical principles so plainly—almost brutally—that it takes a stern mental effort to adjust to them; in order to grasp them you have to resist the normal temptation to import all the "values" he has eliminated. I took years getting the hang of this.

Jim did like to shock. *The Machiavellians* belongs to the same period as "Lenin's Heir," a piece he wrote for *Partisan Review* to "*épater les Trotskyistes*," as he told me once, smiling. He épatered them, all right. He called the holy martyr Trotsky a "Platonic Communist" and said that Stalin, not Trotsky, was Lenin's true successor. Far from "betraying the Revolution," Stalin had fulfilled it in its real essence: power.

Burnham made a cardinal distinction between those who know what they are doing and those who don't. "The difference between Henry Wallace and Gromyko," he remarked in 1948, "is that Gromyko knows what he's doing." For him that was the basic difference between any liberal and any Communist.

Liberalism and Communism, he saw, work toward the same *telos*, and though their notional goal is a fantasy, together they form an order in the realm of power. This could and did happen without liberals' fully realizing it; Burnham tried to deprive them of what he felt was their culpable innocence. Their relation to Communism fascinated him like a spiders' mating dance. You couldn't apprehend the Communist phenomenon without understanding its liberal paramour, the submissive partner offering herself in



Tom Gillespie and Terry Parke

George Will, WFB, JB enjoy a sally by their debating opponent and future Chief, during their Panama Canal debate in 1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sweet surrender. To the liberal, this was the world well lost; to Burnham, it was the suicide of the West. His sovereign eye seized the pattern of the twentieth century and made it shockingly obvious. Even now the world keeps enacting Burnham's thesis, as falling apples vindicate Newton.

He never burned to make converts. His titles were apocalyptic—*The Struggle for the World*, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*—but his prose was more analytical than oratorical. You could accept it or reject it. He knew how he'd had to earn his own vision, how much it depended on his own experience, readiness, personality, and luck. He was too fatalistic—too Marxian, maybe—to think that mere brilliance could infuse it into other men. If your way of seeing things happened to overlap with his, he might reach you, and that was about all he hoped for. He expected to be largely ignored by a preoccupied world.

He had been prominent enough in his day, until he unforgivably offended the respectable Left—not the sort of thing a power-worshipper would have done—by refusing to indignate against Joe McCarthy. Then he was ostracized. I never heard him express the slightest bitterness about this; he'd known what he was dealing with—History, on a certain scale—and I don't think he took it personally.

He seemed quite content with his perch at NATIONAL REVIEW, from which he could speak with all the freedom he wanted to those who had ears to hear. He wasn't a lapel-grabber, after all. Life's options were always more or less narrow, and the art of living was to exploit the givens. "If there's no alternative," he would say, "there's no problem." Don't curse fate; just look for the available pressure points. He exercised his own kind of power, the leverage of words cunningly chosen and timed. But some of those words survive their contexts with inexhaustible implications. □

Linda Bridges

JIM BURNHAM was the big surprise for a young person coming to NATIONAL REVIEW in the late Sixties. Bill Buckley and Bill Rusher were public figures, their television personas, at least, known to us for years. Frank Meyer, the Wizard of Woodstock, was a local legand. Priscilla was—Priscilla, a legendary figure in her own right and the keeper of the tablets, telling us her marvelous stories, bringing us into *NR*'s history.

But Burnham was a different matter. It was possible to have come to NATIONAL REVIEW never having heard of him except as the author of the "Third World War" column (later "The Protracted Conflict") in the magazine. Only gradually did the picture emerge, and then often through semi-casual asides, like "When I was a Trotskyist . . ." Browsing through the office library, we might pick up *Suicide of the West*, *The Managerial Revolution*, *The Machiavellians*, or one of those powerful little books in their sub-fusc covers—*The Struggle for the World*, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, *Containment or Liberation?* There was much excitement when one of us, looking through an Orwell collection upstairs, came across an essay on Burnham that unwittingly documented Orwell's massive failure to comprehend serious irony. We learned that Burnham had been not merely a Trotskyist, but Trotsky's leading ideologist in the United States; and that some time after he broke with Trotsky, he had joined "another organization" (the CIA, we whispered to each other). In this context of anti-Stalinism merging into anti-Communism, his explanation of why he did not join *NR*'s twentieth-anniversary trip to Russia rang chillingly true: Well, he said reflectively, they just might want to ask me a few questions, and I'd rather not be in a position where I might have to answer them.

But all that, as I say, we learned gradually. As far as the editorial assistants were concerned, this cheerful, rather grandfatherly man who arrived every Tuesday morning at 10:50 and left every Wednesday at 3:50 (i.e., 13 minutes after the first non-rush-hour train of the morning arrived at Grand Central, 25 minutes before the last non-rush-hour train of the afternoon departed) was our teacher: not just editing our copy and hoping we would improve by osmosis, but patiently going over our efforts with us, explaining why this prepositional phrase was no good for the beginning of a *Bulletin* paragraph, how we could easily condense that paragraph into ten lines, or why (in the same tone of voice) a romantic view of the present-day IRA based on the events of 1916 was not going to appear in the *National Review Bulletin*.

That sort of cool clear-headedness was the Burnham trademark. But there was the time that Garry Wills wrote something particularly foul about Bill Buckley in his newspaper column. Jim (it had taken about six years for most of us to timidly address him as Jim, much as we liked him: I suppose it was that air of calmly seeing through everything that made him seem like the most grown-up person we knew, not easily *tutoyé*) countered with an editorial paragraph that blistered the paper it was written on. To the remark, "I've never seen you so angry," he replied, with his Mona Lisa smile—serene, knowing more than he chose to say—"Who, me? I'm just a verbal technician." Sure, Jim.

He had the breadth of experience to make his scorn of New Class and ivory-tower intellectuals stick. When he said of some newly minted Manhattan populist, "Huh! Can you see him bellying up to the bar with the boys?" you knew that Jim had put in his time with the workers in his Trotskyist days. When someone expressed a fear of airplanes, Jim would mildly recall that he had been in three plane crashes his first year of flying. He had pulled porcupine quills out of the nose of Lucy, his German shepherd, and had shot down a berserk hawk that was attacking a neighbor child.

On an early trip to France, Jim recalled, he had learned to play *chemin de fer* high, wide, and handsome on the Spanish border—taking wild chances and not infrequently coming up a winner. When, later that year, he tried to play the same way in classy Deauville, he was taken aside by the manager, who explained, "*Monsieur*, you have a responsibility to the people betting on you. Here, you are not permitted to take such risks."

It may not be farfetched to say that he absorbed this distinction, and applied it to other situations. When Bill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burnham's Laws

1. Everybody knows everything.
2. Who says A must say B.
3. Just as good, isn't.
4. You cannot invest in retrospect.
5. Wherever there is prohibition there's a bootlegger.
6. In every project there's a Schlamm.

vii. You can't divorce yourself.

viii. Every member must pay his dues.

ix. No excuse, sir.

10. If there's no alternative, there's no problem.

Buckley was in the office, acting as editor of the editorial section, there was always the chance that Jim's naughty streak would emerge—proposing some off-the-reservation topic or writing an especially inflammatory editorial, and waiting for Bill to shoot it down. But when Bill was away and Jim took over the section, he would be punctiliously careful, postponing topics that might be divisive within conservative ranks, refusing to commit the magazine to anything that had not been at least discussed with Bill. And it was always clear that his motive was the farthest thing in the world from timorous self-preservation: it was loyalty, pure and undisguised, and we loved him for it.

This loyalty might not have been predicted from Burnham's pre-NATIONAL REVIEW career: but then again it might. Burnham sometimes said—although I've never *entirely* decided how to take this statement—that, during his peregrinations across the political spectrum, his beliefs had never changed: he had, in each case, come to discover that the means he had embraced would not in fact lead to the end he envisioned. That he stuck with NATIONAL REVIEW to the end of his life may say that he finally had found the appropriate means to his end.

From time to time Jim would mention Burnham's Laws, or use one or another of them in print. (I think my favorite of his "Protracted Conflicts" was the one that began with: "Who says A must say B," a proposition that he applied to the day's events through nine hundred words before closing with pure Burnham cheek: I began this column, he said, with the Trotskyist formulation; here is the Thomist one: "Who wills the ends, wills the means"). But when asked, Are the Laws written down anywhere? he would say, "Only in the hearts of my children." One day, though, during an editorial lunch upstairs Jim was in an especially genial mood, and allowed himself to be coaxed into reciting the whole canon. Dan Oliver (then *NR*'s Executive Editor, now Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission) covertly took notes under the table, typed them up after lunch, and offered them to Jim for verification. Jim gave in gracefully, and consented to the transferral of Burnham's Laws from the oral tradition to documentary form. But: if they were to be written down, they had to be written down right. No comma here, but insert one there. That should be a contraction. And seven through nine should be numbered differently—how about lower-case Roman numerals?—since they are more in the nature of exhortations or rebukes than full-fledged, eternally applicable laws, of which the last—"If there's no alternative, there's no problem"—had only recently taken its final form.

When, on a Thursday afternoon in 1978, we learned—Priscilla got the phone call and gathered us all into her office to tell us—that Jim had had a massive stroke and, even if he survived, would almost surely never work again, our first thoughts, of course, were for him, and for Marcia and their children; and then for our senior colleagues and ourselves. But those of us who had studied in the James Burnham School of Editorial Writing also spared a thought for the generations of editorial assistants who would never have Mr. Burnham come into their office, his nose buried in a piece of paper, and shyly but firmly begin: Now, about this paragraph on the French elections . . . □

Richard Brookhiser

SOME YEARS AGO, flipping through an *NR* bound volume from the Fifties, I lighted on an editorial concerning recent events in Algeria.

"It was a traditional medieval belief that there was one unforgivable sin—the sin, as it was darkly spoken of, against the Holy Ghost. Although the theologians never declared its exact nature, it was generally thought to consist in the hardening of the intellect against the truth . . .

"In our own day it may be necessary to enlarge the idea of the unforgivable sin in order to subsume also the hardening of the heart against love and anguish: not firmness, not coldness even, but a shutting off of the spirit, a refusal alike to hate evil or to love good, and hence unforgivable because the good must be inevitably and forever lost to a soul that is dead to hate and love.

"On May 30 the assassins of the Algerian National Liberation Front, their breasts raging with the fires of Hell, massacred every male inhabitant over the age of 15 in the village of Melouza, eighty miles southeast of Algiers . . . There were 303 victims, unarmed and defenseless, all fellow Moslems and fellow countrymen. Before the eyes of the assembled mothers, wives, and infants, the husbands, fathers, and sons were tortured and sliced to death according to the unspeakable and unprintable practice in use by the North African terrorists. . . .

"Not one prominent voice in the United States, official or unofficial, has been raised in horror or protest at this deed that, like its predecessors in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Algerian 'liberation struggle,' is not so much barbarous as Satanic. . . .

"Have we then reached a point where material complacency, 'reasons of state,' and a bloodless ideology of 'anti-imperialist' progressivism have quite dried up our consciences and hearts? Can we no longer recognize that it is not men fighting for freedom but the legions of Hell that are today loose in those North African villages? . . ."

Since this was the office copy, some neat hand—Priscilla's?—had penciled in at the bottom of this blast the initials of the author: "JB."

It is conceivable, of course (to be Burnhamesque for a moment), that the thing was an exercise merely: bait for theists. Conceivable, but stylistically incredible. The placement of those red-hot phrases—"legions of Hell," "Hate evil," "love good"—the way they arise, as it were, irresistibly from the measured prose, indicates the presence of a very personal forge.

JB didn't find such words in Robert Michels, or Machiavelli. Maybe he should have let us, and himself, see more clearly into their source. Whatever it was that moved him, no one worked harder or longer or more self-effacingly against the hateful legions. God rest a gallant soul. □

Kevin Lynch

My first job at NATIONAL REVIEW was as production manager of the now defunct *National Review Bulletin*—the eight-page newsletter that came out every other week, between issues of the magazine—which is one reason why I always had a special affection for it. But what really made the *Bulletin* special for me was the man who was its editor during the last decade of its life. The *Bulletin* reflected James Burnham's style and tone.

Like the magazine, the *Bulletin* had a section called "The Week," which consisted of paragraph-length treatments of domestic and foreign events. In the magazine these paragraphs can run to thirty lines, but Mr. Burnham liked to keep *Bulletin* paragraphs to ten lines. While magazine paragraphs make a point explicitly, *Bulletin* paragraphs were understated. The facts were laid out and *Bulletin* readers—a small but worldly band—were invited to draw the right conclusions for themselves. That was Burnham's way.

Each *Bulletin* began with an unsigned essay/editorial—known as "the lead"—by Mr. Burnham. *NR* readers will remember his foreign-affairs column for the magazine, but I believe his best writing for NATIONAL REVIEW is to be found in the *Bulletin* leads.

Typically, the lead would deal with the major news item of the week—a Communist advance in South Vietnam and its domestic repercussions; a development in the Watergate case. The *Bulletin* lead was stylish, less an editorial than the musings of an interested and highly informed observer. Mr. Burnham would examine all the angles and come to a conclusion that could never be predicted but was always on target. Many hit-men were after Nixon during Watergate, but none shot with the deadly accuracy of James Burnham in a *Bulletin* lead about the dangers of Caesarism. (Oh, to read a Burnham lead on Ollie North *v.* Congress!)

As the years went by, Jim Burnham's association with the *Bulletin* tapered off. First, he stopped coming into the office on *Bulletin* weeks. Instead he would send the lead down by mail. After a while, when his health began to decline, he stopped doing the leads altogether. Then came the stroke that ended his writing for NATIONAL REVIEW.

The *Bulletin* carried on for a while in its orphaned state, but, when the end came in 1979, no one was really surprised. Without Jim Burnham the *Bulletin* just wasn't the *Bulletin*.

Looking back, I wonder whether he realized what a giant he was for us all, especially the junior members of the staff. Though he wanted us to call him Jim, such was his reserve that he couldn't come out and ask us; he had to write us a letter. Our reluctance had nothing to do with the generational difference: Trotsky, we were sure, must have referred to him as Mr. Burnham. It was simply that we were in awe of him. Our tributes assumed many forms, not the least that he was never the subject of our ridicule, as were a number of editors who worked for *NR* only part time. They and their foibles were targets for the withering humor of the junior staff. Only James Burnham was immune from our savaging. It is possible—I am willing to concede—that he wasn't perfect, but he had to be very close to it to escape the mockery of the nitpick brigade.

Jan Lukas

Jims, Burnham and Buckley, greeting guests at NR*'s Twentieth*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our admiration took other, less ignoble, forms. I guarantee that any recipient of a Burnham compliment can, right now, rattle it off word for word. But the person who received the biggest compliment from him was Priscilla Buckley.

Mr. Burnham, we all knew, loved his home in Kent in the northwestern corner of Connecticut. Not only is that section of the state postcard beautiful, but many who pick up the morning mail at the Kent post office are listed in *Who's Who*. The point is that Mr. Burnham didn't have to come to NATIONAL REVIEW to find intellectual stimulation. He could go down the road for a cocktail with, say, Philip Roth. What kept him coming to *NR* every week, I am sure, was the prospect of sharing an office with Priscilla.

There will never be a more compatible pair of officemates. Though Priscilla can hardly be called gloomy, Mr. Burnham's presence seemed to make her even more cheerful and relaxed. What puzzles me is how they got any work done, considering the bursts of laughter that regularly erupted from their office. But they did manage to work—they worked together beautifully. It was this chemistry that made being part of the enterprise that is NATIONAL REVIEW an experience I'll always treasure.

While everyone associated with *NR* has a right to grieve for Mr. Burnham's death, we all realize that we must take our place behind Priscilla. Our loss cannot compete with hers. □

V. Father, Friend

James B. Burnham

THE IMPORTANCE of writing in my father's household was established, for me, at an early age. His desk and typewriter occupied a strategic location at the entrance to the living room in our narrow, railroad brownstone apartment above Lexington Avenue. One day, shortly after my younger brother, John, started learning to walk, my mother's cry of anguish was heard as she passed into the living room. The typewriter had been upset and was lying, a bit worse for wear, on the floor. "There goes our bread-and-butter machine," she groaned. Silence fell over the tinkertoy crew two rooms away, and we mentally joined the crowds of malnourished children pictured in *Life* magazine's most recent photo essay on the turmoil in just-liberated Europe.

Clear writing and clear thinking were attributes my father strongly encouraged in his children. After one lengthy treatise of mine explaining why recent grades at Princeton were somewhat short of parental standards, he was moved to reply, "The energy expended in your complicated hedge would probably have lifted your average a full group."

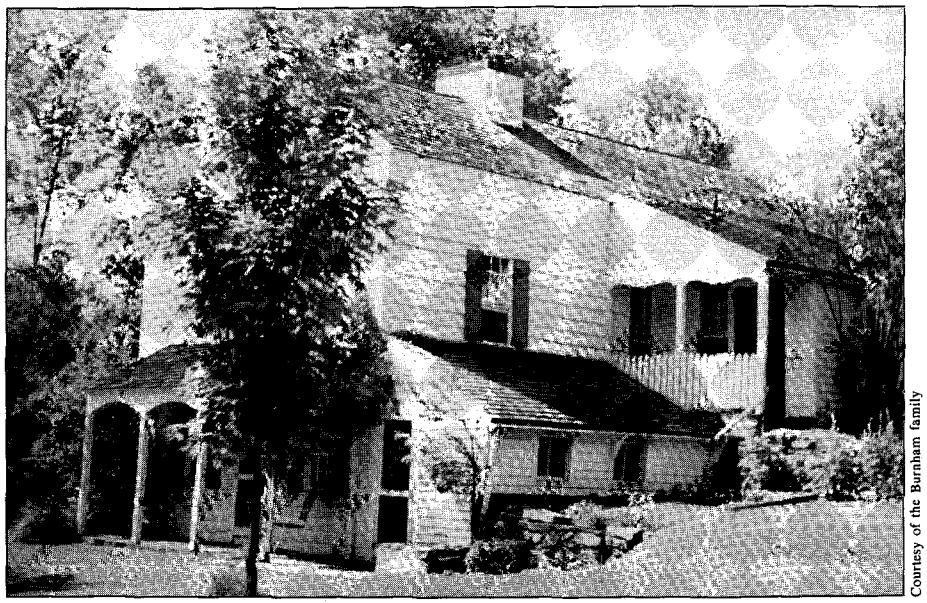
Although much of his fatherly advice toward getting on in the world was in favor of the low-risk, conventional alternative, he was not adamant in his views, perhaps reflecting his own rather unconventional past.

However, he and my mother did pack all three children (and the Doberman pinscher) into a station wagon in the summer of 1947 for a ten-month trip around the United States, wintering as the sole guests at an Arizona ranch. My older sister, Marcie, and I attended classes in the two-room schoolhouse of Amado, where we rapidly learned how to get along with a stern schoolmistress and an incredibly diverse set of classmates. When we were on the road, camping and climbing mountain trails were all too frequently interrupted with sessions for spelling lists, Shakespeare, and multiplication tables.

Later, the same disdain for the conventional system of primary and secondary education was repeated when my brother and I skipped half a year of formal teaching for residence in Spain and travel in Western Europe with our parents.

This emphasis on the outside world was always present in our household. In Washington, where we lived in the early 1950s, there were always visitors from abroad, and the opportunities for my budding stamp collection were the envy of my schoolmates. My siblings and I quickly learned to distinguish the French-accented English from the Polish version, and we could find the Ukraine on a map of Europe.

The rationale of our Washington tour was never freely volunteered, either at the time or later; nor were other periods of my father's frequently colorful political and personal history before the children came on the scene. Reminiscing was never his style, although occasionally, before his stroke in 1978, you could elicit a brief glimpse into the past. Only my mother could be relied upon to provide an occasional



Courtesy of the Burnham family

At home in Kent, Jim baked the rolls

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic scene, such as the afternoon all his correspondence with Trotsky went up in smoke in the incinerator behind their apartment. Indeed, the only records that he ever expressed an interest in retaining were for his frequent arguments with the IRS.

On the other hand, before 1978 he freely discussed and wrote to his children about current events and personalities, including the ups and downs of NATIONAL REVIEW and his continuing occasional contacts with Washington.

He was highly disciplined in his writing at home. When undertaking a book after our family took up permanent residence in Kent, Connecticut, he would retreat downstairs to the stone-floored living room/study immediately after breakfast, emerge for a brief sandwich at lunchtime, and return to "the bread-and-butter machine" for an afternoon session before breaking for an hour's work in the garden or surrounding fields. When deadlines grew close, this pattern was repeated seven days a week. Children were sternly instructed to keep clear of the writer's den.

As a parent, my father believed in setting clear standards—for school, for dress, for language, even for playing cards—and living up to them. Even well after his stroke he was ever alert to the grown child—or younger grandchild—who permitted an occasional "umm" into his or her speech. "Umm? That's not a word!" he would exclaim.

Until very late in his life, I never observed my father set foot in a church or temple outside the obligatory wedding or funeral or as a tourist. But he formulated a series of observations about the world that provided the basis for living honestly, the most important of which was, "Everybody knows everything." Children, of course, object violently to this, as do most adults, until they realize that it centers on the notion that the way in which one conducts oneself in personal relationships or business or politics can never be a secret from those who matter. Another law, which applied equally well to affairs of state or to children contemplating a choice of career or mate, was, "Who says A must say B."

He never codified these observations or "laws." [But see Linda Bridges's article, p. 48. —ED.] I suspect he felt that setting them down might be interpreted as moralizing, whereas he would consider his observations simply as propositions that describe the manner in which human affairs are actually carried out.

This emphasis on standards and a personality that outwardly tended to put intellect over emotion may have left some feeling that he was overly strict and unfeeling as a parent. But the time and care he spent in his letters describing his travels, life in Kent, or his current writing project show that he cared intensely about his family, even if direct personal affection was infrequently expressed.

Indeed, in the clearest letter he wrote after his stroke and our mother's death, he confided to a granddaughter, "It is a terrible thing about Grandma, and for me, as I'm sure you know, there is no real way to handle her death. But I do the best I can, and it certainly makes life possible when I have such a fine medley of sons, daughters, grandsons, and granddaughters." □

Priscilla L. Buckley

IT WAS IN 1956. I had returned from three years working for United Press in Paris to join the NATIONAL REVIEW staff, and already it was party time. Cynthia Castroviejo, an early and enthusiastic supporter of the infant magazine, was giving a three-month-old birthday party in her New York townhouse, complete with a huge blue-bordered *NR* cake.

It was an impressive, not to say overwhelming, group I was to meet that night: Willmoore Kendall I knew, and John Chamberlain I had met once or twice. But Willi Schlamm, Suzanne La Follette, Jonathan Mitchell were as yet unknown quantities. James Burnham was in an altogether different category: I had studied his *Managerial Revolution* at Smith with, as I was later to recall with amusement, the first Mrs. William O. Douglas, than whom they came no Redder. It was with some nervousness that I saw I would be sitting next to Jim Burnham at dinner.

He was tall, professorial in appearance, well-tailored grey suit, hair thinning and going grey, thick-lensed glasses, a shy smile, a courtly manner. He asked me courteously what I had been doing in Paris, and it wasn't an exercise—Jim was insatiably curious. He really wanted to know what was entailed in working the desk at a foreign news bureau. I rattled on, much re-

Jan Lukas

JB, PLB review Bulletin *copy. "They're learning to keep it short."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laxed, and before I knew it we were talking about geese. Not the migration of geese, or their nesting habits, or their possible extinction, but geese as household pets, geese as watchdogs (Capitoline Hill, Rome). Burnham, the philosopher, was engrossed by the behavior of the abandoned gosling he and Marcia had found and rescued the previous spring. The goose, having been brought up with the Burnham's dogs in their Kent, Connecticut, home, thought he too was a dog and would periodically startle a roomful of guests by taking a flying leap onto Jim's lap. (Marcia evidently found this less amusing than Jim, because by the time I started visiting the Burnhams in Kent the goose was gone.)

It was a wonderful, warm, offbeat, laughing evening, too short by far. The start of a friendship.

In due course I became managing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, replacing that tough and outspoken veteran of earlier ideological wars, Suzanne La Follette. In the resulting shuffle, Jim and I ended up sharing an office. "I think," he said, after the first week's try-out, "that I could be content here." For many years he came in to New York three days a week (later cutting back to two), and we would lunch or sup together two or three times in addition to the editors' fortnightly dinner, an *NR* institution. It came to be understood after a while that we would eat together unless either of us had another commitment. I always paid my share except on those occasions—a birthday, a return from a trip, even an editorial coup—when one would treat the other. When Marcia was in New York, which she was quite a lot back then, our dinners *à deux* were more often than not *à trois*.

Mary Anne Fackelman, The White House

El Presidente *awards JB the Medal of Freedom*

Somewhere in my files I have a memento of one of those evenings that records our easy camaraderie. I can't now remember what the controversy was about. All it says is: "Dear Priscilla, My husband is always right. Love, Marcia."

Jim was proud of Marcia and took her opinions and most particularly her intuitions seriously. They loved to travel. And letters would float in from exotic places, usually enclosing a column—which would arrive with clockwork precision whether mailed from Kent, Conn., or from Khartoum —and long, leisurely comments, many of them wonderfully Jim-like. From a chartered yacht in the Dodecanese islands: "The tourists have really spread over Europe in waves, just about like those which started from the northern parts in 3000 B.C. The most recent waves are engulfing Spain and Portugal, have hit here, and now I guess it's on to Turkey. We're just in time." Jim never took Marcia for granted. When he was in New York, as Bill and I noted with amusement, Jim would call Marcia every afternoon at about four, every evening at about ten. In the emotional hours following Jim's disabling stroke in 1978—when no one thought he would live out the day—Marcia told Bill: "No woman has ever been so loved." I believe it.

We talked about everything, and as the years passed we kept very little of a personal nature from each other. Jim's mind was extraordinary, logical and penetrating. Never was there a man so little misled by surface rhetoric. Jim looked not at what a man said, but at why he thought it necessary to say it. What were the underlying causes? the tactical considerations? the power vectors? This did not ingratiate him with his political opponents; it also deflated many a rhetorical flourish at editorial conferences at East 35th Street, discomfiting a number of his colleagues. This cool exterior of Jim's led many to believe that he was cold. There was nothing cold in the Jim Burnham I knew.

His warmth. Once, when I confessed to him my worry over Mother's prospective double cataract operation, he reminisced a little about his own mother. She had been perfectly well, he said, until she had a trifling operation in her early eighties—a nothing operation, but she was never really the same again. He had noticed about

> The night's hard rain has tapered off to warm springlike drizzle by the time a stream of black limousines draws up to the White House shortly before noon on Wednesday, February 23, bearing the recipients of this year's Presidential Medal of Freedom, their friends [and] families. . . .
>
> James Burnham, tall, distinguished, chats with friends who cluster around to shake his hand and congratulate him. His three children, Jim, John, and Marcia Willième, are there; it is everyone's unexpressed sorrow that Marcia Burnham didn't live to see this day. . . .
>
> After he has read the citation and presented the award to James Burnham the President's face crinkles in a smile. "I owe him a personal debt," he tells the audience, "because"—turning to Burnham—"throughout the years traveling the mashed-potato circuit I have quoted you widely."
>
> —PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY, NATIONAL REVIEW, April 1, 1983

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

older people that often it was one small thing that triggered the beginning of the end. It was Jim's way of warning me, without saying it, that perhaps Mother would emerge from the upcoming ordeal changed, and in truth she never did recover her old élan. Or, in another moment of personal turmoil—the untimely death of my sister Maureen, six years married, mother of five, 31 years old—his note to Bill: "She was the essence of what it means to be alive; even physical objects were brighter and more wonderful when she was there. She was the sweetest girl I ever knew."

His sense of mischief. Time after time at one of our quarterly editorial conferences ("Agonies"), he would suggest that perhaps our book section, then edited by Frank S. Meyer, could do with shorter reviews, four-hundred-word reviews such as *The Economist* ran. This would, predictably, send Frank right through the ceiling. The other editors would wait in joyful anticipation for this moment, sure that this time Frank would let it pass. But like Charlie Brown, Frank never failed to rise to the bait. "*Tu es méchant*," I told Jim one morning after a particularly spirited explosion from Frank. He smiled. "I know," he said.

His kindness. He would take in hand a young editor who was having a hard time writing an *NR* editorial paragraph and patiently explain where he had gone wrong without ever hurting his pride. At one point he decreed that editorial paragraphs in the *NR Bulletin* should run no longer than ten lines (about a hundred words), and within six weeks the young editorial staffers were writing terse, pointed short editorials, and were much pleased with themselves. When they needed it he gave them a shove, urged them to write that article they were talking about, lobbied for their promotion. The youngsters in the office had a very special feeling for Jim Burnham, a respect and a love they have accorded to no other editor in my experience.

His insights. Often I would find myself calling him when an office situation had arisen that worried me. He would listen carefully, ask penetrating questions, and, oftener than was good for my self-esteem, analyze what had gone wrong and suggest a course of action that would never have occurred to me. Frequently I accepted his recommendation, but when I didn't he was never offended. It was not Jim's way. I remember how startled I was when I recounted the misbehavior of a since-departed colleague and he replied: "But Priscilla, you must understand he is not a first-rate human being." Of course. That explained it.

In his seventies Jim began, methodically, to cut back the hours he put in at NATIONAL REVIEW while maintaining his personal ties and his standing as a Senior Editor. He came in fortnightly instead of weekly and turned the "Abroad" column, which he had created, over to Nicholas King. Toward the end, although he continued to write "The Protracted Conflict," he would join us on press week only every other issue.

In late January 1978, Marcia, a solemn Marcia, called from Kent, said there was something Jim wanted to tell me, and put Jim on. The news was terrible. On their flight back from Columbia, South Carolina, where Jim had joined George Will and Bill Buckley *v.* Ronald Reagan, Roger Fontaine, and Patrick Buchanan in a famous *Firing Line* debate on the Panama Canal, Jim found he couldn't see. An examination disclosed that he suffered from macular degeneration: he would in the not-too-distant future be blind. I was appalled, and I stuttered the usual palliatives and perhapses: perhaps he should get a second opinion, perhaps

On the Occasion
of the Presentation of

THE PRESIDENTIAL MEDAL OF FREEDOM

THE WHITE HOUSE
Wednesday, February 23, 1983

Medal of Freedom Citation

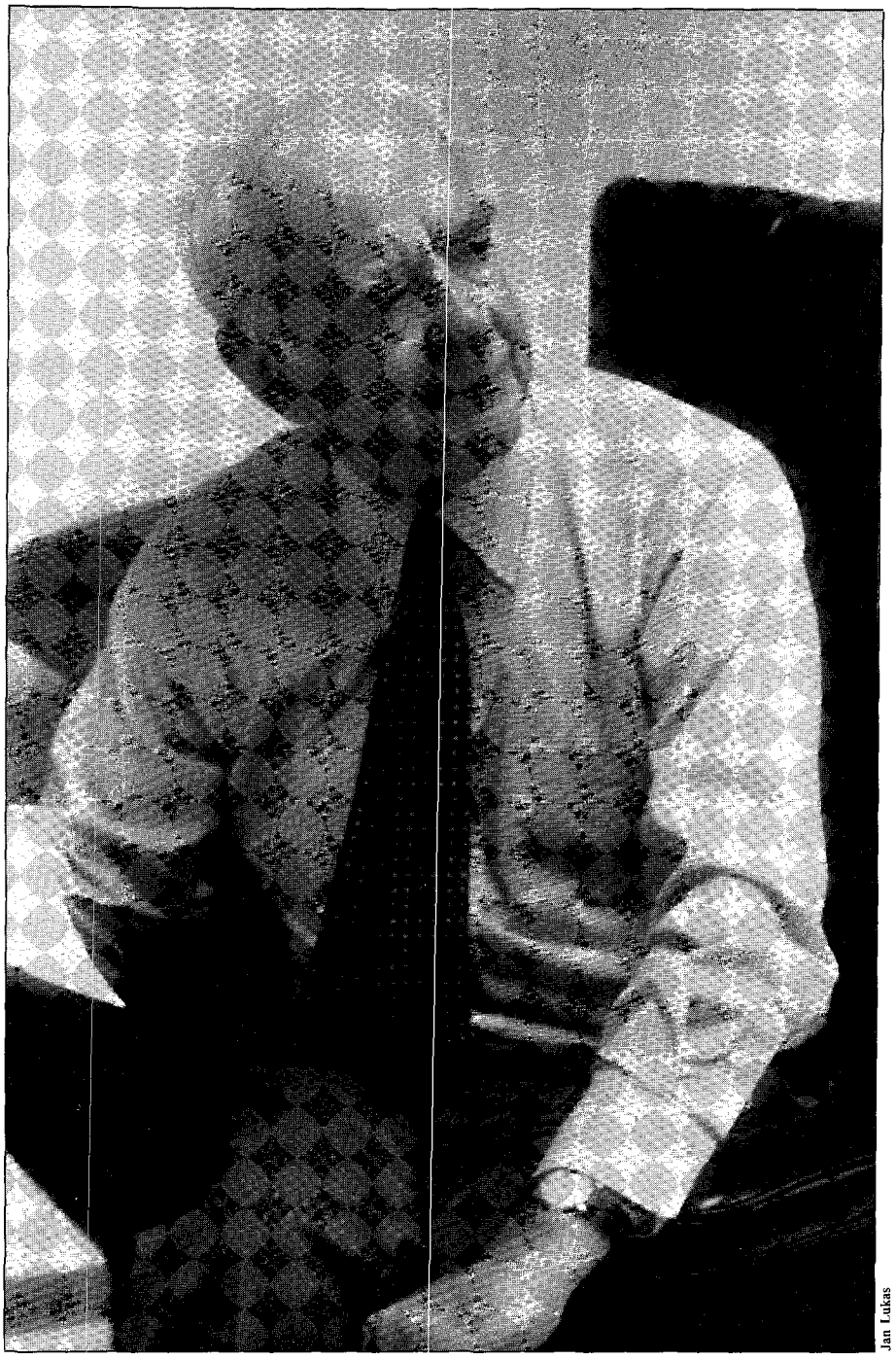
JAMES BURNHAM

As a scholar, writer, historian and philosopher, James Burnham has profoundly affected the way America views itself and the world. Since the 1930's, Mr. Burnham has shaped the thinking of world leaders. His observations have changed society and his writings have become guiding lights in mankind's quest for truth. Freedom, reason and decency have had few greater champions in this century than James Burnham.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was some cure. Perhaps . . . But true to one of his own Rules of Life—that if there's no alternative, there's no problem—Jim shot down my hopes. He would simply have to make the best of it, but of course it would mean the end of his writing for *NR*. It was arranged that I would drop in for supper in Kent Thursday night en route to my weekend home in Sharon.

I expected Jim to look different, somehow, but of course he didn't. He came out of the little study—the informal living room where he worked and where he and Marcia spent much of their time—to greet me as I drove up, and to silence the dogs. Our hug that evening was less perfunctory than usual. He made me a drink, poked the fire, brought over the nuts and cheese, and called up the steep irregular box stairs to tell Marcia I had arrived. He was anxious to tell me not about his illness and his despair, but about the steps he had taken to cope with them. He had ordered Eleanor Clark's book written when she was going blind from the same disease. He much admired her as a writer and digressed for a moment or two to tell me more about her. He had contacted the Library of Congress and ordered the free player and list of recordings available to the blind. He found it quite wonderful that he would be able to switch back and forth to what he was interested in in the tapes of contemporary journals —including *NR*—that he had ordered. It was a cozy, pleasant evening among friends. I had not looked forward to it, fearful as I always am of emotional tensions, but I had underrated my man. Jim Burnham was in this as in all else a realist.



Jan Lukas

It was the precursor of nine sad years. A stroke late that same year—when he was 73—left him physically unimpaired but destroyed his short-term memory. Without the tools, the building blocks of facts, the brilliant, searching mind was short-circuited. Marcia bore up magnificently under the burden of Jim's incapacity. But it took its toll, and once in a while she had to get away. They still entertained, although the parties were smaller, the guest list refined to those who understood. They still came to New York for an occasional editorial dinner, but it was never really the same. Then Marcia—the pillar—died suddenly, unexpectedly, aged seventy. A few years later, their only daughter, Marcie, was also dead, suddenly, unexpectedly, aged fifty. Sorrow upon sorrow.

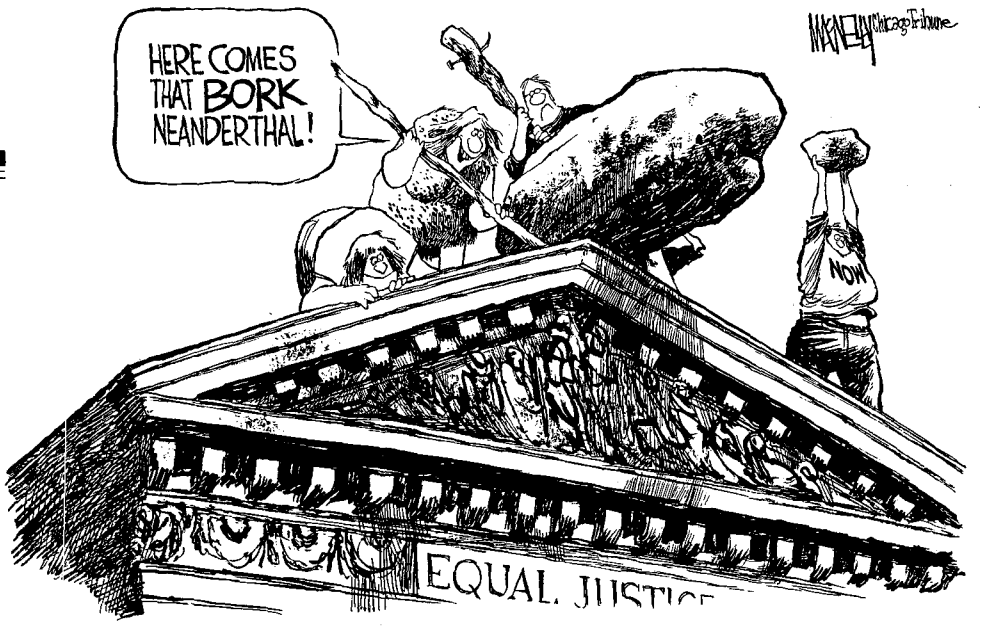
A year later Jim was stricken with the cancers that would kill him. I would drop over once or twice a week, and, so long as he could, he would stand up to greet me, and smile. "Hello, Priscilla," he would say, and then, as if surprised: "You are looking remarkably well." I would thank him but could not reciprocate in kind, for on every visit he was frailer, more withdrawn. So in the silence we would smile at each other and thus communicate our love.

It was a great joy to many of Jim's friends that in those final days he was reconciled to the church he had rejected as a graduate student at Oxford (Marcia's husband was not always right). The private funeral Mass was at the Sacred Heart Church in Kent. Through the Purgatory of his final decade he was spared one thing: the macular degeneration that threatened him with blindness was, mysteriously, arrested. The doctors recorded the fact but could not explain it. I pray and find comfort in the thought that it was a sign of God's all-encompassing mercy and grace. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

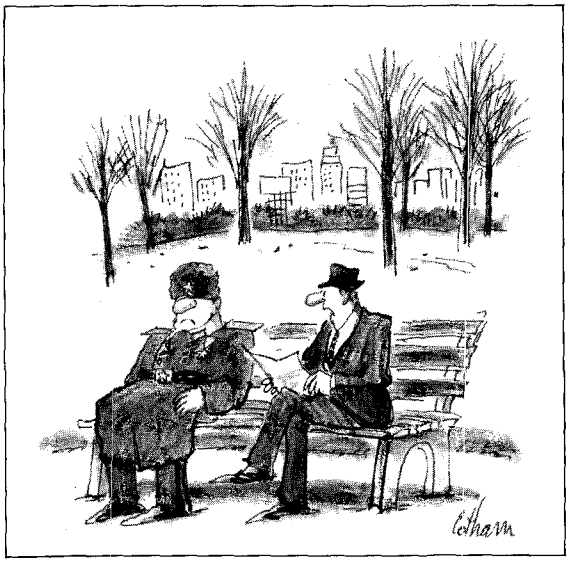
help !!!!



Minesweepers Required

Flattops, we've got, with 15 due,
Plus battleships (three) just like new,
As well as an assortment of
High tech to pull when others shove,
But like the king who tried to hock
His kingdom for a horse, our stock
Has sunk to such a low estate
That Holland's given us the gate.

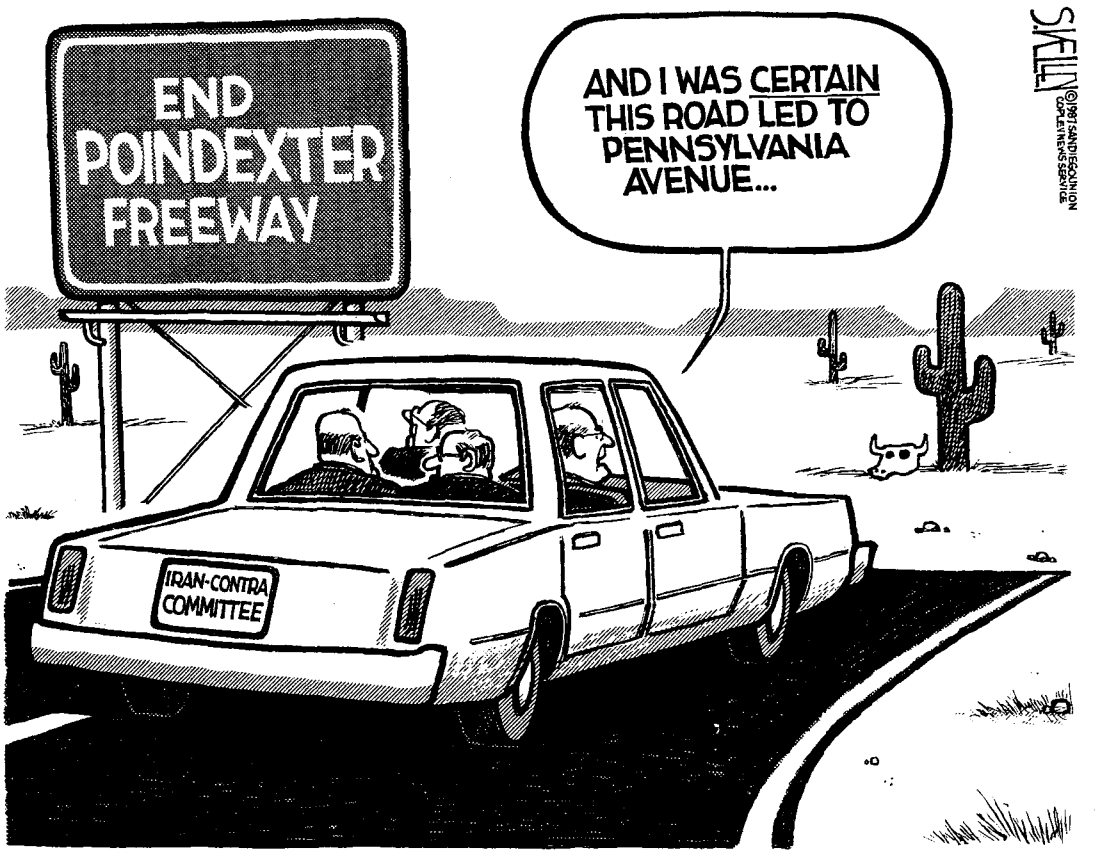
W. H. von Dreele



"Frankly, you're not my idea of what a Russian spy is supposed to look like."

"I was dancing with the dandelions, and the Baxters zapped them with a Weed Eater."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


END POINDEXTER FREEWAY
AND I WAS CERTAIN THIS ROAD LED TO PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE...
IRAN-CONTRA COMMITTEE
SKELLY
©1987 SAN DIEGO UNION COPLEY NEWS SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK INTELLECTUALS & THE SOCIALIST LEGACY

JEFFREY HART

REVIEWING William Barrett's *The Truants: Adventures among the Intellectuals* (Doubleday, 1982), Hilton Kramer began with some general observations about the influence of coteries. "It is often a source of wonder and consternation for the powers that preside over the great opinion-making organs of our society—in government, in culture, and in the media—to discover that the views so fluently disseminated by their vast enterprises have had their origin, more often than not, in the ideas and controversies of obscure intellectual coteries" These cliques, Kramer thinks, "have come—for better or worse—to exert a decisive influence on the course of culture and society." And indeed, in many cases one can name, that has been so. One thinks of the Clapham Sect and the Fabians, the Viennese psychoanalysts, the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century, the original supply-siders of a few years ago, and even the Twelve Apostles. Kramer, however, is writing about the "New York intellectuals," most of whom were associated with *Partisan Review* at one time or another since its founding in 1934.

One initially feels a sense of unease about Kramer's placing this group in the same category as other coteries that demonstrably did have some notable influence on their times' politics and culture. William Barrett's memoir, first of all, is entitled *The Truants*—by which he means precisely that his subjects were by and large AWOL from reality and responsibility. And yet, though Barrett makes no case for the continuing influence of this circle on American culture and politics, the "truancy" they represent may still be part of our verbal culture in the form of a continuing and powerful tug to the left, for which the enemy is always on the right, in the form of "racists," "sexists," "Red-baiters," whatever.

Barrett's memoir contains largely affectionate portraits of Philip Rahv, William Phillips, Lionel Trilling, and especially Delmore Schwartz; but it looks back on the whole cultural episode with condescension as well as affection. In Barrett's view, the *Partisan Review* crowd was fooling around with ideas like "Marxism" and "socialism" and "revolution," which in fact had little purchase on American reality. Even in the case of Lionel Trilling, with whom Barrett deals respectfully and analytically, his treatment is to some degree a dissection. Barrett, a philosopher, knows precisely the limitations of Trilling's naturalism and Freudianism—his Left component—and the disabling effect they could sometimes have on his criticism: this, even though he thinks that important themes in Trilling were also precursors of neoconservatism.

But there are other problems concerning Mr. Kramer's claim of sweeping influence for this particular coterie in its radical phase. In another essay on the subject, he argues, surely correctly, that the great vogue of *Partisan Review* began during the years around World War II and continued well into the 1950s, when it "emerged for the first time" as the leading literary and critical journal of the day. In that phase, however, there was so little trace in the magazine of the old radical militancy that when, in 1952, *PR* published a celebratory symposium called "Our Country and Our Culture," which ran through four consecutive issues, the only really virulently anti-capitalist and anti-American contributions came from two younger writers, Norman Mailer and Irving Howe, sounding in this context like visitors from some time warp who, against all odds, had somehow managed to keep their Trotskyist pieties completely quarantined from the experience of history.

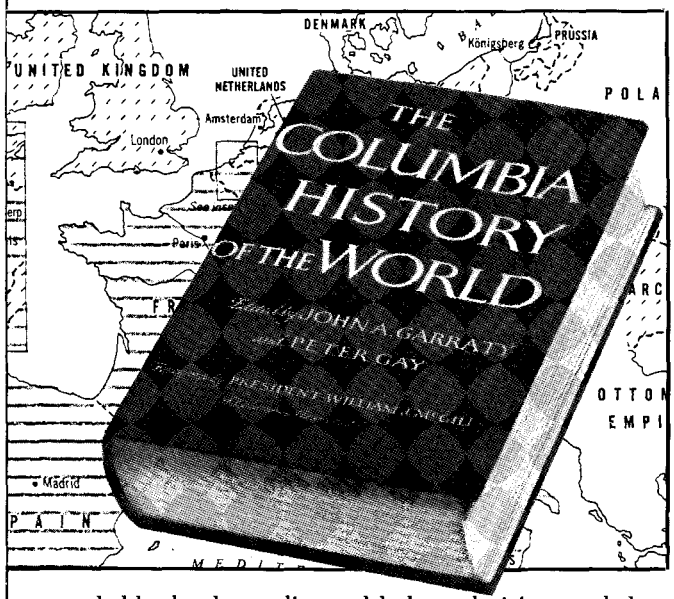
The whole matter has recently received serious academic assessments. One of these, *The Rise of the New York Intellectuals: Partisan Review and Its Circle, 1934-1945*, by Terry A. Cooney (Wisconsin, 1986), ends inexplicably with the year 1945. Another—*Prodigal Sons: The New York Intellectuals and Their World* (Oxford, 1986)—is by Alexander Bloom, a young professor of history at Wheaton College. Mr. Bloom, who is gently New Left in sentiment, has done prodigious research; even William Phillips says he learned some things from Bloom's book. But the work apparently was extruded from a trunkful of 5 × 8 cards. It is not well written, and it has a wholly inadequate grasp of the changes that occurred in the thinking of the New York intellectuals, and why these changes occurred. For Mr. Bloom, the really heroic days of the New York intellectuals were the earlier radical and Marxist days. As he relates it, they had a fling with the Communist Party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Presents

The History of the World in One Brilliant Volume!

This classic work represents the best efforts of Columbia University's most renowned scholars. Its scope is monumental, covering all aspects of our history from the beginning of the universe to the present day. Add to this its remarkable depth, quality and balanced vision, and the result is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority.



The Story Behind the *Columbia History*

The creation of the *Columbia History* was among the most important scholarly projects of recent years. A team of 40 Columbia professors collaborated on it, including historians, economists, political scientists, sociologists, biologists and astronomers. Each scholar contributed sections on his subject or period of expertise. Editors Peter Gay and John A. Garraty, both eminent historians and writers, interwove the material into a cogent narrative of the world's history.

A Book of Permanent Value—for Only $9.95

Unlike most books today, the *Columbia History* has enough reading material for several lifetimes of reading. Over the years, you'll turn to the *Columbia History* to explore new areas of interest and reread the sections that have always fascinated you. You will have an ever-growing understanding of Western civilization's origins and progress, plus an expanding awareness of non-Western history and culture. *The Columbia History* is a perfect addition to anyone's library because it is both a well-written historical narrative and an authoritative reference work.

Most books of this scope, size, and permanent value sell for exorbitant prices, but thanks to Barnes & Noble's 60% discount, the *Columbia History* costs only *$9.95*. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

Why Everyone Needs a World History

Let's face it—most of us, whatever our educational credentials, have large gaps in our knowledge of history. There are whole eras and countries we know nothing about; even in familiar subjects, we're sometimes a bit hazy on the sequence of events. A book of world history, particularly an excellent one like the *Columbia*, can fill the gaps in our learning and give us a solid chronological framework. Nearly 100 distinctively drawn and rigorously reasearched maps visually document the world as it evolved from the ancient past to the brooding present. 1,237pp.

SPECIAL OFFER
60% Discount
Published at $25.00
NOW ONLY $9.95

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVE.,
DEPT C135,
N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1041631. Please rush me___copies of the *Columbia History of the World* at your special sale price of $9.95(plus $1.50 postage and handling). N.Y., N.J., MASS. and PA. residents: Please add sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip_____

✓ *Charge It!* ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS Card ☐ MasterCard ☐ ☐ VISA

Account # _____ Exp.

Signature _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

university

The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber, living in the U.S.A., gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at **$5.00** a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

bookman

The University Bookman, P. O. Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and then, even after they broke with it, retained their radical principles for a while before becoming, alas, established and famous and, alas again, no longer radical. Some actually became anti-Communist or neoconservative. The plot is a tragic one, as he sees it: material rise, moral fall.

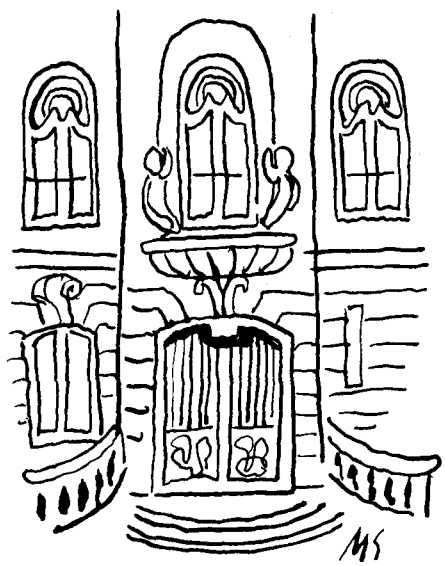
It is an extraordinary development, this New Left sensibility, which now floods the younger professoriate. Marxism and Communism are associated with innocence and virtue, while, at the same time, there appears to follow from this perception no thought whatever of practical action. Bloom, and the myriad like him—some of them far worse—are in effect pastoral poets. It is as if the changes in the views of the New York intellectuals had nothing to do with history—the Moscow purges, the murder of Trotsky, the Hitler-Stalin pact, Pearl Harbor, the Soviet betrayal of the Yalta agreements over Poland and seizure of Eastern Europe, let alone the huge fact that democratic capitalism, after the decade-long Depression, suddenly seemed viable again. Events of that sort tend to concentrate the mind, but not for Alexander Bloom.

Professor Alan M. Wald, who teaches at Michigan and has written *The New York Intellectuals: The Rise and Decline of the Anti-Stalinist Left from the 1930s to the 1980s* (North Carolina, 1987), has an even more aggravated case of nostalgic Marxist voyeurism than Alexander Bloom. In his lengthy account he too views the New York intellectuals as cravenly selling out Marxism for Americanism, but, caught in an absurd time warp, he considers himself a Trotskyist. He thinks the Trotskyist intellectuals of the late 1930s who opposed all aid to "imperialist" England were a purer breed of Marxist: Leon Trotsky was the real thing, while Stalin was a usurper of the tabernacle. Come on. Trotsky was as rigid and dogmatic as any Stalinist: the only difference was that he lost.

II.

In a 1946 essay called "In Retrospect: Ten Years of *Partisan Review*," *PR*'s founders, William Phillips and Philip Rahv, gave a concise account of the origins of *PR*: "Conceived in the fall of 1933 and born in February 1934, the magazine emerged from the womb of the Depression crying for a proletarian literature and a socialist America." The first nine issues, under the auspices of the New York John Reed Club, were avowedly Communist. But Phillips (*A Partisan View: Five Decades of the Literary Life*, Stein & Day, 1983) and Rahv were also drawn to the modernist movement in literature, and from the start there was tension between Communist Party orthodoxy and literary quality. Phillips and Rahv at last broke with the Party amidst much recrimination, found alternative financial backing, and started up a "new" *Partisan Review* in December 1937, adding to the editorial board Mary McCarthy (who was sleeping with Rahv), Fred Dupee, and Dwight Macdonald.

The magazine was still socialist and revolutionary, and undertook highly unproductive negotiations with Leon Trotsky in Mexico. Trotsky turned out not to be as disinterested as they had thought and, not accepting the role of "Contributor" to the magazine, instead moved—of course—to take it over.



But *Partisan Review* had something else in mind. Ever polishing the purity of its socialism, it envisioned a grand literary program in terms of Three Generations. Before World War I, there had been an authentic American radicalism, as in, for example, the works of Dreiser, Anderson, Veblen, Robinson, and Sandburg. This native radicalism, reinforced by the emergent Marxism of the Depression era, paved the way for the proletarian writers—Mike Gold, Josephine Herbst, and the rest—most of whom, however, were crude and propagandistic. Meanwhile, superior literary techniques had been developed by the great modernists, such as Joyce, Yeats, Pound, and Eliot, who were themselves hardly radicals or progressives. *Partisan Review* envisioned a purified socialism employing the refined techniques of the modernists and issuing in a grand 1930s synthesis. Needless to say, nothing much ever came of this ambitious program.

III.

But what did "socialism" really mean for these New York intellectuals of the Thirties? Sidney Hook was close to the *Partisan Review* circle at the time—indeed, he was a principal adjudicator of Marxist questions for them. He was also for a brief period close to the Communist Party, and was even approached by Earl Browder to commit espionage. In his recent political autobiography, *Out of Step* (Harper & Row, 1987), Hook is helpful in his account of his socialistic development.

> In my case, as in so many others, allegiance to socialism at first appeared to be primarily the articulation of a feeling of moral protest against remediable evils that surrounded us. . . . The appeal of the idea was threefold. First was its apparent rationality. . . . Second, and perhaps the most profound source of the Socialist appeal, was its moral concern, its sense of human fraternity . . . Third—and this appealed strongly to the young—was its heroic element. Human beings, instead of being creatures of circumstance beyond their control . . . could now become, within the limits of nature, masters of their own fate.

In time, however, Hook became acutely aware of the weaknesses of a socialism so described. "A curious feature of the Socialist faith before World War I was its trust in—perhaps it would be more accurate to say its absence of skepticism of—state power." Such socialists "scrupulously defined socialism to exclude dictatorship even before the terrifying visage of bolshevism appeared." In other words, the socialist dream neglected to concern itself with one of the fundamental questions of political philosophy, whether of the Aristotelian or the Madisonian stripe.

Lionel Abel, in his recent collection of essays entitled *Important Nonsense* (Prometheus, 1987), has shrewd things to say about Hook's relationship to socialism. He notices that Hook first tried to replace Hegel with John Dew-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ey in the Marxist matrix, dropping the Hegelian metaphysical "religion" in favor of contemporary instrumentalist "science." Then the fusion blew to smithereens, Dewey obliterating Marx. Another way to put it might be that Hook simply found "democracy" and "socialism" to be incompatible, and chose the former. As Hook kept reinterpreting Marxism in the direction of Dewey, says Abel, the Marxism of *Partisan Review* "in practice tended to include any critical approach that showed an interest in social and historical context."

As for Irving Howe, he was less analytical and less detached. For him, socialism remained a "passion," even as in subsequent years he tried without much success to redefine it in some way that had contemporary relevance; while Alfred Kazin's youthful socialism became something he now calls radicalism, difficult to define or apply, except as a rhetorical stance.

William Barrett, who entered the *Partisan Review* circle through his close friendship with Delmore Schwartz and became an editor in 1945, was a socialist during the 1930s but later rejected the socialist dream:

> The Great Depression hung over our heads, and socialism seemed like a simple and inevitable answer. I have to think now, however, that the same reasonably intelligent and alert youth I then was would have every reason today to be wary of socialism. The whole experience of our century weighs heavily against it; and if we are not going to learn from that history our position is indeed desperate.

This theme is a recurrent one in *The Truants*. In 1946, Albert Camus rebuked Barrett for calling himself a Marxist. Now Barrett writes,

> I think Camus was dead right. Our kind of Marxism was a luxury; it never had to sully itself by coming to power, and did not even have to ponder the problem of power generally and its crucial concentration in the modern state; on the other hand, we could keep the purity of our dissent by being detached from what we regarded as the wickedness of American capitalism . . . But in fact we were treading on air.

IV.

NEVERTHELESS, if their passionately affirmed Marxist and revolutionary commitments look vaporous and even comic from our present vantage point ("intellectual follies," to borrow the title of an earlier memoir by Lionel Abel), the cosmopolitan perspective of the group was important, and almost certainly contributed significantly to its influence.

One important feature of *Partisan Review*'s agenda was a successful effort to enrich the American literary consciousness with the best and most current European writing. Frequent in its pages were contributions from, or critical elucidations of, Eliot, Joyce, Rilke, Mann, Gide, Proust, Sartre, Kafka, Auden, Spender, Koestler, Orwell. But *Partisan Review*'s cosmopolitanism meant more than acknowledging European writing. It meant urbanism as against the rural (in a famous episode, Trilling managed, but only just, to bury the hatchet with Frost); it meant science, secularism, rationalism, and a correlative rejection of the mystical and religious, the nationalistic, the rigid and static, and the anti-theoretical. Edmund Wilson—whom the *Partisan Review* writers much admired although he kept his distance from the magazine, which he at least once called the *Partisanski Review*—argued provocatively that politics had little to teach literature, but that literature might well have something to teach politics: Flaubert was superior to Marx. In their intellectual development, indeed in their allotment of space in the magazine, the editors tacitly agreed.

Naturally, the *Partisan Review* critics took delight in polishing off the sentimentally Americanist—"the People, Yes"—art of the Popular Front period. They called it *kitsch* (a term first applied by Clement Greenberg) or Cultural Bolshevism (a Dwight Macdonald coinage), and saw it as employing sentiment to cover over the fact of the liberal-Stalinist alliance within the ranks of the Popular Front. One of the most powerful statements ever made against this liberal-Communist alliance was a 1946 editorial written by William Barrett entitled "The Liberal Fifth Column." Reviewing Malraux's Popular Front novel *Man's Fate*, Fred Dupee found it propagandistic, flawed in its grasp of reality, sentimental, and a sign of Malraux's intellectual decay. Rahv was suspicious of Ignazio Silone's growing mysticism, and Abel found in Silone a dismaying shift from the head to the heart, which coincided with the surrounding evasions and emulsifications. Leslie Fiedler thought that Alger Hiss and his defenders were typical products of the Popular Front period, and he was undoubtedly right. Sometimes, the *PR* crowd may have gone too far, as in Trilling's attack on Dreiser. But, on the surface, at least, the New York intellectuals were firm democrats and committed to the highest intellectual values.

V.

AND YET; and yet . . . For nearly 15 years after World War II, a tough-minded and combative anti-totalitarianism was the normal position among the New York intellectuals, and the socialist theme virtually disappeared from *Partisan Review*: Indeed, *Dissent* was founded in 1954 as a "reaction to the gradual but steady disintegration of the socialist movement." Meyer Schapiro, a founder of *Dissent*, saw his magazine simply as critical both of the Right and of the Soviet Union. But *Dissent*, whatever the content of its socialism, never established itself as having the appeal or the clout of *Partisan Review*.

Lionel Trilling, Philip Rahv, William Phillips, Leslie Fiedler, and other *Partisan Review* contributors, along with Irving Kristol (a bit outside the immediate circle) and Daniel Bell, gave anti-totalitarian themes varying degrees of prominence in their work. Trilling certainly rejected socialism and, by example, encouraged others to reject it, by teaching the truth of multiplicity and complexity; in his later phase, he even distanced himself from the great modernists, in a famous essay that repeated the title of an Arnold essay, "On the Modern Element in Literature." Trilling, always ambivalent, seemed by that time to feel more at home among the Victorians. Dwight Macdonald, in his own magazine, *Politics*, excoriated the 1948 fellow-traveling presidential campaign of Henry Wallace.

But, around the year 1958, something strange happened to the New York intellectuals. *Partisan Review*, which had always and under every circumstance stood for a virtually puritanical insistence on the very highest standards in literature—which had broken with the Communist Party over modernist standards of literary excellence—suddenly seemed to have thrown such standards overboard by em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bracing the New Left's "new sensibility," as exemplified by Susan Sontag's famous essay on "Camp," which amounted to a brilliant legitimation of trash. Miss Sontag's essay was so provocative that any editor would have been proud to publish it; but an editor might also have thought to answer her argument by saying that, after all, there is a difference between Michelangelo and Andy Warhol.

Worse followed. Mary McCarthy found her way from "Our Country and Our Culture" to, of all places, Hanoi, and was absolutely ga-ga about her experiences there. So much for her celebrated "intelligence." Philip Rahv reappeared as a professor at Brandeis and a born-again Leninist, with a townhouse on Beacon Hill. He launched a new and evil magazine called *Modern Occasions*, in which, among other things, he printed a vicious attack on Lionel Trilling as a sellout of the radical cause.

All of this gave credibility to Norman Podhoretz's later summary, *Breaking Ranks: A Political Memoir* (Harper & Row, 1979):

> I now realize that neither *PR*'s anti-Communism in the Thirties nor its defense of "our country and our culture" in the Fifties was powerful enough to overcome its unshakable commitment to the Left. *That*, it turns out, was what truly defined the tradition of *PR*: the struggle to maintain solidarity with the Left even when one recognized that the Soviet Union was (yes) an evil empire and that the United States was with all its faults a decent society. . . . The vision of this utopian Left is, it has now become clear, far more precious to all of them than the real civilization in which we live in the here and now. . . .

Hilton Kramer agrees:

> While enthusiastically embracing the rewards which their new status brought them—professorships in the universities, staff jobs on *The New Yorker*, and the loving attention of the media—they were nonetheless haunted by the specter of the radical vocation and possessed by the rhetoric it had bequeathed to them. Which is why the political and cultural upheavals of the Sixties represented such a crisis for the New York intellectuals, and in fact marked the termination of their movement.

Too many of them had never abandoned the Left at all, at least not emotionally.

In his fine memoir *The Intellectual Follies: A Memoir of the Literary Venture in New York and Paris* (Norton, 1984), Lionel Abel places the end of the New York intellectuals as a group in 1958, in a scene of high comedy and intellectual tragedy. Meeting in the Manhattan townhouse of millionaire leftist Joseph Buttinger was a representative group: Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, Harold Rosenberg, William Phillips, Norman Podhoretz, Paul Goodman, Hannah Arendt, Eric Bentley, Meyer Schapiro.

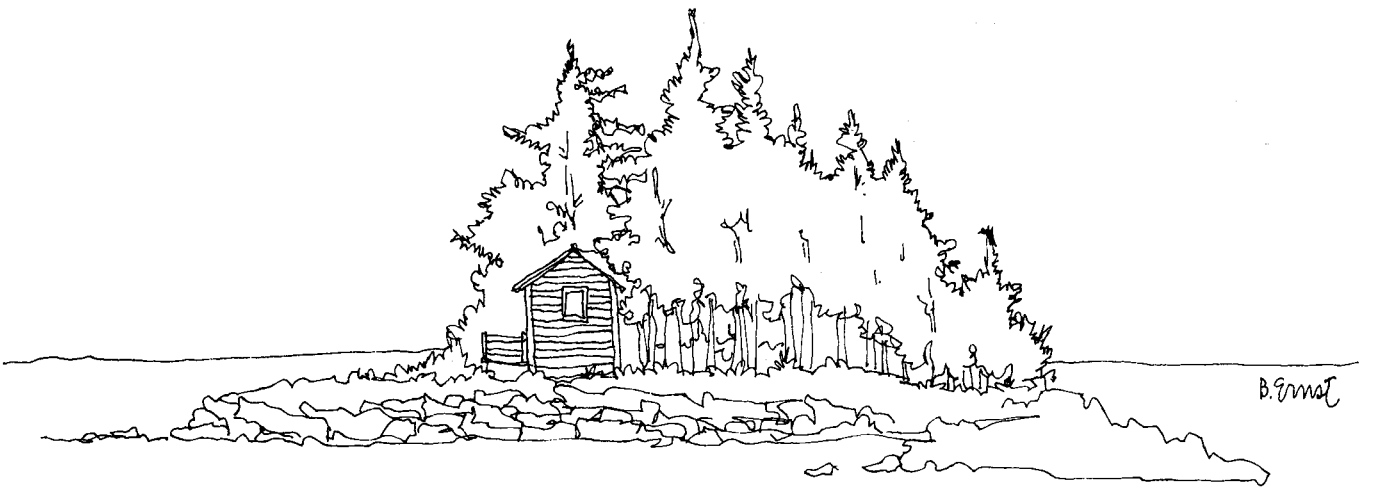
The issue was Boris Pasternak. He had won the Nobel Prize, but the Soviets denied him permission to go to Stockholm to receive it. The business at hand was the formulation of a joint statement protesting, in the name of literature, the treatment being accorded Pasternak. The group could not agree on the simplest statement, Abel says, because of "the fear that what one did or said might be regarded as contrary, and even harmful, to the Left. . . . Also, there was not one person in the room who then knew with any degree of clarity just what it was still possible to mean by the term 'Left.' . . . The fact is that the New York intelligentsia came apart simply because it could not agree that it was in the interest of anything that could be called the Left to protest Pasternak's treatment by the Russians."

So the New York intellectuals began, in 1937, with the decision by Phillips and Rahv that Yeats and Joyce were more important than the Communist Party; but by 1958, Boris Pasternak was less important than a ghostly "Left" that could not even be defined. Socialism started out as an idealistic "protest against remediable evils," seriously flawed though its theory was; it ended in pure funk and cultural self-intimidation. This may well be, as Hilton Kramer thinks, its continuing legacy.

VI.

THERE ARE many fine things in these memoirs and academic studies, and one finishes them with a sense of intelligence and verve derailed by the socialist fantasy, which remained an emotion even when emptied of specific content. More memoirs are forthcoming, including Diana Trilling's recollections of her husband; and one wishes that we had James Burnham's own memoirs of the period: Burnham, that mild and temperate rationalist whom Alexander Bloom thinks moved to "the extreme Right," as if he had become some sort of Bircher, so skewed is Bloom's political perspective.

But for the many pleasures and matters of interest along the road, let one of them do service for the rest. It occurs



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in *The Truants*, where Barrett is discussing Trilling's naturalism and Freudianism, two of his very firmly held positions, in connection with his famous essay on Wordsworth's "Immortality Ode." Barrett writes: "It is only on repeated reading that one becomes aware how uncompromisingly naturalistic and Freudian Trilling's outlook is . . . He begins, for example, by telling us that Wordsworth's poem is not about immortality at all. This would be news to poor Wordsworth unless he was altogether woolgathering when he gave the poem its title." The perspective of the New York intellectuals, as a group, had its philosophical limitations, and Barrett, a philosopher, sees them. □

IS IT GOOD FOR THE BLACKS?

Joseph Sobran

Plural but Equal: Blacks and Minorities in America's Plural Society, by Harold Cruse (Morrow, 420 pp., $22.95)

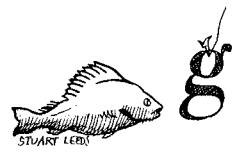
HAROLD CRUSE is a hard-headed and original thinker. In *Plural but Equal* he advances an unfashionable thesis: that the situation of blacks is *sui generis* in America. He sees their only hope for future progress as lying in a frankly particularist politics.

Blacks, says Cruse, aren't like women, Jews, Orientals, West Indians, white ethnics, immigrant groups, or other "minorities." He rejects attempts to assimilate them to other models or to explain their condition through liberal, conservative, Marxist, or other generalizing philosophies and ideologies that lie at hand. He argues at length with Thomas Sowell's thesis that black progress could have been in the past and can now be achieved within a free-market system.

Moreover, he contends that the civil-rights movement has made a "fetish" of integration and Fourteenth Amendment "agitation" for equal protection of the laws. In doing so, he thinks, it has adapted and subordinated the black cause to Democratic Party politics, while neglecting the potential of such distinct black institutions as the black churches and colleges.

Cruse favors a modified strategy of black nationalism—not separationism, not utopianism, but acceptance, for now, of the fact of continuing black separateness. He doesn't throw out slogans, clichés, or accusations. When he speaks of "racism," he means racism, such as that of Thomas Dixon Jr., a nineteenth-century white supremacist who warned that if blacks became economic competitors of whites, they would have to be massacred.

Denying as he does that there are real American analogies to the black situation, Cruse sees irony in the fact that other groups, e.g., feminists, have capitalized on the civil-rights model to claim victim status (and its attendant privileges) for themselves. Likewise, white ethnics have felt "passed up" by blacks, and have merely left blacks further behind by trying to *catch up*. And despite the universalistic rhetoric of the American Founders, Cruse thinks the Constitution presupposes a white, not a racially "pluralistic," society.



His antidote for all this is a black political movement, complete with its own party. Not that he wants it to be exclusively black, but he thinks that blacks must be its base. They have already proven that they can do this: they have provided the "catalytic potentials" for other groups following their example; but they haven't drawn the appropriate lesson, namely, that they can be an autonomous political force.

Black leadership as we know it failed to see the necessity and opportunity for this in the Seventies, Cruse says. Jesse Jackson could still do it and seems to sense that it can be done, but two things have so far prevented him. First, the black leadership failed to organize the needed black base in time for his 1984 presidential bid. Second, he has been unwilling to break out of the framework of the liberal-Democratic coalition. Until he does so, Cruse suggests, he'll remain more an epiphenomenon than a real factor in American politics.

What makes Cruse's whole analysis fascinating is that he means it. That is to say, he is talking about political reality without attitudinizing. He doesn't wail about white folks or bother deploring or justifying Jackson's assorted loose-mouthed utterances. For him such things, great and small, are givens.

He is seriously interested in power. I can well imagine James Burnham, for one, reading *Plural but Equal* with deep interest. Cruse argues, for example, that ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment would "constitutionally submerge" blacks. This is the observation of a man who thinks in terms of how the world really works, not how he would like it to be. His prescriptions aren't ideological.

His analysis may be wrong, but that is another matter. The book, if heeded (as it's likely to be) by Jackson and other non-establishment blacks, could have a far-reaching impact on the political future. The most obvious effect would be to dislodge large numbers of blacks from the Democratic Party. Beyond that, it's unpredictable.

Whites will find it hard coming to terms with Cruse and the party he envisions, because they don't like to think of people as belonging to races. For most of them, liberal and conservative, race is an embarrassing residual category, something we should have gotten beyond by now. To treat it as a fact of life, to base politics and law on it, presents awkward problems, beginning with acknowledgment. Can our constitutional tradition sustain it?

That tradition will just have to, according to Cruse. How, he doesn't specify. Presumably that will have to be worked out. His starting point is that blacks are blacks; everything else follows.

Nicola Paone
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
"Beyond every horizon, there is something *different*"
—Nicola Paone
207 East 34th Street • New York
(212) 889-3239

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe this book will sink without a trace. If so, there is nothing to worry about. And Cruse doesn't say what he thinks would happen if a white race-consciousness developed in response to the black race-consciousness he thinks is coalescing. Maybe a peaceful settlement could issue from it; maybe violent racial conflict. But the likeliest result, on his own showing, might well be that whites would win under new racially explicit rules, leaving blacks even worse off.

To my mind, minorities, especially blacks, thrive best when they maneuver under the principle of universalism, even if their own motives and interests are particularist. No doubt they encounter frustration at the margin, but they could find themselves a lot more frustrated if the races become polarized, with whites paying as much attention to black demands as blacks do.

Of course this is only speculation. *Plural but Equal* may provoke a real answer. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *The Supreme Court: How It Was, How It is* (Morrow, $18.95), Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist combines the history of the Court with the history of his personal involvement with that body, as well as an engaging explanation of how the third branch of government actually operates.

Man of the House: The Life and Political Memoirs of Speaker Tip O'Neill (Random House, $19.95), by Tip O'Neill with William Novak, is exactly the kind of memoir, written in the first person, one would expect from its principal author. "Power accumulates when people think you have power," O'Neill writes; and "All politics is local."

In *Rebel Patriot: A Biography of Franz von Papen* (McNally & Loftin, $25), Henry and Robin Adams argue that the man who served for six months as Chancellor of Germany in 1932 was the only German politician to take a public position against the National Socialist Party in its efforts to control the country, and that "the sly grey fox of German diplomacy" later strove to exert a moderating influence upon Adolf Hitler.

The Return of Courage (Addison-Wesley, $12.95), by Jean-Louis Servan-Schreiber and translated by Francis Frenaye, is a brief essay arguing that happiness is born of courage, which in turn means rousing oneself to action in the face of the inevitability of death.

In *Reading America: Essays on American Literature* (Knopf, $22.95), Denis Donoghue considers a succession of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American writers, prefacing his articles and reviews with an essay devoted to what is, in his opinion, American literature's moral aim and driving force.

Conversations with Czeslaw Milosz (Harcourt, Brace, $27.95), by Ewa Czarnecka and Aleksander Fiut and translated by Richard Lourie, presents the poet and essayist meditating upon the suffering of Poland under the domination of the Soviet Union, the philosophical simplicity of Marxism, the Nazi occupation of Paris, and his flight to California (UC Berkeley). —CW

FILM

NOT CRICKET

John Simon

THERE IS something curiously slapdash about three British movies that have opened here recently, as there is also about a fourth, somewhat better one, *Withnail and I*, by Bruce Robinson, which I cannot review because, in a sold-out theater, I sat in front of someone who kept loudly talking to himself. Now, you can sometimes stop two-way conversations, but someone gleefully chatting with himself is clearly beyond reproof. The interesting thing, though, is that no one else seemed to mind this nut: Who wants to hear everything said in a film, anyway? And, indeed, one of the things most recent British movies have in common is a great deal of incomprehensible lower-class and regional speech. It makes me wish I could catch them abroad, with subtitles.

The Whistle Blower is about the way GCHQ (a branch of British counter-espionage) kills off some of its lesser employees in the wake of one chap's defection to the Soviet Union. Some are suspected of collusion with the defector; others are dangerous because they might expose fascistic tactics within GCHQ or blow the whistle on a very high functionary who is indeed a traitor, but whose exposure might cause panic, to say nothing of queering GCHQ even further with the CIA, which is exerting pressure on British counter-espionage to tighten its security.

There is considerable potential in such a theme, and, for all I know, John Hale's novel, on which the film is loosely based, may have realized it. The film, however, was in immediate trouble when it engaged the screenwriting services of Julian Bond, who made such a mess of *The Shooting Party*, and whose principal work has been in TV mini-series. And again when Bond and his producer declared that "we wanted to go for a really positive ending." In the event, the ending is far from positive—though by no means honest, either—and the verdict on what precedes it must be largely negative, I fear.

One problem is that the film seems to have been edited down draconically, so that major plot elements are either truncated into inscrutability or simply missing. For example, the hero's son, Bob, who works as a Russian translator for GCHQ, with which he is getting progressively disenchanted, has a serious affair with Cynthia, the wife of his colleague Allen Goodburn. But we see Goodburn either not at all or barely (on one viewing, I cannot be sure) until Cynthia finds him slumped over dead in his car in their garage. So ineptly is the film made—or edited—that, because of their physical similarity, we at first think the dead man is Bob. Then it is not clear who he is, certainly not that he is Cynthia's husband; still less how Bob figures out that foul play was involved.

When Frank Jones, Bob's father, is about to learn from Pickett, an unsavory left-wing journalist, exactly whom the now dead Bob suspected of

Call for any current book
● Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
● We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. ● Gift wrapping available.
● Mail orders welcome.
BOOK CALL
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing...a very special edition of William F. Buckley Jr.'s

ATLANTIC HIGH

Communications Distribution, Inc., has acquired the original manuscript of Mr. Buckley's best-selling book *Atlantic High*, and is proud to announce the availability of a unique collector's edition. One page of the original manuscript, typed by the author and corrected, by hand, with his usual red-ink pen, is included with each copy of this special edition. It consists of an original first-run copy of *Atlantic High* itself, handsomely bound in fine leather and stamped in gold, which is encased in a sturdy box covered in white sailcloth (just like the real thing). The box contains a large pull-out drawer in which you will have the manuscript page—autographed by the author—in a plastic cover; you may preserve the page in this cover, or remove it easily for framing. The handsome original four-color dust-jacket of *Atlantic High* is also enclosed in the drawer—it can also be framed.

Each boxed copy of this special Manuscript Edition is therefore unique; the owner will be the *only* one to possess that particular manuscript page. We believe such an edition is a first in publishing history. The cost is $300 a copy, while they last (obviously the supply cannot exceed the limited number of original pages). You may order now directly from the address below.

Write to:

Communications Distribution, Inc.

150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

being behind it all, Pickett announces over the phone that he cannot name the person other than to Frank's face, and arranges a meeting. But if you suspect your phone of being tapped you don't say that much over it either, and, sure enough, driving to the tryst, Pickett is killed in a strange accident. This, and much like it, makes no sense. Where the film is not cut down to the point of nonsense, it is written or directed (by Simon Langton, a TV director) nonsensically.

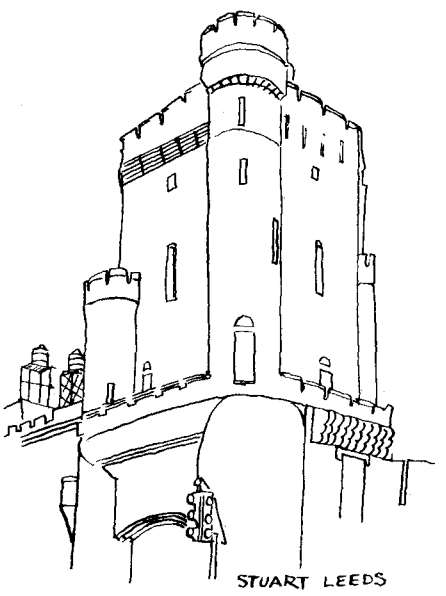
Again, when Frank goes to see the traitorous muckamuck to extract from him a written confession, we see the panjandrum take out a sheet of stationery from a drawer that contains a gun. He proceeds to write and sign a confession while Frank turns his back on him to examine his rare books and costly bibelots. So why doesn't the traitor pull out that gun and perhaps even shoot? Instead, he hands over the paper and only then draws the gun. In the ensuing scuffle, the aristocratic swine (oh, how class-conscious British movies still are—in reverse) shoots himself dead. Tell me another.

Before the shooting, Frank accuses the bigwig of being a Communist while enjoying all the benefits of a British peerage. Why? The answer is a muddled speech of which only two words make some shade of sense: "aesthetic reasons." Something could be made of this if the moviemakers had any imagination and culture, or had been willing to credit the audience with some. But why bother when the average moviegoer is only too happy to assume the worst about aristocrats and eggheads portrayed by the likes of John Gielgud, and to hell with logical, psychological—or even aesthetic—explanations.

And so it goes in this movie, in which the best thing is the acting, especially that of Michael Caine as Frank. Always a good to excellent performer, Caine has tended to be kept by his material in the merely good category. Here he has his chance. No matter how preposterous a scene may be—as when Frank is kidnapped by GCHQ to a posh party, where they condescendingly spill the beans to him while telling him how powerless he is—Caine maintains dignity and credibility. His unerring way of finding the exact expressions and tones of voice with which to convey utmost fury and grief, while never losing heroic control of his speech and face—except, now and then, in a faint tremor or spasm: *that* is acting. The film has appreciable resonance in these days of the Iran-Contra hearings, but the real reason for seeing it is the mark of Caine imprinted on it.

WISH YOU WERE HERE was written and directed by David Leland, co-author of *Mona Lisa* and writer of *Personal Services*, freely based on the memoirs of Cynthia Payne, England's most famous madam, whose kinky services to the nation it glorified. *Wish You Were Here* is based, in turn, on Miss Payne's growing pains. In the Fifties, aged 15, the precocious Lynda (i.e., Cynthia) finds herself stifled by the drabness and proprieties of an English seaside town, by the lack of a mother (dead) and a father (alive, but dour and, himself a barber, pushing her into hairdressing, which she hates), as well as by a series of dreary jobs and young men who, through inexperience or ineptness or cravenness, cannot satisfy her budding (actually quite efflorescent) sexual cravings. Only one older man seems seriously interested: Eric, a sleazy friend of her father's, a movie projectionist and bookie. She can coax no more loving from Eric than from her father, though, so there are splashy scenes in which she gets back at each of them.

Meanwhile she has become pregnant by Eric and is given money by an aunt for an abortion. But, starved for love and figuring that a child would give it to her, she goes off somewhere and returns with a baby and a new



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yellow dress. Triumphantly, she rattles around town displaying them both. Even though the alternative of being brought up as Cynthia Payne's daughter is the best possible argument for abortion, we are to regard the film's ending as uplifting. And the audience is solidly behind Lynda, cheering her on, especially during a scene where she runs around her garden at night and makes a defiant chant out of the words "Up your bum!" which she hurls at the sleeping world.

Emily Lloyd, 16, is winning as Lynda, and Ian Wilson's cinematography is wonderfully tactile—you feel you are touching things, not just seeing them—but otherwise the film trades in cheap shots, notably a funny but crude session between Lynda and a therapist that belongs in vaudeville. Both these films capitalize on illogic and facile potshots at sacred cows that have long since been turned into hamburgers and footwear.

EVEN MORE absurd and uninvolving is *Rita, Sue & Bob Too,* a gimmicked-up slice of life about lower-class ennui in the British provinces. Actually two slices of life, because the script by Andrea Dunbar is based on two of her autobiographical plays uneasily squeezed together. The plot concerns two teenaged girl chums who jointly baby-sit for a fairly affluent but squabbling couple. Why two at once is never made clear, except that in this way, Bob, the husband, can have sex with both of them in his car before driving them home. When his frigid wife finally finds out, there is a huge ruckus. Rita moves in with Bob and gets pregnant by him, while Sue goes off to have an irrelevant affair with a Pakistani, which comes to no good end. (That is the other play grafted onto the main one.) After Rita has a miscarriage, Sue joins them for a sexual romp, and a jolly *ménage à trois* is in the offing.

As directed by Alan Clarke (and produced by Sandy Lieberson, an American), the film shows little concern for anything but the sexual encounters, which seem remarkably joyless. But as a Britisher has written in *The Village Voice*, this spree is in part "a private blow against the meanness of Thatcherism." That both girls are extremely unsightly, and the man not much better, seems to me to weaken the blow.

Yet why should a film make deeper sense (as a letter in the last issue upbraided me for demanding) in a world that thrives on movies about orgies of violence, horror stories, science fiction, lunatic car chases, emetic grossouts, teenagers' fantasies, and MTV-style rock montages? Sense is for old fogies who still look for some meaning in life. Well, yes. □

DELECTATIONS

CALIFORNIA IDYLL

Nika Hazelton

SAN FRANCISCO. This apartment exchange is working out very well. My husband and I, who live in New York, wanted to spend a month in San Francisco; we came across a personal ad from a lady who lives in San Francisco and wanted to spend a month in New York. We could not have afforded to stay in a good hotel in her city for that length of time, nor she in ours, so we swapped apartments, to the delight of all of us. Nor do we have any qualms about what we will find when we return home. I am told that dwelling exchangers, by and large, are infinitely more careful of the premises they temporarily inhabit than renters are.

Our view is stupendous. From an eighth-floor apartment in a building perched on top of Russian Hill, the harbor, Alcatraz, and the Golden Gate Bridge lie at our feet, as does San Francisco itself; from this vantage-point, the city appears as a sea of flat, pale roofs, resembling those of an Arab town. In the harbor, tourist boats, container ships, and cruise boats come and go before our eyes, and on weekends hundreds of sailboats dot the harbor, like the fantasies of a naïf painter. This is a most beautiful city, and extremely pleasant to live in. It is very clean, and the climate is cooperative: the summer sun may be hot, but the nights are chilly, so that one sleeps wonderfully well.

But being in California—and I've been here quite often, though never for any length of time—I feel that I am in another country rather than just in another state of the Union. Compared to New York City, you get such

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Our 15th Year

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM Room K947
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

CELEBRATE THE BICENTENNIAL

Previously produced New York playwright has polished script of a play about the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

Cast of 25, perfect for community playhouse or theatre guild. Contact William Tucker at 718-965-3568.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ample and courteous service in this laid-back, polite town. After a bad fall, I had to go to the emergency room of one of the town's large hospitals. There was no waiting to be admitted, no waiting for a doctor, and no waiting for my tests.

Thinking it over, I don't believe that New Yorkers are actually worse than San Franciscans. But there are far too many people in Manhattan having to push constantly for living space, which reminds me of an experiment I once read about in a science magazine. Scientists put a number of good-tempered and peaceful rats into a space that was too small for them. The rats had to fight for elbow-room, and they became, to say the least, aggressive and vicious.

MENDOCINO. This small town looks like a New England village, which is not surprising considering that the early settlers were mostly New Englanders. Route 1 takes you past the most magnificent scenery: majestic rocks, very weirdly shaped; bold promontories and small white beaches; bits of wind-battered forest—a wonderful vacation-land along the Pacific Ocean, which happened that day to be blue and really pacific.

We had been told to be sure to stop for a meal at Mendocino's Café Beaujolais, run by Margaret Fox, who

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WHILE THE Sandinistas may be winning the propaganda war in the U.S. media, they seem to be losing it on the scholarly front—two recent examples being *Central America and the Reagan Doctrine* (University Press of America/Boston University, 4720 Boston Way, Lanham, Md. 20706; $25.50 hardcover, $12.25 paperback), edited by Walter F. Hahn and with an introduction by Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, and *The Secret War in Central America: Sandinista Assault on World Order* (University Publications of America, 44 North Market Street, Frederick, Md. 21701; $17.95), by John Norton Moore, who is Director of the Center for Law and National Security at the University of Virginia School of Law.

Central America and the Reagan Doctrine is a compilation of articles published originally in *Strategic Review*, the quarterly journal of the United States Strategic Institute, founded in Washington in 1972 by a group of military leaders and strategists alarmed by the defeatist attitudes engendered by the Vietnam War. The immediate focus of the volume at hand is the Soviet penetration of Central America and the Reagan Administration's response.

In "Central America: The Larger Regional Scenario," R. Bruce McColm presents in outline the Soviet strategy in Latin America and the Caribbean, as described in vastly greater detail by Timothy Ashby's *The Bear in the Back Yard* ("The Right Books," *NR*, June 5). This strategy could have the effect of holding the United States hostage, in its interests overseas, to perilously destabilized conditions along its southern border and in the Caribbean Basin—a threat to which President Reagan, breaking with the timorous inattention of the Nixon and Carter Administrations, responded with what has become known as the Reagan Doctrine, adumbrated by the Grenada action in 1983 and specified in the President's State of the Union address in 1986, in which he asserted that any people trying to free itself from Communist tyranny could count on receiving aid from the United States. In "The Reagan Doctrine in Outline," William R. Bode describes the evolution of this policy, while, in "The Reagan Doctrine: It Awaits Implementation," Angelo Codevilla assesses its efficacy to date, concluding that, so far at least, "The Reagan Doctrine is one more species of that present-day American phenomenon: the *declaratory* policy." And, in a most thought-provoking article, "Why Not a Kennedy-Reagan Doctrine?" John R. Silber argues that Reagan's assertions bear a striking similitude to President John F. Kennedy's pledge, in 1962, that the United States would not invade Cuba so long as that island did not threaten the peace or freedom of the U.S. or any other country in the hemisphere: thus placing the Reagan Doctrine, largely treated by the media as simply another of this Administration's hawkish, swashbuckling poses, in the honorable tradition of Kennedy's "Go anywhere, pay any price" oration, the Truman Doctrine, and the Monroe Doctrine.

The Secret War in Central America is a book of 195 pages, probably a third of which are notes, but John Norton Moore gets his point across: that, for two thousand years, the "core principle of world order" has been that the aggressive attack by one country upon another is prohibited in international relations, but that there exists today a fundamental threat to said principle:

> That threat is an assault on world order by radical regimes that share a common antipathy to democratic values and a "true belief" in the use of force for expansion of regime ideology. This radical-regime assault is particularly destabilizing since, by maintaining a moral justification for the use of force to achieve "revolutionary internationalism," it simultaneously fights a guerrilla war against the core . . . principle while publicly denying any actual state-sanctioned use of force in order to receive the protection of the very legal order it is attacking.

After taking due note of the "alarming proliferation" of such hostile, trouble-exporting, and, in the truest sense of the word, "imperialistic" regimes, Moore defines the Cuba-Nicaragua connection, in Nicaragua's secret war against its Central American neighbors, as "one of the most serious challenges to the future of the legal order." Closely associated with this war is a "diverse conglomerate" of such choice terroristic fraternities as the PLO, M-19 (Colombia), Montoneros (Argentina), Tupamaros (Uruguay), ETA (Spain), Red Brigades, Baader-Meinhof, and IRA, not to mention the Soviet, East German, Bulgarian, Czechoslovakian, Cuban, Vietnamese, Ethiopian, North Korean, Libyan, Iraqi, and Iranian governments, representatives of which are currently operating out of Nicaragua: quite an impressive array of international talent to be mixed in with what—so liberal critics of the Reagan Doctrine assure us—is merely a temporary, localized boiling up of indigenous grievances, certain to subside in due time if only Lieutenant Colonel North and his superiors will quit shoving sticks under the pot. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could, if she chose, be one of the most famous chefs in the United States. The restaurant is housed in a small, casual Cape Cod house. Mercifully, there are none of the usual restaurant frills, the "ambiance" that is supposed to make up for indifferent cooking. But what wonderful food is cooked and served at the Café Beaujolais! I cannot remember eating as well anywhere else in California—or in New York's fanciest restaurants, for that matter. Never had I eaten such chili beans, such a chicken salad, such ribs; honestly, the three of us—my husband, a friend, and I—couldn't remember ever having eaten so well.

But I shouldn't have been surprised. I recall reading Miss Fox's book when it was first published, in 1984, and reviewing it enthusiastically, filled with admiration for the naturalness with which the author discussed the restaurant business, as well as for its wonderful, feasible recipes. It is called, simply, *Café Beaujolais*, and is still available from Ten Speed Press, P.O. Box 7123, Berkeley, Calif. 94707 ($17.95 hardcover, $9.95 paperback, plus $1 postage and handling; California residents must add sales tax). I recommend the book unreservedly to anyone who is interested in food. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE PERFORMING LIBERAL

D. Keith Mano

I SPENT A summer with the enemy again: opponents that I cherish and delight in. Marry an actress and such hostile summering is inescapable. After all, 98.7 per cent of theater people are liberal. That's a trite enough observation: it would be more surprising, in one sense, if they *weren't* liberal. The obvious correlative to this, though, has been less often remarked and might be worth a meditation here: namely, that, in their psychological decor at least, 98.7 per cent of liberals are actors.

Look at it this way: actors, American actors in particular, warehouse their suffering for a rainy matinee. They condition the emotional sinew. (Technical or intellectual actors, even when they perform with brilliance—Olivier, say—are thought to be manipulative and rather insincere. This attitude is largely a bequest of the Method School.) American actors pick over each failure and humiliation to find some useful emotional retrofit. Death of father, traumatic divorce, whatever, are squirreled away in some accessible place. I sympathize, believe me, with this passionate stockpiling. I mean, you try to re-create that hysterical nervous breakdown before five hundred people eight times per week. Once, backstage, my wife came across an actress who was tweezing leg hair out desperately. She needed pain. The show had run from August through December and her emotional tank was on E.

So liberals love to tweeze. They can't feel meaningful or alive unless they're in pain. Like actors they cannot function without emotion. If they don't have a dead mother to commemorate, they'll adopt some murdered Nicaraguan peasant. If Dad was supportive and meek, they'll spook themselves by obsessing on that fascist general parent, Ronald Reagan. It all has to be heightened or precarious. When at a summer theater, I avoid discussing any political theme. Conservatism is one aspect of my psychological collage. If you refute it, you don't refute me. But for the actor-liberal, politics is *personal*. He has infused leftism with an intimate emotional charge. Refute his creed, and you obliterate his being.

There is, furthermore, no clear separation of church and state in the liberal psyche. I'm Christian and conservative: these two modes are related, of course, but they are never identical. Disable my political belief, I still preserve an efficient spiritual center. But classic liberals have no such resource. Because emotion is both their faith and the validator of their political premise, each attack on liberalism is, by implication, *ad hominem*. A political dispute jeopardizes emotion itself: jeopardizes personality. In part this may be because the liberal has assumed a redemptive role—he, like Jesus, suffers for all of us. The ability to feel is glorified: it attains mystical character. Invalidate that and you blaspheme against Passion. The conservative, understand, is never merely a polemical adversary. He is a vicious infidel.

Which is why, I think, the conservative tends to let up on his liberal antagonist in debate. And why, so

FREE DELIVERY ON ORDERS OF 12 OR MORE DOZEN
HIGH QUALITY • LOW PRICES
FAST SERVICE
Whether you need a simple one color or a complex multicolor custom printed garment, we have the experience to meet your needs. For printed T-shirts, hats, sweats, jackets, etc., call:
BLUE MT. GRAPHICS
125 Liberty Street, Allentown, PA 18102
CALL (TOLL FREE OUTSIDE PA.):
1-800-422-6067
in PA 215-776-5033

Wanna see some funny T-shirts?
Call for a FREE CATALOG of our own designs:
1-800-422-6067

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES
provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.
Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.
THE THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE OF LIBERAL ARTS
FOR CATALOGUE AND BROCHURE WRITE TO:
DR. PETER V. SAMPO
The Thomas More Institute of Liberal Arts
Six Manchester Street
Merrimack, N.H. 03054
PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PROGRAM
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....
TELEPHONE ..... YEAR OF GRAD .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often, leftism will prevail by default. Conservatives sense that the liberal has much more at stake: his sanity, his selfhood, in fact. That to pursue an argument is to be cruel and, yes, *uncivil.* And, because we menace their very equilibrium, liberals loathe us beyond reason. A conservative is astonished by the level of hysteria he can arouse. We call them bleeding-heart, Commie: compliments by some interpretation. They call us fascist, pig, child-killer. Without question we threaten liberals psychologically much more than we are ever threatened in return.

The liberal, as one might expect, is a shameless scene-stealer. He will mug and take focus and top your passion with his. This political melodrama can be boffo box office. Oliver North discomforted liberals, not because they thought he was a dangerous right-wing crank, but because his testimony was splendid theater. He upstaged them. And he did it by turning leftist *shtick* —high emotion—against the Left. Liberal critics continually referred to his "performance." So Reagan has taken abuse for being an actor. Liberals—one shouldn't be above learning from this—are confounded not by rational analysis, but by greater stage presence.

Or, if need be, by a flat-out tantrum. These are, in either case, the traditional strategies of women and small children. Liberalism has laid claim to authentic feeling, to radical innocence. One could epitomize it best with the female argument against war of any sort: "You cannot persuade me. I'm a mother." That appeal to higher probity and to instinct is unanswerable. Not because there aren't answers enough: there are. But because the answering would be discourteous. Only a boor would respond that motherhood—labor pain and suckling and long nurture—should give place to state need. The terms of discourse have been shifted away from reason. Emotion is seen to be primal. Intellect, by definition, is premeditated and, therefore, cynical. Yet I think, secretly, the liberal actor-mother-child would prefer a less permissive conservative parent-father. They abhor us, as NATO nations do America. Their most prominent characteristic is spitefulness. Yet they cannot exist alone. Not just because the nation would disintegrate into weakness and spendthrift foolishness, but because, without conservatism, there would be no drama.

I relish the company of actors. They have a winsome, if somewhat unanchored, vehemence and charm. Like most liberal men and women, they are narcissistic, while being insecure to the point of nervous collapse. One particular trait, though, has wrecked more fine performances than any other—a compulsive need for love: a need to be attractive even when playing Iago or Beelzebub. And this is the generic liberal fault as well. Liberals suck up to their audience, whether that audience be black or gay or poverty-level. They must have esteem. They will duck any hard decision and compromise their role to attain it. Leftism in America is a sad, extravagant stew of special-interest carping, because no liberal can endure dislike. The actor I will pardon. Popularity is his living. The rest of liberalism has no excuse. □

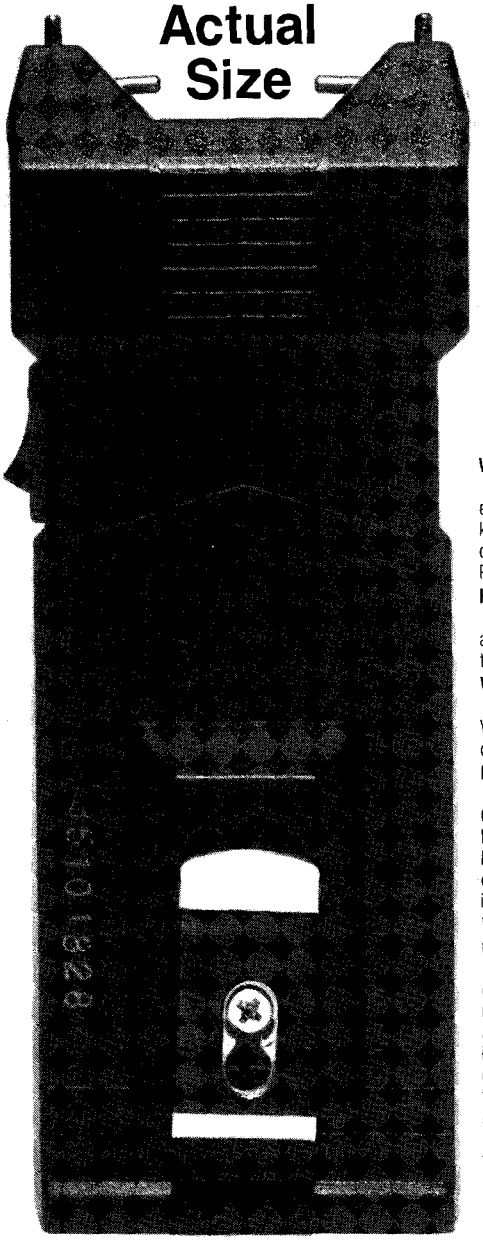
BOOKS IN BRIEF

Sweet Promised Land, by Robert Laxalt (University of Nevada, 176 pp., $16)

ROBERT LAXALT begins his compelling story with the statement: "My father was a sheepherder, and his home was the hills." Those simple words effectively begin the story of Dominique Laxalt, who came to the American Southwest as a homesick young boy from the French Pyrenees and never returned to his native country until he was an old man. *Sweet Promised Land* is about courage, hard work, faith—those qualities of character that have been turned into clichés in countless sentimental stories about immigrants in America; but Laxalt is never sentimental. *Sweet Promised Land* is a reprint of the 1957 edition published by Harper and Row, which turned out to be a harbinger of many other books on the subject of "roots." Laxalt went on to write *In a Hundred Graves: A Basque Portrait* and *A Cup of Tea in Pamplona* about his Basque heritage, in addition to several books about Nevada and the Southwest. Dominique Laxalt was seldom home in the years when the six Laxalt children (including the future senator) were growing up, and the author recalls with humor his mother's opinion about the matter. "My mother used to say a man like that should never get married, because he didn't go with a house. And in her own way, I guess she was right because I could remember thinking it and knowing it too when I saw him bent over a campfire at night with the light playing against the deep bronze of his features and making dark hollows of his eyes, and with its own humor etching more strongly a nose a little off kilter from where he'd been kicked in the face during his horsebreaking days." Laxalt recalls his mother burning a single candle in the living room as she "prayed for her husband in the hills." The central theme of *Sweet Promised Land,* however, is home: at what point does a strange land become home? At the urging of family and friends, and perhaps his failing body, Dominique Laxalt returns to the Pyrenees after an absence of 47 years and finds it is no longer home. "Without turning, he shook his head and cried shakenly, 'I can't go back. It ain't my country any more. I lived too much in America to ever go back.' And then angrily, 'Don't you know that?' . . . Then I saw a cragged face that that land had filled with hope and torn with pain, had changed from young to old, and in the end had claimed. And then, I did know it." NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOLTECH® STUN GUN:



THE ONE DEFENSIVE WEAPON THAT THE LEFTISTS CAN'T KEEP US FROM CARRYING*

***100% LEGAL IN 44 STATES**

After a brief respite, crime rates are again on the rise throughout the United States. Violent criminal activity, moreover, can no longer be characterized as a scourge of inner cities, inasmuch as some of the most dramatic and disturbing increases have occurred in the suburbs. Finally, only a very few have never walked into a situation which seemed somehow menacing.

In determining how best to protect themselves, concerned citizens find their options sharply limited by a broad variety of legal and practical considerations. We are, therefore, much pleased to present our *safe, legal** and *effective* technology as a solution to one of mankind's most pervasive problems.

What is the SOLTECH® Stun Gun?

The Stun Gun is the world's first defensive weapon engineered to *immobilize* and *mentally disorient*, (*NOT* kill or injure,) would-be assailants. It is an electronic unit capable of rendering ANY attacker altogether POWERLESS, regardless of his size or strength!

How does it work?

SOLTECH's advanced microchip technology yields an electrical current pulsed in such a way as to interrupt the assailant's nervous system.

What is its power source?

A standard 9-volt transistor battery, (not included). We recommend that the rechargeable type be used for optimal results.

Is the Stun Gun safe?

Absolutely. The discharge from a SOLTECH® Stun Gun is a high-voltage, low-amperage electrical current. For a shock to be deadly, high-amperage current would have to be involved. Further, Government tests have determined that, used as directed, the Stun Gun cannot inflict lasting injury.

What makes the SOLTECH® Stun Gun superior to common defensive measures?

Pistols and knives work fairly well, but cannot be carried legally. Who wants to risk a prison term in this manner? Mace and gas can "backfire" in the wind and are, according to police, unlikely to stop an intent individual. Chemical weapons also occasionally blind a criminal. In this case, you may be called to demonstrate to the courts that your conduct was purely defensive. Many states, consequently, require that mace/gas users be licensed and specially trained. Stun Guns, on the other hand, are 100% legal in most states. They may be carried, even concealed, with no permit. Unlike chemicals, the Stun Gun immediately puts the attacker under control, keeping him totally helpless, dazed, and disoriented for an average of 5 (up to 15) minutes.

How similar is the Stun Gun to cattle prods and other ordinary shocking devices?

These two categories of weapons have very little in common. Cattle prods and other electrical weapons are designed to inflict pain. The trouble with such devices is that, like chemicals, they often simply fail to achieve the desired result. In fact, stinging an assailant with a cattle prod may even provoke further aggression. It is far better to rely on the Stun Gun, which is scientifically engineered to deprive violent criminals of all voluntary muscle control.

The Stun Gun and the Law:

Stun guns may be lawfully owned, carried concealed or unconcealed, and used for legitimate defensive purposes without permit in ALL states EXCEPT the following: Hawaii, Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and New Jersey. Stun Guns are, moreover, prohibited in New York City, Washington, D.C., and Baltimore County, Maryland. As far as we know, no other state or local governments ban the Stun Gun; however, in order to be certain, one might call the firearms division of the local police department.

Some states, most notably California, have passed laws protecting each citizen's right to own and carry a Stun Gun. Under the California statute, anyone who is not a convict or drug addict may purchase a Stun Gun and use it to terminate criminal attacks.

Conclusion:

The Stun Gun is unique in that it imparts a sense of security without forcing law-abiding citizens to adopt the tactics of common felons. It is a small, light, self-contained defensive weapon. The Stun Gun is indeed the ultimate protective measure, providing the public with a combination of effectiveness, legality, and safety previously impossible. Order today, or request further information.

$77.00 Postpaid

If coupon missing, order from: SOLTECH®, Solomon Building, Kansas City, Kansas 66117

SOLTECH®

FOR FURTHER DETAILS WITHOUT OBLIGATION, CALL THE SOLTECH® INFO. LINE

(800) 553-8901

TOLL FREE

Locally: (913) 621-2211

30-DAY UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

You must be fully satisfied, or you will receive a prompt refund — no questions asked! Thereafter 90-day limited warranty.

Mail to: SOLTECH
Solomon Building
Kansas City, KA 66117

Dear Gentlemen/Mesdames:

☐ Please send me _____ SOLTECH Stun Gun(s) at US$77.00 each postpaid. I enclose herewith my personal check, money order, or cash payment in the amount of US$_____ (total).

☐ I need more information before deciding whether the SOLTECH Stun Gun meets my expectations and self-defense needs. Please forward complete details promptly. I understand that I am under no obligation.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Tel.: (optional): ( ) _____

APN

THE BRAND NAME SOLTECH IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF SOLOMON INTERNATIONAL GmbH.
ALL SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. COPYRIGHT © 1986 SOLOMON INTERNATIONAL GmbH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESSURE YES, RETREAT NO

NEW YORK, AUG. 7

THE REFUSAL by our allies, as we like to think of them, to participate in our effort to patrol the Persian Gulf is a grave challenge for which there is no entirely obvious solution. There is a very obvious temptation—which is to tell our allies, "Okay, you don't worry about mobility through the Strait of Hormuz, *we* won't worry about mobility through the Strait of Hormuz," and we tell our sailors to come on home. But there are problems here.

—There is, first, a diplomatic question, not so very interesting to the layman, but of some weight in international arrangements. It is this: that we undertook to reflag the Kuwaiti tankers without consulting any of our allies. This does not strike us as bumptious, and evidently didn't strike the State Department thus, but nations, even those heavily dependent on us, like not to be taken for granted. It is one thing for France and Spain to refuse us overflight rights when we asked for them for the Libyan strike; another to assign them the responsibility to come up with minesweepers or whatever to reinforce an operation we initiated without consultation.

—There is a by no means ill-founded fear in Europe about American steadfastness. The basis of that apprehension was, of course, Vietnam. Three Administrations loudly proclaimed our fidelity to our promises there, and then one day we just slunk off. The indecisiveness of U.S. policy in Nicaragua is not reassuring to our allies. And, of course, it was only a few years ago that we pulled out of Lebanon having organized an international peace-keeping force to operate there. There are undoubtedly politicians in Europe who are saying it is not inconceivable that the United States would decide to pull out of the Persian Gulf if we took a shellacking there, leaving our allies in the lurch.

—And then there is the principal economic point. As things now stand, only 4 per cent of our imported oil passes through the Strait of Hormuz. Western Europe gets 11 per cent of its oil through the water route, Japan 60 per cent. To reason that we have nothing much to lose—a mere 4 per cent of our oil—is too facile. If the Strait of Hormuz were shut down, Japan and Western Europe would bid desperately for oil now being sold elsewhere—including to the United States. We get our foreign oil primarily from Canada, Venezuela, and Mexico. But these three are followed by Nigeria, the United Kingdom, Saudi Arabia (via the Red Sea), Algeria, Indonesia, and Angola. We have special leverage on Mexico, and maybe even Canada. But every other seller would go gladly to any higher bidder. A summary of which adds up simply to this: that closing the Strait of Hormuz would deeply affect the economy of the world, including the United States, so that although Western Europe and Japan certainly ought to be sharing the burden, the burden is not one we are in a position to escape even if they elect not to cooperate.

And then there is the question of the Soviet Union, sitting up there to the north, a little sweaty these days from the exertions of taking on Afghanistan. (It takes a lot of time and effort to manufacture booby-trapped toys to be dropped in resistance areas for little children to pick up.) But the Soviet Union is always, everywhere on the prowl. And the juiciest target of all is the Persian Gulf. Control it, and you control the principal deposits on which Western economic production relies.

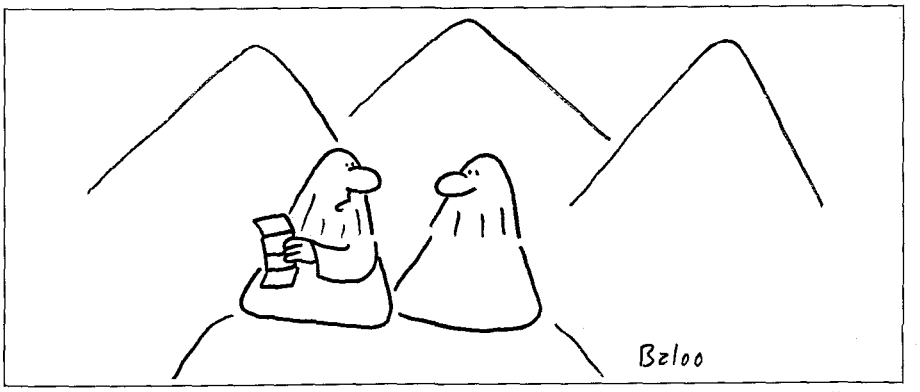
This is most prominently a time for skillful diplomatic negotiation. A little carrot, and more than a little stick. But nothing—above all—that shakes up the basic alliance. Bettino Craxi, at the time the prime minister of Italy, railed against us for pursuing and bringing down the Egyptian airliner carrying the hijackers of the *Achille Lauro*—and he permitted one of the hijackers to fly off to Yugoslavia. But this time around we find him cautioning against "avoiding one's responsibilities at such a delicate moment." We should keep the fleet there, and put pressure on our allies to share the burden. And, oh yes, the cost to any Persian Gulf country responsible for sinking one of our ships should be Carthaginian in scale. □

COULD IT BE?

NEW YORK, AUG. 14

WASHINGTON IS stir-crazy wondering what the Nicaraguan ceasefire peace initiative is all about, and nobody is more troubled than fellow columnist Mary McGrory. In a column pulsating with suspicion and doubt she tells us that you can't really believe that Reagan is going to turn his back on the Contras because to do so would require a "religious conversion"—something Miss McGrory would not think Reagan capable of. She says, as so many Democrats are saying, "Is there some built-in catch guaranteed to show the Sandinistas are incorrigible?" In a column freighted with fear & loathing—of Reagan, Elliott Abrams, George Shultz, Adolfo Calero, Ollie North, and the Contras (she desists from criticizing only the Sandinistas)—she warns her fellow liberals that they had better watch out . . .

But Democratic congressmen critically situated are deeply involved in the ceasefire plan, conspicuously Jim Wright, the Majority Leader. At the other end of the political spectrum, members of the Republican Right are hostile. They—Jack Kemp



"It's from the government. We have to install hand-rails on the mountain."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most conspicuously among them—view the ceasefire as having one predictable effect: the "wilting away" of the Contra force, such that when, at the end of September, negotiations break down, we will see a Nicaragua as strong as it now is, but a Contra force suffering critical atrophy.

A careful reading of the "Peace Plan" —as it is officially labeled—suggests a hypothesis of startling implications.

Here is a Peace Plan that calls for immediate suspension of all military aid to the contending parties: none from us to the Contras, none from the Communist countries to the Sandinistas. If the Peace Plan were frozen at this point, the manifest beneficiaries would be the Sandinistas, who sit on a six-year accumulation of Soviet military ordnance. If the Soviet Union didn't send another pistol to Nicaragua for sixty weeks, let alone sixty days, the military resources of the Sandinistas would hardly be found wanting. By contrast, the Contras rely on the United States almost week by week.

And the Peace Plan goes further. It stipulates that negotiations will then proceed on "reductions in standing armies in the region, withdrawal of foreign military personnel," to the point of making Nicaragua no longer a military threat to its neighbors. In order for the Sandinistas to comply with that objective, they would need to begin a military striptease on the scale of what MacArthur did to the Japanese in 1945.

But that is hardly all. The Peace Plan specifies that "civil rights and liberties will be restored." A terrific idea, but on a par with asking Ortega to grow a sixth finger.

Now what the McGroryites fear, as we all know, is that toward the end of September, Ronald Reagan will raise his hands and say to the public, "Look, we tried, didn't we? And it didn't work. So let's face the awful necessity of prosecuting the civil war in pursuit of freedom and democracy."

Herewith a prediction, followed by a wild, but serious, hypothesis.

To suppose that the Sandinistas are voluntarily going to abandon their political dogma—which calls for totalitarian rule of Nicaragua and aggressive exertions against neighboring democracies—is an insult to the sincerity of their Marxism-Leninism. The Peace Plan is guaranteed to fail—

—to the extent that it relies on internal reform by the Sandinistas. Well then, ask the question: If they are not disposed to reform voluntarily, what are the pressures that might force them to reform?

It is unlikely that these pressures are caused by the emaciated Contras, whose potency fluctuates with the mood of Congressman Boland of Massachusetts. And it is unlikely that the Sandinistas will abjure their revolution because they fear that the United States Congress is developing a hostility toward Sandinista totalitarianism comparable, say, to the hostility Congress feels for South Africa. So what is it that causes the Reagan Administration to affect to believe in their Peace Plan?

The one possibility worth pondering is that we have achieved a genuine trade-off with the Soviet Union—that secret U.S. negotiations with Soviet officials have laid it on the line: Get out of Nicaragua, or else the half-dozen things you wish to discuss with us—ranging from the INF treaty to ABM to an increase in trade—are going to freeze in their tracks.

Is it conceivable? Well, as Leibniz, the philosopher, said in effect, Anything that has been conceived is conceivable. □

ON EYE OPENING

NEW YORK, AUG. 10

AT THIS writing, Jim Dickson, with a damaged autopilot, is said to be en route to Nantucket Island in his 36-foot sloop, the *Eye Opener*. I hope Mr. Dickson makes it to Nantucket, and I hope he then abandons his plan to sail across the Atlantic alone; blind. Yes, Jim Dickson has suffered, since age seven, from retinitis pigmentosa. And the name he gave to his sloop is in the nature of a poetic challenge to the scientific community for its failure to come up with a cure for blindness: since the doctors have not opened his eyes, Jim Dickson will do so. With the aid of modern technology, he has set out to cross a great ocean, to prove blind people can lead productive lives. "It's not me alone sailing. There's a lot of people helping," he said. "If the same helping hand is extended to hundreds of thousands of disabled Americans, it would make lives a lot easier."

We know that the blind can lead productive lives. There wasn't an unproductive bone in the body of John Milton; and George Shearing can decoct beautiful music from the blackness in which, throughout his lifetime, he has lived. John Milton "proved" that a blind man could compose poetry, but in order for others to do so, they must be similar to John Milton in other respects. George Shearing and Ray Charles have proved that blind men can play the piano, but people who are not blind cannot play the piano if they lack certain skills, some of them endowed, others cultivated. Jim Dickson is endeavoring to pull off a stunt, and the blind stand neither to benefit from his adventure, nor to take heart from it.

The rampant egalitarianism of democratic society seeks leveling even at the metaphysical level. Short men are given high heels to wear, curly-headed men use straighteners, crooked-nosed men call plastic surgeons. These are ameliorative devices, in some cases to be tolerated, in others welcomed. Nothing is more heartening than the prosthetic device that permits a cripple to wake from surgery to find that he has five fingers again. And no medical miracle can approach the magic of restored sight.

But when the reserves and the ingenuity of the scientists are exhausted, there is left: the lame and the halt. And it is one thing to care about the lame and the halt and to endeavor to give them opportunities to live productive and happy lives. It is something different to encourage them to do that which their handicap inherently proscribes.

To sail a boat across the Atlantic it is useful to be able to detect an odor (a fire may have broken out on board). It is useful to have functioning taste buds (the canned food may have turned). Your ears tell you a great deal (the mounting wind, the ripped sail, the detached halyard). But to have vision is quite simply required. Without it you cannot make the most basic calculation intelligently, which is to set the sail correctly. (And if you cannot see the water and the skies, why are you on a sailboat to begin with?)

Along comes modern technology. And it sets out, in the doggedly hubristic mode, to tell you, No sweat. Look. We can tell you, via instruments, from which direction the wind is blowing. Then we can tell you, by instruments again, how hard the wind is blowing. We can therefore tell you how much sail to expose, and in what angle that sail should fly. We can indicate to you, through Brailled instruments, how long to push the button that furls the genoa jib, and how long to push the button that trims it. See! No hands! And if you get into trouble? I quote Mr. Dickson: "All I have to do is to pull a little Velcro tab and two people in a control room will know exactly where I am and that I need assistance."

ONE WONDERS what next the advisory committee set up to superintend Dickson's Passage will turn to. They could arrange to have a blind man fly across the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, that would be easier, and safer, than sailing across: take-offs and landings all executed automatically are routine stuff. But what are we proving? That blind men should take up flying?

The beginning of wisdom in respect of the handicapped is to recognize that they are handicapped. To treat them as though they were not handicapped is to deny reality. Let them do what they can do, but it is profane to suppose that a cripple can run, a deaf man hear, or a blind man see. And correspondingly profane to ask them to undertake challenges that in their nature presuppose the active limb, or the active sense. God grant Jim Dickson safe passage, but do not make the mistake of supposing that he is helping the blind. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Employment Opportunities

DIRECTOR OF CHRISTIAN STUDIES. Full or Associate Professor. Specialization open, but must have competence in wide range of fields in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Distinguished teaching and publications record necessary, administrative experience with interdisciplinary programs desirable. Send letter of application, vita, list of publications, and sample of published work by December 1, 1987, to Dr. John S. Reist, Vice President for Academic Affairs, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich. 49242. Hillsdale College is an equal-opportunity employer.

$160s WEEKLY! Home work opportunities. Send $1 plus stamped, self-addressed envelope to: P.O. Box 920952, Suite #360, Houston, Tex. 77292-0952.

FULL-TIME ASSISTANT for *NR*'s advertising department. Excellent typing skills and phone manner required. Résumé and salary requirements, please, to NR Box 5020.

NOW HIRING SALES REPRESENTATIVES in the Northeast. C.I.E. does electronics training through home study. Excellent lead flow. Earning potential $50K and up. Call John Williams at field sales office, 800-321-2155.

Literary

COLLECT AUTOGRAPHS, historical documents. Autograph Collector's Magazine, P.O. Box 55328, Stockton, Calif. 95205. $12/year.

CONSERVATIVE BOOKS our specialty: free search service. CML Books, RR 1, #92, Elverson, Pa. 19520.

BOOKSTOCK FINDS BOOKS. Free search. Box 942N, South Orleans, Mass. 02662.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send requests to 2035NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1178NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

Real Estate

FOR INFORMATION on a variety of residential mortgage plans in Southern California and prompt service contact: Paul Schnee, Mission Viejo National Bank, 714-528-9000.

Vacation

VERMONT LAKESIDE HOME available September-October foliage season. Five bedrooms, 300' private frontage on Lake Willoughby, spectacular views, dock, boats. $450/week. 802-626-8235 days, 802-695-2555 evenings.

SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, Texas, condo on the beach, on the Gulf of Mexico. Two-bedroom, two-bath, small private complex, first floor. Call Maude, 512-761-6961.

Financial

FREE: *The Investor's Guide to Rare Coins*. How you can profit. Dr. Rich Woodbury, Box 55824, Seattle, Wash. 98155. 206-367-2318.

Services

NEW YORK-BASED ATTORNEYS—literate, competent, intelligent. Securities, investments, trials. Write NR Box 5019.

SCHOLARSHIPS/GRANTS FOR COLLEGE are available. Millions go unclaimed yearly. Receive details by calling 800-USA-1221, ext. 0627.

QUALITY ENGLISH EDITING and Spanish/English translations, low rate compared with U.S., 33 years of experience. The Lees, Amatlan 66, Mexico, DF 06140.

Educational Opportunities

COLLEGE AID. How you can qualify for a scholarship. Specifics free: Scholarships, 600-E Sumner, Belford, N.J. 07718.

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures; elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Financial-aid program. Applications from students with previous college studies encouraged. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: Director of Admissions-NR, Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93060. Or call toll free from the U.S. outside California: 800-634-9797. From California and Canada: 805-525-4417.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes. Accredited bachelor's, master's, doctorates. Free, revealing information. Careers-NR20, Box 470886, Tulsa, Okla. 74147.

BACHELOR'S, MASTER'S, DOCTORATE. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 11447-NR7, Marina del Rey, Calif. 90295.

Gourmet

COFFEE SAMPLER: Superb fresh-roasted gourmet blends. Three full pounds Columbian Light, House Blend, Mocha Java, $10.95 ppd. Specify grind/bean. Check or m.o. Brochure available. D'Amico Foods, 309 Court Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

KOREAN FIRE BEEF (or venison). Marinate, charcoal broil. Hors d'oeuvre or entree with rice and Chinese Cabbage Slaw. Two recipes, $2.50. Riley, 611 Tam-o-Shanter, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

For Sale

GORHAM STERLING—King Edward, silver, 170 pieces, mint condition, 12-piece setting. Manufacturer suggested retail $15,000. Call for price: 904-285-3710.

MASTER ALGEBRA with *Not Just Another Algebra Book*, $14.95. Study guide, $8.95. Algebra Tutoring, 505 Hollywood Drive, Knoxville, Tenn. 37919.

CRIME PREVENTION MANUAL. Illustrated. Written for singles, seniors by former investigator. Send $5 to: Mid-Atlantic Productions, 205 Broad Leaf Circle, Raleigh, N.C. 27612.

MATTHEW-MARK-LUKE-JOHN interwoven chronological eyewitness account (NIV). Includes every Gospel detail. $8. Star Books, 408-N Pearson Street, Wilson, N.C. 27893.

THE AWARD-WINNING Adam Smith necktie—gold on navy blue or gold on burgundy. $22.50, postage paid. VISA and MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, One Decatur Place, North Adams, Mich. 49262-0277. Telephone 517-287-5888.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. Invitations to personal relationships must specify at least 3 interests. National Review does not accept classified political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements that are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

O[WEN] HARRIES:

On Hypocrisy

Under pressure from Wright, congressional hearings on the Texas savings and loan industry were first postponed, then canceled. Why not a full-scale inquiry on the industry—and his behavior in relation to it?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HELP TEACHERS and administrators improve school discipline. Read my incisive book, *School Discipline: The Art of Survival*. Send $10 to Dr. Kritsonis, National Forum, 1705 Plantation Drive, Alexandria, La. 71301. $11 refund if you're not completely satisfied.

VERNON'S COLLECTORS' GUIDE to orders, medals, and decorations (with valuations); over 10,000 items listed; 450 pages; 106 photo pages. Softbound, $24.95, plus $2 postage. Catalogue of military medals, $1, yearly subscription, $6. Sydney Vernon, Box 1387NR, North Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

THE FLIGHT OF THOUGHT—paperback edition, $9.50. Photographic evidence of a realm beyond the physical domain. New philosophical concepts are examined as a result of an extended nature. A must for those who wish to be well informed. Eagle Press, 3315 Sacramento Street, Suite 427, San Francisco, Calif. 94118.

GEORGE WASHINGTON 250th-anniversary commemorative half-dollar, genuine 1982 U.S. Government issue, 90% silver, original gem condition, still $25 plus $3 S&H. Numismatic Advisory, P.O. Box 1166, Massapequa, N.Y. 11758.

STUFFED ELEPHANTS: various colors and patterns, handmade, 2'4" long, 16" tall. $45, postage paid. Beautiful gift. Limited number. 305-432-5624.

EFFECTIVE BURGLARY DETERRENT, $10: Home secure against burglary? Have peace of mind. We offer you a powerful burglary deterrent: our time-tested 2½" × 3½" top-quality vinyl decals, which give warning your premises are protected by high-technology alarm systems. These decals have a high visual impact and very professional appearance. Self-adhesive, easily placed inside window, facing out. They are nationally applicable, not restricted to any locale. These are exactly the same types we use with our systems. If you already have an alarm system, these decals will give strong emphasis to that fact. Strict confidentiality is assured. Car thefts and car burglaries are on a rapid increase; our decals effect a decrease. They also have proven themselves in commercial and industrial installations. Set of 8 decals, $10. 9 decals and up, $1.25 each, less 10%. We ship, postpaid, within 5 days of order receipt, via first-class or priority mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. We are registered with Passaic County, N.J., County Clerk's office. The Lakeland Works, P.O. Box 230-X, Pompton Lakes, N.J. 07442.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

STUNNING NYC CATHOLIC professional, 5'8", 35, M.A., seeks non-smoking, taller, secure professional gentleman to share arts, movies, travel, and (possibly) a lifetime. Write NR Box 5017.

SAN DIEGO ATTORNEY, conservative, male, 29. Interests include reading, *NR*, swimming, and good conversation. Seeks like-minded, intelligent female. Write NR Box 4497.

NORTHWESTERN, UNENCUMBERED, mature male, outdoors-oriented, seeks attractive, sincere lady to mid-fifties for lasting relationship. Interests include wildlife conservation, current events, and mountain hideaways. Write NR Box 5021.

N.Y.-AREA FEMALE, 24, tall, slim, pretty, bright, fun, educated, and moral. Interests include skiing, skating, and walks. Ready to settle down with a strong, educated, and honest man to share traditional family life, hugs, great cooking, and life. Willing to relocate. Write NR Box 5022.

RETIRED BUSINESSMAN, 64, 6'2", 190 lbs., red hair, blue eyes, widower. Enjoys golf, flying, travel, skiing, fast automobiles, gourmet food, and dancing. Wishes to meet 45–55-year-old lady for companionship. Photograph requested. Write NR Box 5023.

NORTHERN VIRGINIA: Soviet expert, Russian speaker, conservative Catholic, single, 24. Enjoys sports, music, and *McLaughlin Group*. Seeks blonde, preferably tall, educated, conservative Catholic female, 25–30. Write NR Box 5024.

CATHOLIC GUY seeks never-married Catholic girl, 19–26, prayerful, loving, orthodox, intelligent, reasonable, family-oriented, attractive, non-domineering, affirming, non-materialistic, non-smoking, sober. Write NR Box 5025.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Writer with hillside overlooking vineyards looking for pretty young thing who would love being barefoot and pregnant in the wine country. Old-fashioned values and taste for zinfandel essential. Write NR Box 4493.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Single, white professional male seeks female who is willing to take the time to be friends first and then see where that leads. Interests include tennis, theater, and witty conversation. If you are slender, 20–30, at least 5'7", please tell me about yourself at NR Box 5015.

SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT computer professional, 36, west coast of Florida, looking to climb out of shell with Right Woman. Interests are fine arts, science, history, theology (Anglican), politics, and bicycling. Seeking to share participation in life! Write NR Box 5011.

UNBELIEVABLY CHARMING, perky woman, 24, of great intelligence and physical beauty, desires to meet well-educated young man, 27–33, who can join her in the manner to which she has become accustomed . . . skiing in Switzerland, yachting off Newport, long walks on the beach, spontaneous fun, and Italian cuisine. Write NR Box 5013.

SAILING ONLY: Lady sailor available to crew (racing). Long Island Sound. All summer. Patti Baez, 718-767-1261.

DIRECTORY for thinking singles. Loveline, Box 9524, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

SCANDINAVIA-U.S.A.-AUSTRALIA: Network of members seeking enlightened correspondence, lasting friendship. Scanna, Box 4-HNR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others—for hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations—members nearby and 90 countries worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

SINGLE? Complete booklet explains *The Best Way to Meet People to Date*. Proven strategy works for all ages and lifestyles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $10 (includes postage and handling) to Joan Mazza, Box 70301, Dept. NR9, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33307.

MEET SOMEONE SPECIAL—friendship, romance, marriage through safe, successful correspondence club. Current catalogue, over 200 singles with descriptions/photos/data. Send $2; Truematch, Box 18000-5Q, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114. 702-385-5750.

ARE YOU CULTURED and single? Single Booklovers was started in 1970 to help cultured singles get acquainted through a monthly national newsletter. Write SBL, Box 117NR, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call 215-358-5049.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Miscellaneous

LATIN MASS, 5 P.M. every Sunday. Gregorian chant! 570 Broome Street (SoHo), NYC. Free parking. 718-979-5200.

KEEP *FIRING LINE* on the air in the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas. Contact R. L. Mouser, 945 Palm, Brownsville, Tex. 78520; 512-546-7111.

1928-PRAYER-BOOK SERVICES. St. Barnabas' Church, Ambler, Pa. (N.W. Philadelphia area). 215-836-2184.

GRASS-SEED PRODUCER seeks silent partner to satisfy unprecedented demand of government soil-conservation programs. Good potential. Seed Farmer, Box 368, Shelly, Idaho 83274.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

SERIOUS BIBLE STUDY in Manhattan, Presbyterian-Reformed perspective. Tuesday evenings; also, Wall Street lunchtime study. Information: 718-332-4444.

PEOPLE WITH BUSINESS and financial background wanted to serve as advisors to board of trustees for a tax-exempt foundation devoted to the study of spiritual traditions. Special attention to the insights of Eric Voegelin. Our first project is a PBS documentary with CBS correspondent Bill Kurtis. Nonsectarian. Send résumé to: Foundation for Faith in Search of Understanding, 2573 North Clark Street, #1, Chicago, Ill. 60614. Phone: 312-883-8859.

CHECK BRIDGE increases social bridge fun. Predealt hands for comparison. Sample hand and postage. $1, Check Bridge, P.O. Box 4573, Ventura, Calif. 93004.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. This bird calls at night — 124 56 53 20 3 135 108 86 116 70 / 164 35

B. Severe — 8 39 77 166 152 115 61 23 103

C. The original mold — 45 4 142 105 87 156 118 19 74

D. Nation subjugated by USSR — 127 95 111 69 162 34 172 48 16

E. Zamenhof's artificial tongue — 144 27 101 80 159 14 67 120 174

F. Southern state — 63 73 154 93 44 143 117 132 22 85 / 165 33 1

G. Stress — 129 100 161 25 88 76 138 6

H. NASA beginning? — 126 57 72 104 147 31 47

I. English city of steel — 97 28 160 134 52 125 13 46 149

J. Offensive talk — 102 163 140 54 150 41 114 11 90

K. Greek obsessed with his image — 168 82 21 107 32 145 139 92 71

L. Commonplace events in Beirut — 38 128 64 141 24 98 7 170 49 83

M. *Flailed violently* — 123 81 158 66 146 94 9 133

N. Type of remark offered by Lefty — 157 59 51 121 43 10 173 26 89

O. Making no apology — 171 110 40 58 130 84 151 5 68

P. One kind of moth — 15 113 91 75 36

Q. Affliction of the pony with a cold? — 79 50 155 60 119 106 17 37 2 96

R. Certain solos — 131 112 29 167 65

S. Cary Grant film — 153 137 99 148 18 42 62

T. Congress raids it every session — 169 136 55 122 30 109 12 78

1 F	2 Q		3 A	4 C	5 O	6 G	7 L	8 B	9 M	10 N	11 J		12 T	13 I	14 E	15 P	16 D	17 Q	
18 S	19 C	20 A	21 K	22 F	23 B	24 L	25 G	26 N	27 E		28 I	29 R	30 T		31 H	32 K	33 F	34 D	35 A
	36 P	37 Q	38 L	39 B		40 O	41 J	42 S		43 N		44 F	45 C	46 I	47 H		48 D	49 L	
50 Q	51 N	52 I	53 A	54 J	55 T		56 A	57 H	58 O		59 N	60 Q	61 B	62 S	63 F	64 L	65 R		66 M
67 E	68 O		69 D	70 A	71 K		72 H	73 F	74 C	75 P		76 G	77 B	78 T		79 Q	80 E		81 M
82 K	83 L		84 O	85 F	86 A	87 C	88 G	89 N	90 J		91 P	92 K	93 F		94 M	95 D	96 Q		97 I
98 L	99 S	100G	101E		102J	103B		104H	105C	106Q		107K	108A	109T	110O	111D	112R	113P	
114J	115B		116A	117F	118C	119Q		120E	121N	122T	123M		124A	125I	126H	127D		128L	129G
	130O	131R	132F	133M		134I	135A	136T		137S	138G	139K		140J	141L	142C	143F	144E	145K
146M	147H	148S		149I	150J	151O	152B	153S	154F	155Q	156C		157N	158M		159E	160I	161G	162D
163J	164A	165F	166B	167R	168K		169T	170L		171O	172D	173N	174E						

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 74 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW

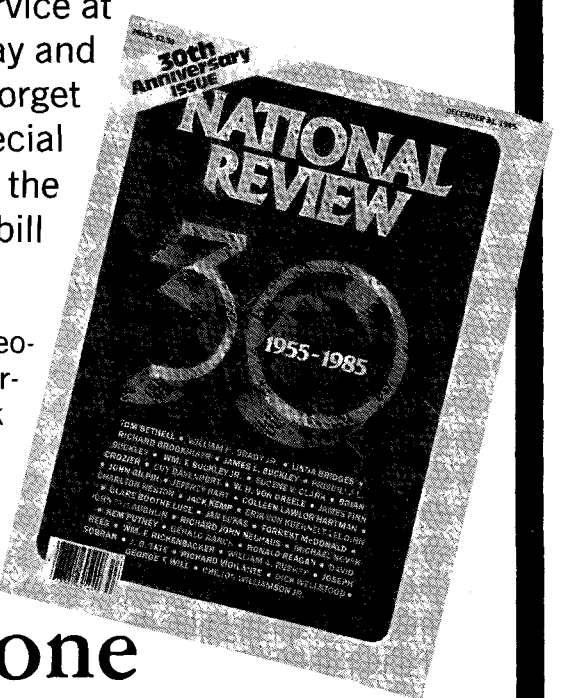
all you have to do to give

National Review

IS DIAL **800-341-1522** TOLL FREE

DATATEL 800™

That's right. To make it easier for you to give full-year gift subscriptions of NR (and who wouldn't appreciate such a flattering gift?) we're providing this new dial-a-gift service at no cost to you—just pick up the phone today and order as many gifts as you want (don't forget the students you care about) at our special gift rate of just $30 each. (We'll pay for the call and all postage and handling, and bill you later—quite a bargain.)



NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

So pick up the phone and dial that toll-free number

You can use it to place your personal order any time from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Eastern Time). All gifts just $30 each, for which we'll bill you later.

N.B. ***This special number is for gifts only; our operators cannot handle any other business, queries, etc. If the line is busy, wait a few minutes and call again. We're waiting to hear from you.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY ALL PINNED THEIR HOPES ON PEACE.

They were all fighters.

The conservatives fought with the liberals. The Democrats fought with the Republicans. The Bull Moosers fought with everybody.

They fought for different policies. But for the same principles. For freedom. And the freedom to live in peace.

Americans are still fighting for those principles today. And working for them too.

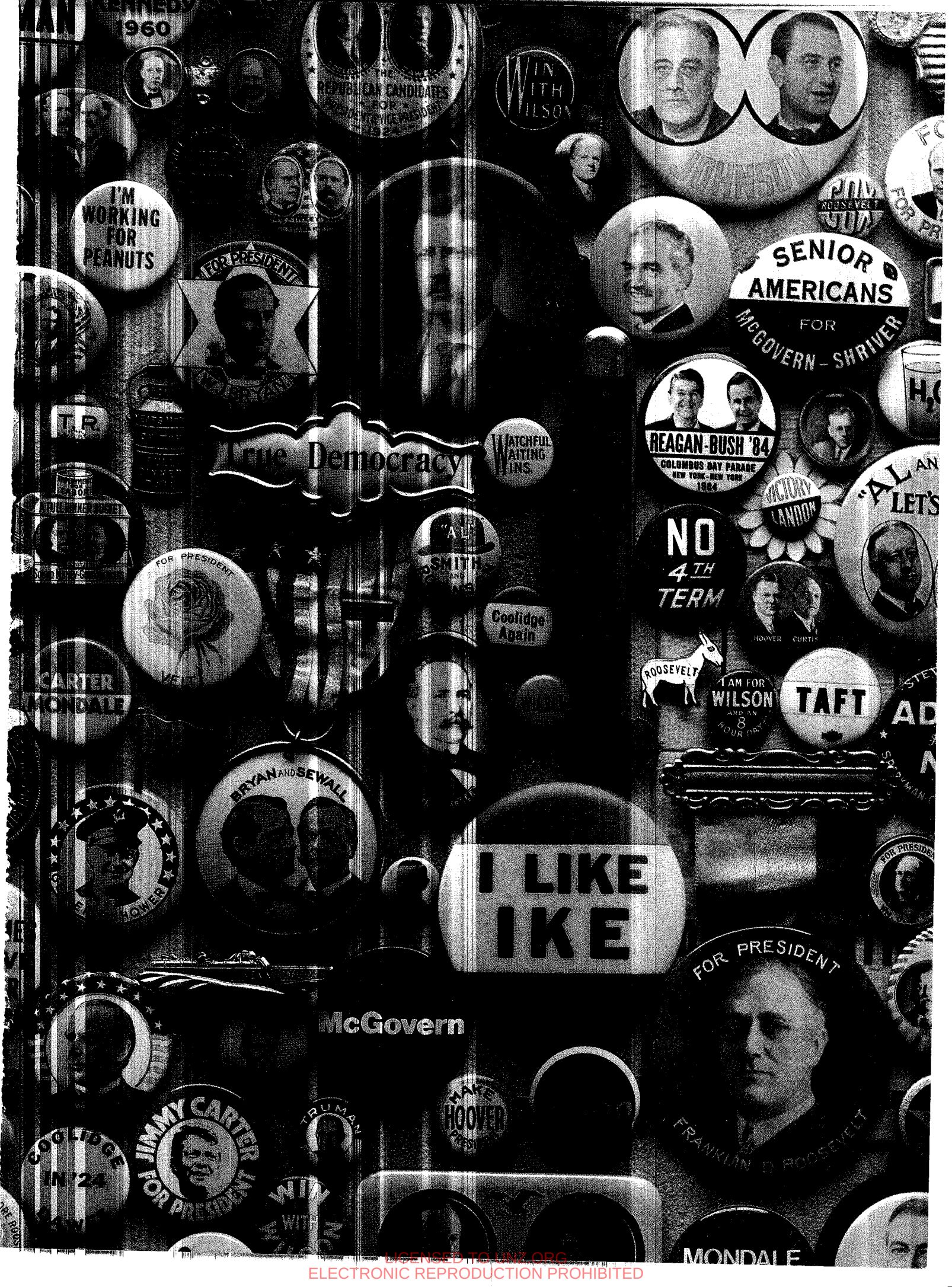
That's why every day more than 100,000 Americans work at General Dynamics to supply America's fighting men and women with the best weapon systems in the world.

They are working for peace. And for peace of mind.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

De Beers

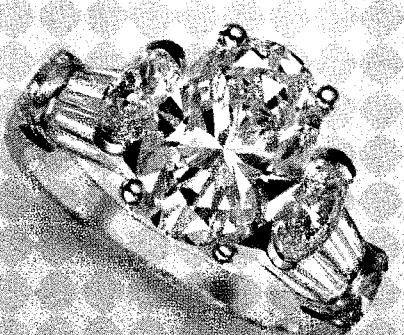
"I LOOKED AT THIS INCREDIBLE DIAMOND. I LOOKED AT HER. I HAD TO SEE THEM TOGETHER."

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena—with more fire, more sparkle and scintillation.

Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four characteristics that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. These determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree, the beauty and value of your jewelry.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.



The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2 carats.

A CARAT OR MORE.
EXTRAORDINARY DIAMONDS FOR EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED